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APRIL 1977 • \$1.50

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THE SECRET
FILES OF
HOWARD
HUGHES**

**A POWERFUL
DEATH-ROW
INTERVIEW
WITH GARY
GILMORE**

**THE FEMALE
ORGASM:
ARE MEN
OBSOLETE?**

**DAN
GREENBURG
GOES TO
SEX
HEAVEN**

**GIRLS
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PLAYBILL

WHEN HOWARD HUGHES died, he left a legacy of documentary evidence about his financial, political and personal life. Much of it was immediately destroyed by his aides while he was being flown by air ambulance from his Acapulco hideout—but the Mexican government seized the rest. Our intrepid Hughes watchers, Senior Articles Editor **Laurence Gonzales** and free-lance writer **Larry DuBois**, managed to obtain a large portion of these files—nearly 3500 pages—and they've boiled them down to the good parts in *Howard Hughes: Inside His Secret Files*, from his use of drugs to his bizarre lifestyle to his missing will.

Gary Gilmore, the Utah killer executed January 17, clearly touched a raw nerve in the American psyche when he demanded that his death sentence be carried out. We decided to find out whether or not this condemned man's cold outlook on life and death would cast any fresh light on the public debate on capital punishment. In attempting to find out who could get through to Gilmore (the court having restricted access to the prisoner), we were led to **Lawrence Schiller**, a Los Angeles journalist and agent, who had signed up virtually everyone who could get through to Gilmore to an exclusive contract. Since Schiller had already begun communicating with Gilmore, we suggested that he conduct an extended *Playboy Interview*. His previous credits include collaborations with Norman Mailer and Wilfrid Sheed, but Schiller is nevertheless a suspect figure to more orthodox journalists, having undertaken such macabre projects as Jack Ruby's deathbed interview and Manson follower Susan Atkins' confession. In the weeks that followed our assignment, Schiller's popularity with the newsmen who descended upon the Utah State Prison did not increase, as he practiced an abrasive brand of "access journalism," holding off a press blitzkrieg and renegotiating publishing contracts until the final hours of Gilmore's life. But Schiller's aggressive journalism was validated when he came away from his final encounters with Gilmore with some remarkable taped exchanges. His collaborator, writer **Barry Farrell**, stayed up for nights at a time in their Utah motel room, studying the pattern of Gilmore's responses, formulating follow-up questions, while Schiller devised ingenious ways to put those questions to Gilmore through the obstacle course of prison regulations. Together, they created what we think is a study in criminal pathology that should endure.

Another sort of study—this one considerably cheerier—was undertaken for us this month by our fearless **Dan Greenburg**. This time, it's sex, California style. In *My Weekend of Flashy Orgasms* (photographed by **Alexas Urba**), Dan visits Sandstone, gets massaged inside and out and takes it like a man. Speaking of sex, which we try to do as often as possible, that's exactly what Research Supervisor **Barbara Nellis** did with **Shere Hite**, whose best-selling book, based on responses to her sex questionnaire, is even the talk of Fernwood, Ohio. In *The Hite Report: What Do Women Really Want?*, the interviewer is interviewed. Sex is also the medium, if not the message, of **Judith Johnson Sherwin's** *Voyages of a Mile-High Fille de Joie*, a mix of sex and satire (illustrated by **Elizabeth Bennett**). We might mention, too, our own special tribute to the new Carter Presidency—*The Girls of the New South*, photographed by **David Chan**, with text by our own good ole boy, Senior Articles Editor **Peter Ross Range**. Or would you rather hear about what happened while lensman **Nicholas De Sciose** was shooting *Artful Bunny*?—we thought so, but we'll never tell.

For music junkies and lovers of lists, we have our annual *Music Poll* results—plus a look at *The Year in Music* and other goodies. And in this month, when the IRS people get theirs, we've tried to supply a little balm. **Jay Rosenstein**, a *Time* staffer, has compiled the real goods on athletes' salaries in *Sweating Gold*. Read 'em and weep. Or maybe take up soccer.



DUBOIS, GONZALES



SCHILLER, FARRELL



GREENBURG



URBA



NELLIS



CHAN



DE SCIOSE



SHERWIN



BENNETT



ROSENSTEIN

PLAYBOY®

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COVER STORY

In case y'all haven't noticed, the South has risen again and, in celebration of that event, we bring you *The Girls of the New South*. The girl in the Confederate cap is also this month's Playmate, Lisa Sahn. She was shot by Staff Photographer Dwight Hooker, a distant relative of General Joseph Hooker, the Union general, who allegedly had such a relaxed attitude toward ladies of the night that his last name became synonymous with . . . well, you know. That concludes this month's apocryphal history lesson.

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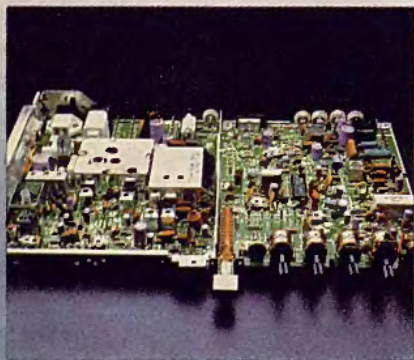


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Pictured at the top left is the new king of the road. The Cobra 29XLR. This is the 40-channel successor to Cobra's "Diesel Mobile," the CB the truckers made famous. Like all the Cobras shown it features an RF/signal strength meter, lighted LED digital channel readout, noise limiting, and noise blanking. Features that add up to exceptional performance no matter which Cobra you pick.

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Shown at the bottom is the Cobra 138XLR. For those who want the added power and frequencies of Single-Side Band this is the Mobile to move up to.

On the right is the Cobra 139XLR. This Single-Side Band Base Station for home use features SWR meter, modulation meter, LED readout, switchable noise limiting and blanking, voice lock, RF gain, squelch. And more.

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HALEY COMMENTS

The Alex Haley interview (PLAYBOY, January) serves to awaken and cement, in a narrow sense, the direct relationship between Africa and America through their people who parted company as a result of a destructive historical cycle. It is gratifying to note that the foundations can still be reconstructed and, for that, Haley deserves my immense gratitude.

M. Modisi
Chargé d'Affaires
Embassy of Botswana
Washington, D.C.

Congratulations on another excellent interview! Haley's fantastic research into the oral tradition of his family reminds me of the early oral tradition of the New Testament in which the Gospel stories were passed along for a generation by word of mouth before they were finally written down.

Burton Davidson, Minister
The Freeport United
Methodist Church
Freeport, New York

Absolutely tremendous! The finest interview to appear in your magazine.

Steve Flude
Toronto, Ontario

Haley's innate feeling for mankind must emerge, along with his ability to interpret it, as his most noteworthy contribution.

Herbert L. Diers
Houston, Texas

Wouldn't it make a super ending if President Carter appointed Alex Haley American Ambassador to Gambia?

Don Kuk
Rapid City, South Dakota

Your Alex Haley interview goes far toward furthering the science of genealogy and maintaining the family unit. Reading the interview as well as *Roots* is simply a must for genealogists the world over.

Kermit B. Karns
Kansas City, Missouri

I have just finished reading your interview with Alex Haley. I haven't seen a more intelligent job since Haley was doing interviews himself. Most impressive to me, however, was being informed of

things I hadn't previously known of the author and his book. This may not seem like much to most of your readers, but considering that I am the author's nephew and have known about his project since day one, well, it surprised me!

Christopher Haley
Washington, D.C.

HEARST PAPERS

Re *The Parts Left Out of the Patty Hearst Trial* (PLAYBOY, January), by Paul Krassner: I plead guilty to coining the word pachydermicide, but I would like to point out that Krassner is the one who said it could not be admitted into the Hearst trial because it was irrelephant.

Don Thackrey
San Francisco, California

The Parts Left Out of the Patty Hearst Trial has to qualify as the most absurd black-comic tour de force of the year.

Skip Senneka
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I covered only the first two days of the Patty Hearst trial and am therefore not aware of the details Paul Krassner mentions. One comment he makes, however, should be clarified. It is true I found numerous bottles of pills in the S.L.A. safe house in Concord, California, but, as I reported, those pills are taken to subdue the discomfort of poison ivy and are not in any way mind-altering drugs. I would also wish that someone of Krassner's talent might write of the kidnaping of the media by the S.L.A. We all played its communiqués in full, read its statements down to the last word. This small S.L.A. band was able not only to capture Patricia Hearst's mind in five days but also to control the media for many months.

Marilyn Baker
San Francisco, California

Ms. Baker is co-author of the book "Exclusive! The Inside Story of Patricia Hearst and the S.L.A."

COMEBACK LINES

I really enjoyed John Blumenthal's *Great Comeback Lines* (PLAYBOY, January). I have one more Winston Churchill story, which is my favorite. When George Bernard Shaw wanted to invite Churchill to the opening night of a new play, he sent him the following telegram: "AM ENCLOSING TWO TICKETS FOR FIRST

**10 years ago
your hair didn't need
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**Do something about
the next 10 years.**



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NIGHT STOP COME AND BRING A FRIEND—IF YOU HAVE ONE! G.B.S." To which Churchill replied: "IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE FIRST NIGHT STOP WILL COME TO SECOND NIGHT—IF YOU HAVE ONE! W.C."

Arthur Milberger
Santa Monica, California

I dug *Great Comeback Lines*. But what do you do when you need one and can't come up with it? I was preparing to mix a drink for an acquaintance and politely asked, "What would you like, Bill?" And Bill answered, "I'd like to fuck your wife." That was years ago and I haven't come up with the Great Comeback yet. Have you got one?

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Blumenthal replies:

You should have asked him whether he wanted her straight up or on the rocks.

Thanks to John Blumenthal for his great collection of classic comeback lines. However, as a solace to those who are intimidated by such wit, it should be pointed out that if, in fact, those retorts were made (most are apocryphal), they were in many instances recycled for the occasion. In response to a particularly clever remark by James Whistler, Oscar Wilde once exclaimed, "I wish that I had said that!" "You will, Oscar, you will," Whistler replied.

Zane Thompson
Boston, Massachusetts

MCGUIRE'S WIRES

I was thoroughly amused and literally on the floor as a result of reading Jimmy Breslin's article *McGuire's* in your January issue, sad as the topic is.

C. Saunders
Lemon Grove, California

Breslin's the best urban writer in America.

Saul Atkins
Chicago, Illinois

TAPE DECK

The Motel Tapes (PLAYBOY, January), by Mike McGrady, is great!

Paul Argo
Dallas, Texas

C'mon. You guys made all that stuff up, didn't you?

Arnold Trask
Madison, Wisconsin

No.

Hilarious stuff!

Peter Saperstein
Los Angeles, California

One of the most entertaining pieces you've ever run.

Todd Porterson
Wichita, Kansas

LEIGHWARD

I'm in love with Barbara Leigh, so I need your help. In the text of *Natural Leigh* (PLAYBOY, January), you refer to a PLAYBOY pictorial in which Barbara appeared some years ago called "Indian." Now, I've been a regular reader of your magazine for only the past two years and it seems I've really missed something. Can you help?

Artie Minsk
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Is the Pope Catholic? Actually, you should have started reading us regularly ages ago, but since you didn't and we're



goodhearted, here's a photo from the "Indian" pictorial, which appeared in May 1973.

COVER BLURB

Are your Rabbit collage on the January cover and the description on the contents page meant to imply that PLAYBOY, the vanguard of the sexual revolution, has only recently discovered threesomes? If so, does that mean that on the January 1978 cover we can expect one of those extra pairs of shoes to belong to a man?

Ken Bashford
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

Don't bet on it.

ESTIMATIONS

How can a once-discerning writer like Dan Greenburg be duped by a snake-oil salesman like Werner Erhard (*You Are What You Est*, PLAYBOY, January)? Besides being to solipsism what the Kentucky Colonel is to the spring fryer, Erhard seems to have distinguished himself largely as a man who abandoned his wife and children and sold encyclopedias. For shame, Dan!

Professor Michael Krasny
San Francisco State University
San Francisco, California

It is fascinating to observe that many individuals in our society who manage to kick the cultural habit of authoritarian religious belief seem ever so eager to replace it with some new authoritarian

belief system such as est. The ever-growing guru and disciple movement continues to support my own modestly proposed basic rule of human behavior: The more ridiculous a belief system, the higher the probability of its success.

Wayne R. Bartz, Ph.D.
American River College
Sacramento, California

The est article is Greenburg's best yet. It's honest, levelheaded and perceptive.

Boris Choryk
New York, New York

The most brilliant, hilarious and undistorted piece on est training I've ever read.

Jackie Hanan
Los Angeles, California

If you really are what you est, then Greenburg must have swallowed a lollipop—which makes him an all-day sucker.

Carlos Ramirez
Los Angeles, California

I enjoyed Dan Greenburg's article. His experience is very similar to my experience with est training and his openness about it leaves room for me to re-experience parts of the training.

Kathy Nugent
Foster City, California

Re Dan Greenburg's witty, humorous article on est: Dan Greenburg, I love you!

Jan Border
Loma Linda, California

KIGER'S TIGERS

Susan Kiger, your January Playmate, must surely be causing some awful pile-ups on those ski slopes. Girls as gorgeous as she shouldn't be allowed on the slopes—she'd make any male skier weak-kneed in a second.

Carl Olivetti
Denver, Colorado

Your January Playmate is so terribly plastic I'm afraid to open the centerfold, for fear it will crack.

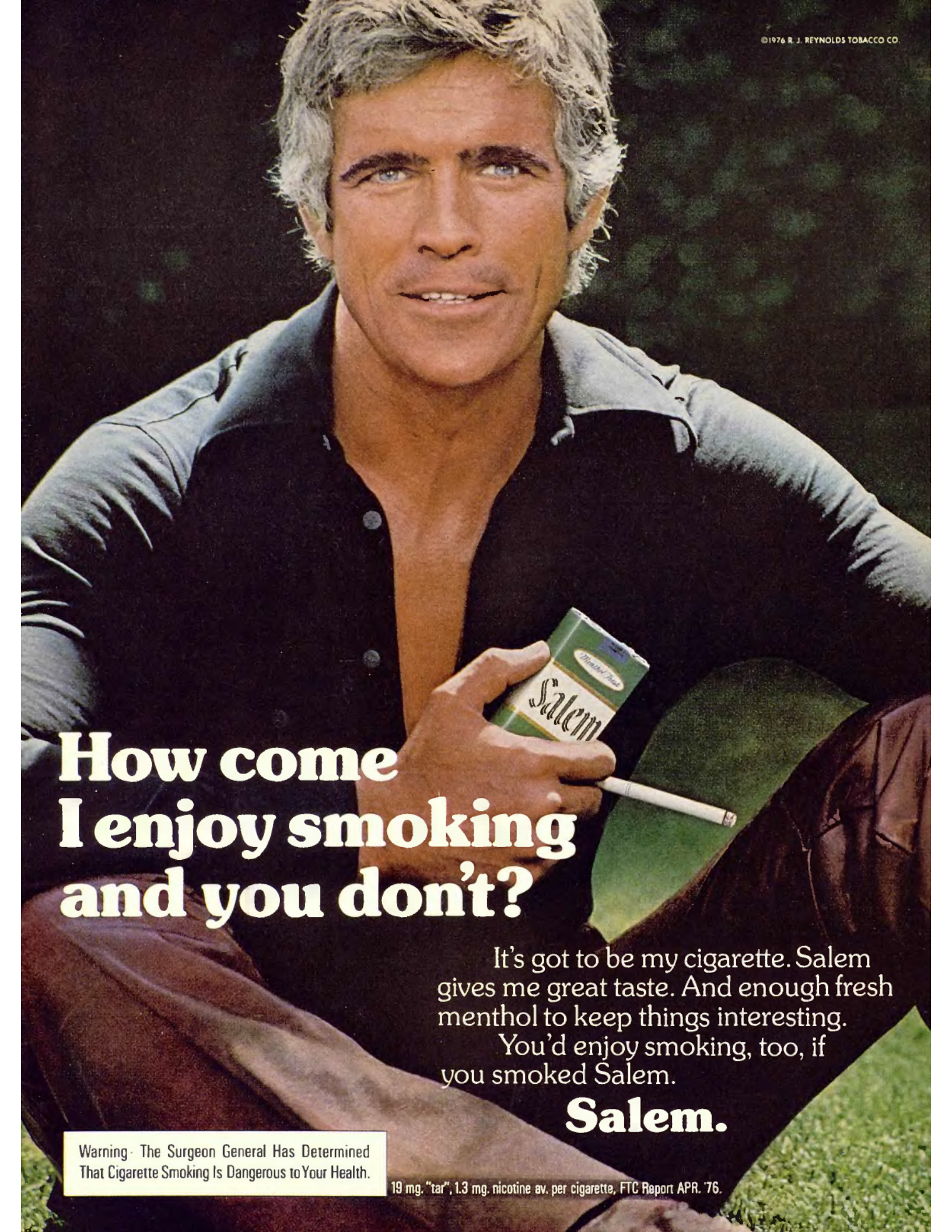
Al Rosensteel
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

RUSSIAN MANIFESTOES

Aside from feeling that we possibly could have done a better job of it ourselves and that the Russian chopped-English idiom wears off sometime before the end, I think *The Russian Playboy* (PLAYBOY, January) is a masterpiece. Now how about a British edition?

Miles Kington, Literary Editor
Punch
London, England

Olga, your Peoples' Workmate of the Month, should be no stranger to your American agricultural readership. Olga is, in reality, a U.S.-manufactured John Deere Model G, vintage 1951. Being



**How come
I enjoy smoking
and you don't?**

It's got to be my cigarette. Salem gives me great taste. And enough fresh menthol to keep things interesting.

You'd enjoy smoking, too, if you smoked Salem.

Salem.

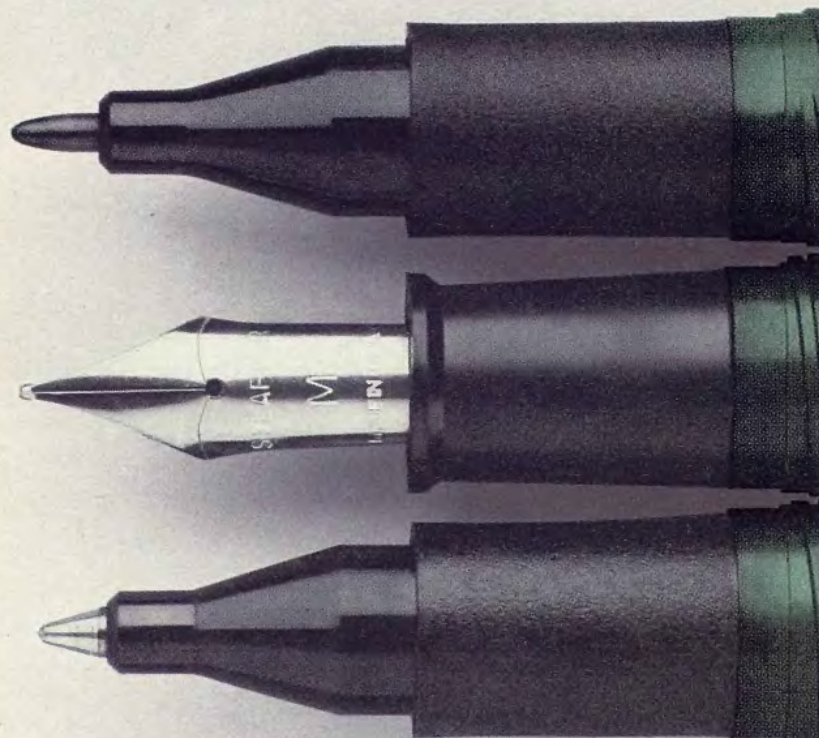
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young, single farmers, we can personally testify to the sturdy rear end and nice firm seat. We feel that your readers should know that her two-cylinder, low-rpm engine has gained her a reputation with American farmers over the past 25 years as the "old two-banger."

Sheldon Otte
Ken Holmes
Lena, Illinois

After reading your superb *Russian Playboy*, I happened to strum through a copy of *Der Spiegel*, the German news-magazine, and came across this ad for Harvey's Bristol Cream. It pictures two Soviet-type commissars in a room with a



picture of Lenin on the wall and a copy of PLAYBOY on the desk. The caption, translated roughly, reads: "There are one or two things from the capitalist-imperialist world we can't do without." Quite appropriate, I thought.

Lester X. Mendel
Frankfurt, West Germany

Please to be telling us where we can meets with Olga? Will we of Olga be seeing more, other headlight, maybe? Could you be telling us Olga's statistics vitals?

Comrades C.R.M. and K.J.S.
Toronto, Ontario

Old Russian motto goes: Ask us no lies and we'll be telling you no questions.

I especially enjoyed your *Russian Playboy*. I am part Ukrainian myself and have a lot of Ukie friends. I'll be sure to show them this feature.

Garrett L. Wharton
Windsor, Ontario

Cyrus Vance is going to have a hell of a time explaining the damn thing to the Russians. Good work.

Thomas S. Kerwin
(Address withheld by request)

DEATH RAYS

Mr. Death (PLAYBOY, January), by Laurence Gonzales, is absolutely intriguing. It's fascinating to read of the weaponry available to the CIA and frightening



There are 900 WAYS...

Inspire her with novel apéritifs
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Intrigue her with fine delicacies

AND ... she may stay on for many an after-dinner drink!



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Cheese Crisps

Whether you take
with blended whiskey
some cheese waters
cocktail.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound sharp Cheddar
3 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup all purpose
flour
1 teaspoon celery

Grate Cheddar
cheese and blend in with
butter. Mix well to form stiff dough.
Roll into 2 rolls, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Wrap in plastic
and refrigerate until firm, at least 2 hours.
Divide dough in half and form into 12 small balls. Roll each ball into a 4-inch wafer and arrange on lightly
greased cookie sheets. Sprinkle lightly with grated cheese and paprika. Bake 8-10
minutes or until puffed and golden brown. Serve at room temperature.
Yield: 4 dozen crisps.

Harvey Wallbanger

1 jigger vodka
3 jiggers orange juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger Galliano

Pour orange juice and vodka into
10-ounce highball glass; add ice
and stir well. Float Galliano on
top.

Screwdriver

Follow above but omit Galliano
from recipe.

Vodka Sunrise

Follow original recipe but gently
stir in 2 teaspoons grenadine
syrup before floating Galliano.

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to learn that many of the materials are so easily available to everyone. Congratulations to Gonzales for a brave and entertaining article.

Marc S. Perez
Danville, Virginia

Mr. Death is an outstanding piece of nonfiction—factual, detailed, controlled. It is science-fiction come home to roost. Congratulations.

Asa Baber
Kansas, Illinois

Having spent my entire adult life building and testing special-purpose weapons, I was most intrigued by Laurence Gonzales' article *Mr. Death*. I had started to write a critique of the so-called interview, but that would have taken reams: Let us just say that there are more inaccuracies in the piece than in the Warren Report. It is refreshing to know that our Intelligence Service is so blameless that a major magazine has to resort to fabrication in an effort to besmirch it.

Fred L. Rexer, Jr.
Houston, Texas

JONGIAN ANALYSIS

In regard to Erica Jong's *The Rolls-Royce Love Affair* (PLAYBOY, January): A woman's cunt does not taste bad if it is cared for. My girlfriend and I use Lavis diluted with water as a douche just before going down on each other, and a touch of Wind Song to our clits makes our cunts taste and smell like a just-brushed mouth. I agree with Erica that loving another woman is "safe." You can't get pregnant making love to a female. I think people who look down on bisexuality are narrow-minded. Besides, blondes have more fun—with each other!

(Name and address
withheld by request)

If *The Rolls-Royce Love Affair* is any indication, Erica Jong's sequel to *Fear of Flying* is going to be a best seller.

Lynn Wright
Pasadena, California

To Erica Jong, I say cheers!

P. Lake
Banff, Alberta

I can't wait to get the book.

Marsha Tramen
Los Angeles, California

TENNIS RACKET

Art Buchwald's *Illustrated Guide to Superb Tennis* (PLAYBOY, January) is nothing new to me—I've been playing the game exactly like Buchwald for years.

Tom Niemeyer
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Taking tennis lessons from Art Buchwald is a lot like taking skiing lessons from Jerry Ford.

Al Packard
Santa Fe, New Mexico

SPERMULA COUNTS

Your *Spermula* pictorial (PLAYBOY, January) is very interesting. I'm certainly going to see the film as soon as it opens in my city.

Les Armbruster
Cleveland, Ohio

Didn't you once do a pictorial featuring Dayle Haddon? Seems to me I've seen her in PLAYBOY before.

Calvin Stubbs
New York, New York

Ten points and a hearty handshake to you, Cal! Dayle was, indeed, the subject of "Disney's Latest Hit," a pictorial we



ran in April 1973. Glad to know somebody out there is paying attention.

SHORT CUTS

The Right to Arms (Selected Shorts, PLAYBOY, January), by Edward Abbey, is terrific. It nicely summarizes the true libertarian position on gun control.

Len and Ginny Flynn
Jackson, New Jersey

I grew up in and violently escaped from a country where possession of a weapon usually resulted in death: execution without a trial. I agree with Abbey 100 percent. Registration of weapons is the first step and confiscation the second on the road to tyranny.

I. Kertész
Placentia, California

Dotson Rader's *Against Coeducation (Selected Shorts, PLAYBOY, January)* reached me where I live, since I have two boys and two girls who match the patterns outlined in the essay. I'm going to send copies of the article to several school boards in our area and possibly quote it in our community publication.

Gilbert Faye
Dallas, Texas

TOUCH TONES

PLAYBOY does a good job of combating the puritanical repression of sexual feeling and behavior and, in some respects, it seems to take seriously the responsi-

bility of protecting sexual and other important freedoms. So I'm puzzled that you apparently don't realize that features such as *Touch Me, Feel Me . . . Spank Me* (PLAYBOY, January), by Rosemarie Santini, contribute to the antithesis of freedom, which is inherent in rape and other forms of violence by men toward women. As a therapist, I see women who have been subjected to rape and beatings and who do not view their victimization as fun, exciting or sexually stimulating. There are a lot of men out there who are eager to be persuaded that "their" women want nothing more than to be brutalized, and this article helps them believe it. Men will not be sexually free until women are. PLAYBOY could be an important social force if it carried out its philosophy in its own pages, rather than exploit the antithesis of the free man and the free woman.

Ginny Crow
Seattle, Washington

Touch Me, Feel Me . . . Spank Me is most revealing. It's always fascinating to me to find out what the opposite sex really wants, though I'm not sure the Santini piece really represents the average woman.

Joe Korman
Springfield, Illinois

As Freud once put it, "What does a woman want?" I'm still baffled.

Al Morganstern
Newark, New Jersey

STORY LINES

Sebastian the Cat (PLAYBOY, January), by Evan Hunter, is alive in countless families throughout America. Hunter's fabricated articulation correlating marital love with pet love left me floundering in an emotional pool of repressed tears.

Randy Conard
La Crosse, Wisconsin

PLAYMATE RATERS

The picture of Patti McGuire in your *Playmate Review* (PLAYBOY, January) is one of the sexiest I've ever seen in your magazine. By the way, what's she holding in her hand?

Dennis Gaines
Bladensburg, Maryland

A pear.

No doubt about it—Debra Peterson for Playmate of the Year.

L. W. Flester
Stanford, Connecticut

This year, there can be no contest! Patti McClain has it hands down—to choose any of your other calendar queens would be a joke.

The Guys in the Dorm
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La Verne, California





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Le Car is so maneuverable you can dart in and out of, around and through traffic. And Le Car fits in a smaller parking space than the Honda, Chevette or Rabbit.



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Treat yourself to light menthol Belair.

*Now's the time for the
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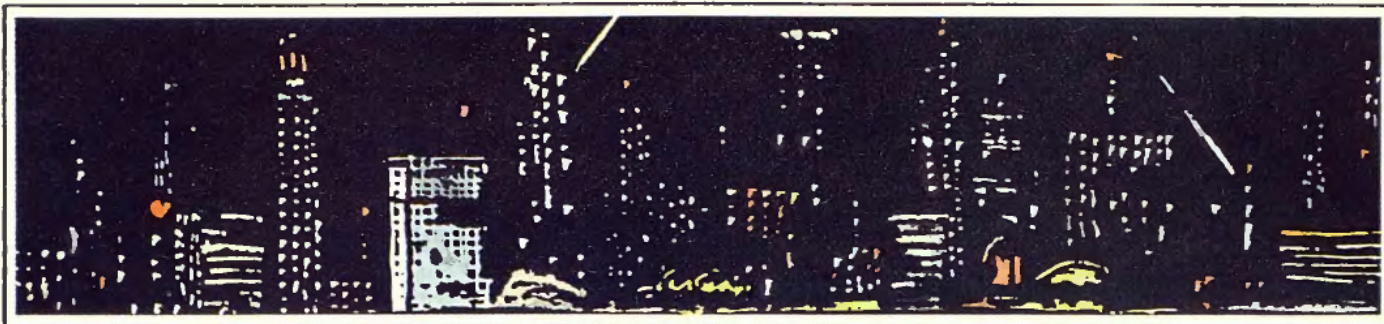


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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Her lot doesn't sound vacant to us. The Victoria, Texas, Armadillo Con-fab and Exposition, an annual gala of unusual events—greased-body sliding, belch-offs, beer-can smashing—first chronicled in these pages in November 1973, offers participants the chance to compete for the title of Miss Vacant Lot. This year's winner, a 5'5", 215-pound beautician, managed to stuff 200 pop-top tabs down her size-36EEE bikini while warbling, "Keep your fingers out of it, it don't belong to you."

Describing food innovations around the U. S., an article in *The Denver Post* told of this trend: "A host or hostess will serve several elaborate salads and complete the menus with fried children purchased at a fast-food-chain outlet."

A sign in the office of a San Francisco helicopter-charter company offers pilots a dubious warning: ABSOLUTELY NO FLYING OVER THE NUDIST COLONY, WHICH IS 7.5 MILES SOUTHWEST ON A TRUE COURSE OF 255 DEGREES.

Police in Ogden, Utah, were requested to supply an officer to keep a protective eye on an apartment where a girl was removing her suitcase full of clothes from her boyfriend's apartment. A simple enough duty, except that the bulletin that appeared on the police blotter was a bit misleading. It read: "Man requests an officer to stand by while his girl removes her clothing."

When Empress Farah Diba of Iran wired invitations for a film-festival party she was hosting, prospective guests were understandably nervous about attending the soiree. It seems the wire sender substituted a common synonym for the verb photographed and the

invite read: "We expect you to be at the party. We'll really look after you, take care of you and then you will be shot."

Sax and the single woman: Probably the most peculiar grounds for divorce on record were those given by a Michigan woman who told the judge she felt she couldn't continue with the marriage after her husband gave each of her five step-children a saxophone. Divorce granted.

Scientific breakthrough: An 18-year-old high school student in Doraville, Georgia, won a local science-fair award for his research proving that it is possible to contract V.D. from a toilet seat. No details were offered.

The marquee of a San Leandro, California, drive-in advertised this odd feature attraction: THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOM.

An intriguing ad for a blacktop company, from Minnesota's *Twin Cities Illustrated News*: "Remember Our Motto: We Lay the Best & Service the Rest."

In an effort to persuade the trustees of Atlanta's Spelman College to appoint a black woman president of the institution, Spelman coeds held 14 of them as hostages in a university conference room. The New Haven, Connecticut, *Register*, in an article on the confrontation, reported: "A trash basket, a sheet and tissue were sent into the room to allow the hostages to fashion a makeshift toilet facility."

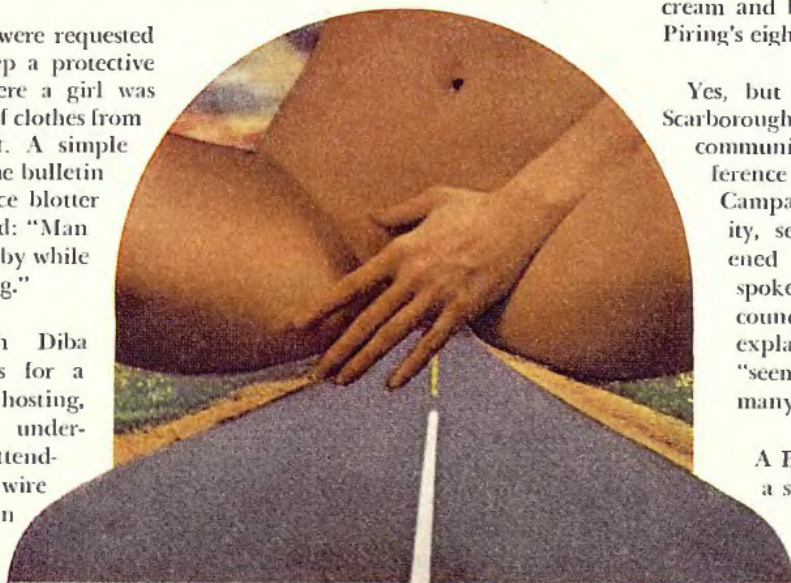
On a can of nuts imported from Japan is embossed the serial number FUKU2.

This ad appeared in the "Help Wanted" section of the Missoula, Montana, *Missoulian*: "Need a hooker for a stiff boom jammer must be exp."

Each Easter in Pampanga, the Philippines, a 35-year-old farmer named Juanito Piring has himself nailed to a cross to renew a vow he says he made to God when his mother was cured of an illness. Lately, the event has gotten a little out of hand: Local residents dress up as Roman soldiers and vendors sell ice cream and balloons. This Easter will be Piring's eighth consecutive crucifixion.

Yes, but it's low in calories: When Scarborough, one of Britain's oldest resort communities, refused to provide conference facilities next year for the Campaign for Homosexual Equality, several liberal groups threatened to boycott the resort. A spokesman for the Scarborough council defended the decision by explaining that homosexuality "seems to leave a nasty taste in many people's mouths."

A Broadway stripper has devised a successful way of dealing with persistent customers. When someone requests her phone number, this enterprising



lady readily gives them one—that of a local pest-control company.

Who wouldn't? This rather bizarre ad appeared in the *International Herald Tribune*: "HAVE FAMILY—would like to exchange for home in Paris."

A school secretary in Lincolnshire, England, noticed one day that a student had been tampering with her photocopying machine, so she posted this sign: PLEASE DO NOT INTERFERE WITH THE SECRETARY'S REPRODUCTIVE EQUIPMENT.

What do you get when the Six Million Dollar Man meets the Bionic Woman? Langley Air Force Base's appropriately named Base Film Library is currently advertising a training film called *The Six Million Dollar Screw*. The base's official bulletin claims the film's about the high cost of Foreign Object Damage, whatever that means. We know better.

In a dispute between a couple and a pet shop over ownership of a talking mynah, a Kansas City judge observed before announcing his verdict: "I suppose an appropriate judgment in this case would be for me to say, 'Give them the bird,' but that's not really very judicious."

PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FLEETING FAME



Voted in for his contribution to the exciting field of diagnosing portraits of dead people: a Japanese heart specialist who claims that the Mona Lisa may have suffered from high cholesterol. A slight touch of yellow in the corner of her eye indicates, says the doctor, that she probably overindulged in fatty foods.

MERFS AND MU FU?

The following is an excerpt from "The Encyclopedia of Unnecessary Knowledge," a book based entirely on its author's imagination:

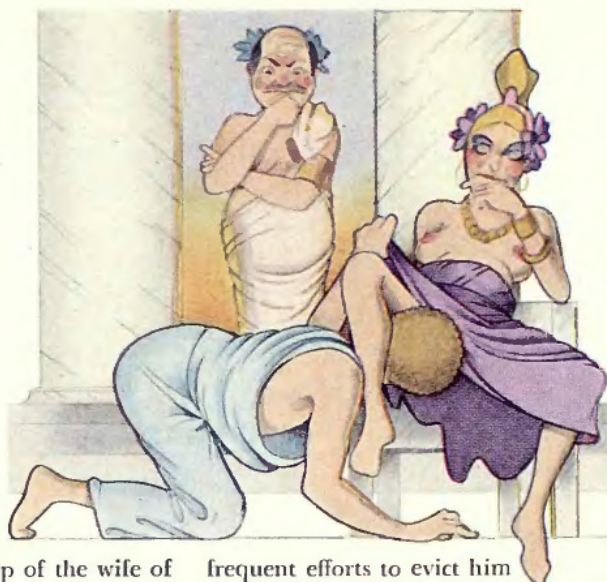
Alaptomy: study of the human lap and its structural relationships. Believed instituted by Axidentales, Sixth Century B.C. Greek philosopher who was fascinated by the question of where his lap went when he stood up. Axidentales' interest lapsed after he was discovered examining the lap of the wife of Athenian general Curmudgeones, who banished Axidentales to Lapland.

Eeckhund, Gerbrunk van den (yekskoont, jurbroonk von den) 1621-1646: Dutch artist, a close follower of Rembrandt. Eeckhund once followed Rembrandt for six miles before the celebrated old master had him arrested for impersonating a normal person. Eeckhund's early paintings were dark and morbid, but after having his windows cleaned late in '41, he began producing gaily colored Dutch landscapes.

Gibberography (jib-roq-ra-fi): art of writing or speaking gibberish, employed from ancient times. Forms include drivel, inane chatter, claptrap, bureaucratese, double talk and other devices that render communication impossible. A famous speaker of gibberish was King Zigismund II (*q.v.*) of Herzegovina, who once remarked, "The boiled beef, *c'est moi*."

Hermitage (*her-ma-tij*): resort in Saskatchewan opened in 1924 by Canadian Isolationist Movement as a commune for recluses of all races and creeds. Organized activities included solitaire, camouflage, kayaking, getting lost in the woods, autoeroticism, humming and shaving. Howard Hughes was briefly a member in the Thirties but found other residents too gregarious for his taste.

Lumullus (*lum-mu-lus*), Lucius Liminius Lumullus Pippus, 147-105 B.C.: Roman private. A faithful follower of Spatula in the Cellulite Wars, he was rewarded with a promotion to corporal, a rank he subsequently forfeited by forgetting to attend the decisive Battle of Large Hurts. Increased consumption of alcohol and habit of striking passers-by with blunt objects resulted in unpopularity, abandonment by wife, Lybrium, and



frequent efforts to evict him from neighborhood, where he became known as Lumullus the Obnoxious.

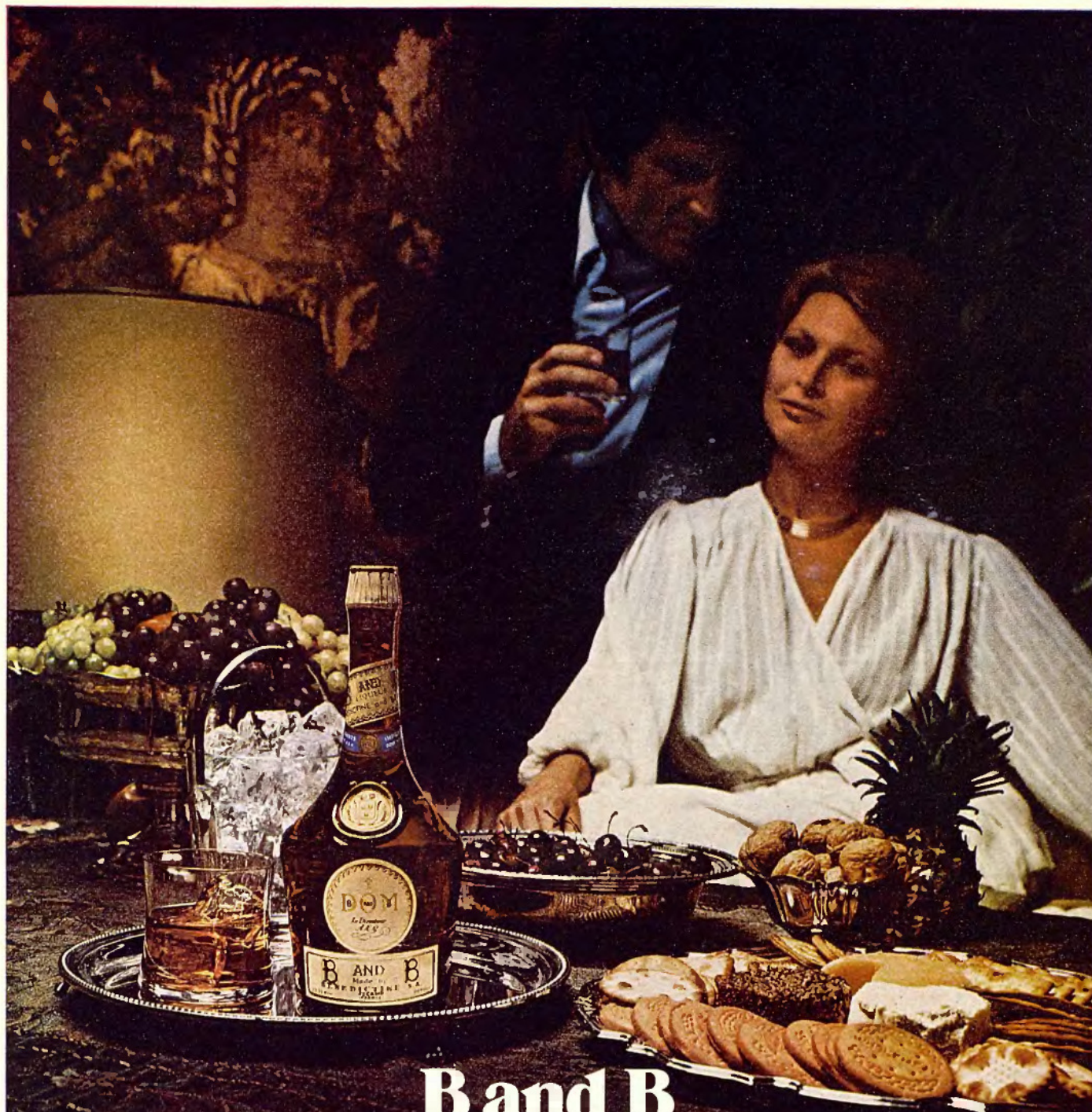
Merf (*murf*): extinct, hairless flatfish of Nuvoian Period that developed ability to eat own head.

Mu Fu (*duk-fat-so*), 714?-766: Chinese poet of Wang Dynasty and founder of Churlish School. His poetry, most of it less than six words long, reveals his suspicion of nature, disgust for the common people, outright hatred of women and children and deep distrust for any food cooked with garlic. His masterpiece, "Go away/leave me alone," was recited by school children to commemorate executions of renowned ax murderers.

Peripheralist Movement: founded in 1817 by the Sardinian obscurantist author Artur Grobovnik, this school of thought emphasized the analysis of peripheral phenomena. Grobovnik taught that meeting an issue head on resulted in a collision of ideas too powerful to allow for rational analysis; thus, he counseled study around the edges, illuminating the issue through analogy, metaphor and oblique reference. Major work was an analysis of the Napoleonic Wars through the mustaches of the soldiers involved. Grobovnik's protégé, Laszlo Schabe, wrote the definitive study of the man and his work, *Socks of Grobovnik*.

Pligg, Evelyn Flint, 1420-1469: English diarist. A tulip fancier, he took little part in the War of the Roses. After 1447, he lived as a wealthy country gentleman, though he resided in London. He wrote on many subjects, some of whom objected and washed the writing off. His diary, first published in 1947, is notable chiefly for having been written in the fourth person.

—LEWIS GROSSBERGER



B and B The romance never goes out of some marriages.

Perhaps some marriages are still made in heaven. But one heavenly marriage is made only in Fécamp, France. It's B and B. Benedictine and Brandy.

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86 Proof

From Benedictine Fécamp, France



MUSIC

In the combustible amalgam of talents that was the Beatles, it was always clear that Paul McCartney was the moptop with the commercial instincts that struck for the jugular. In the early days, it was Paul who pushed them into coordinated jackets and, predictably, it is Paul who has achieved the greatest commercial post-Beatle success. With the release of *Wings Over America* (Capitol), a three-record document of the Wings show that sold out in every city it played last year, the reason for that success is put into a clear perspective. Wings exudes the concept of professional entertainment that has characterized McCartney from the beginning, and its playing here is perfect for the silly love songs with which Paul tickles our fancy.

Wings supports McCartney's melodic flights on both ballads and rockers, supplying deftly executed harmonies and punchy instrumental precision. Standout touches include the complex harmonic arrangement on the sprightly pop-rocker *Magneto and Titanium Man* and Jimmy McCulloch's roughhouse lead guitar, which produces the grit that is often missing from McCartney's music. Paul's flair for arrangement is also displayed through his use of a spirited four-man horn section.

The exhaustive concert repertoire boasts a number of jewels, ranging from faithfully re-created tunes from McCartney's Beatle past to highlights of his recent solo incarnations. Sung and played with professional aplomb, these live tracks display the sure craft that has kept McCartney in the pop mainstream, and if his recent work has rarely reached for the sky, as the Beatles did, these live tracks show that sheer talent can be a worthy substitute for inspiration. McCartney quipped before the album was released that if three quarters of the people who saw the live show bought the album they'd have a million seller. And while this is already true, what is most impressive is that though the concerts were themselves as much "events" as rock shows—after all, McCartney hadn't performed in America since 1966—the record proves that the music justified the excitement.

Anyone who hasn't been stashed under a rock this past year should know with some degree of certainty that George Benson is the hottest jazz-guitar pistol around. *Breezin'* warmed the cockles of the record dealers' cash registers like nothing has done in a long while and, as attested to elsewhere in this issue, PLAYBOY readers voted him their main jazz-guitar man. All the fuss has prompted



Wings Over America soars.

"Wings' live tracks display the sure craft that has kept McCartney in the pop mainstream."



Benson—new and renewed.

the labels that carried Benson in his non-household-word days to dig into their vaults for reissue material. Which is a great thing to have happened to jazz fans. *Blue Benson* (Polydor) and *Benson Burner* (Columbia) were recorded back in 1966–1968 (*Blue* is a single LP, *Burner* a twin-LP package) and are a long way in time, mood and, let's face it, pop-directed commercialism from much of what Benson is doing today. These are gut-level offerings, with Benson very much down to basic nitty-gritty stuff. The *Blue Benson* LP is especially appealing—the personnel includes Billy Cobham, Herbie Hancock,

Ron Carter and Clark Terry, and they provide a lot more to listen to besides Benson. *Burner* has Benson's quartet, which included baritone-sax man Ronnie Cuber, augmented from time to time with superlative sidemen. No, it isn't just the haze of nostalgia; things were simpler in those days. Not that Benson has abandoned the jazz ship by any means. *Benson & Farrell* (CTI) is recent and rewarding. Flutist Joe Farrell (he has a soprano-sax solo on one of the tracks) provides splendid counterpoint for Benson. Except for a couple of extra flutes and rhythm, the two are pretty much on their own and, really, they don't need much else. Good news for you jazz folk: There isn't a Benson vocal in a carload.

As has been noted before in these pages, the Beach Boys on a good night put on a better live show than almost anyone. *Beach Boys '69—Live in London* (Capitol) evidently was recorded on a very good night. At that time, it will be remembered, the Boys were held in relative disfavor here. Obviously, the British audience hadn't heard about this—it cheers wildly and adoringly throughout. The musical focus is on the years 1966–1969, the Boys' middle period; only two of the 12 songs are "oldies"—a soso *California Girls* and a superlative *Barbara Ann*. The high points of the album are a soaring *God Only Knows*, perhaps the definitive recording of this lovely song, and the foxy *Wake the World*, a knockout Brian Wilson–Al Jardine rocker previously released only as the B side of a 1968 single long unavailable. For Beach Boys collectors, it should be noted that versions of five of the songs on *Beach Boys '69* were included on their last live album, the 1973 *In Concert*, and that three of the five—*Wouldn't It Be Nice*, *Sloop John B* and especially *Good Vibrations*—fare better on the new one. Also present are the lame, lovable Beach Boys song introductions, featuring terms like "nifty" and "wow-ee!" A tasty album, highly recommended.

A pair of photographs inside the jacket of *A Star Is Born* (Warner Bros.) sums up the album: side by side, three-quarter-length shots of Kris Kristofferson and Barbra Streisand as Felix and Oscar.

Kristofferson wears a leather vest, no shirt, a medallion around his neck. He's sweaty and hairy and bearded and soaring in unholy rock-'n'-roll ecstasy. Barbra models a three-piece suit and flawless collar. She's cool, coifed and sweatless.

He embodies rock at its most sinful: cocaine, Satanism and 14-year-olds who give good head. She looks like she sells

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real estate. The music is equally schizo. Kristofferson opens the record with a cut that sounds like John Belushi doing Jim Morrison. The next song is Streisand's, and suddenly here we are in Caesar's Palace. It's hard to imagine these two people getting together in what is loosely called real life. Why would she like his music and why would he like hers? Where is there an audience that would want to hear both of them on the same bill?

Streisand's fans will probably want to buy this record, because Barbra sings quite well. Her songs are all in her style and she handles them with her usual ability. Kristofferson is handicapped by the fact that he plays a character in the film, and he has to sing in that character's style. He does a professional job, but nobody can really shine singing in a style that's not his own.

A lyric by Steve Goodman begs for words we can dance to and melodies that rhyme. And Jimmy Buffett's cohesive *Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes* (ABC) fills the request. After last year's disjointed *Havana Daydreamin'*, the new set is a daydream come true. Themed on the Buffett ethic of high times, at sea and elsewhere ("If we weren't so crazy, we'd all



Latitudes . . . Attitudes: Buffett's best.

go insane"), the album clicks. A song each from Goodman and Jesse Winchester and eight originals fill an album with potential single hits. The music matches the words and Norbert Putnam's production rings commercial. After working with his energetic road band, Buffett is surprisingly powerful and the harp man, Fingers Taylor, now becomes a ranking musician in his own right. To this add Michael Utley's tasty keyboards and you'll be listening to Jimmy Buffett's most successful album to date. Rosalynn Carter can be proud to show off her Coral Reefers T-shirt.

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limbo for the present, but R.T.F. fans really don't have too much cause for lament. First bassist Stanley Clarke and guitarist Al DiMeola put out fine albums, and now Chick Corea, their sometime boss, has weighed in with a new LP, *My Spanish Heart* (Polydor). The music on this two-record set is a sheer delight, with Corea interweaving tunes written in both past and present styles—sambas from his *Light as a Feather* period giving way to the more overtly romantic music he's been doing recently with vocalist Gayle Moran. The album's highlight is the title track, a sidelong suite that incorporates elements of flamenco (Spanish horn riffs, castanets) into a finely crafted impressionistic tribute to the music of Spain. ¡Viva Corea!

ABC has finally conquered its problems in prime-time TV and has become the number-one network. Now its stars have begun an assault on the record industry—obviously without consulting Fred Silverman. John Travolta steps out of his *Welcome Back, Kotter* Vinnie Barbarino role to offer up his new album, *John Travolta* (Midland International). If you're into Muzak, you'll enjoy the hit single *Let Her In*—a whiny, old-fashioned irritation of a tune—but the other songs aren't as good. The liner notes let us know that "Between a busy taping schedule, John still finds time to fly his own plane . . . and work on his 1955 classic T-bird." Let's hope that after this first album, he'll have a little more time to pursue his hobbies. Donny Most carries the banner for *Happy Days* (where he is better known as Ralph Malph). Donny is a Barry Manilow freak, and it shows. On *Donny Most* (United Artists), he does a number called *Rock Is Dead* that's very convincing. His liner notes tell us "If you can't dance to this music, you've no right having feet." Sit on it. Ralph. Penny Marshall and Cindy Williams (TV's *Laverne & Shirley*) give us *Laverne & Shirley Sing* (Atlantic). It's basically a Fifties-greatest-hits album as performed by the *We've-Always-Known-We-Were-Cute-And-Now-That-We've-Found-Our-Market-We're-Only-In-It-For-The-Money* Singers. But, surprisingly, there's some not-bad stuff here (*Da Do Ron Ron* and *Chapel of Love*), and even some laughs (*Sixteen Reasons*). Nifty job, girls.

SHORT CUTS

Alphonso Johnson / *Yesterday's Dreams* (Epic): . . . are today's jazz-rock realities, as this young bassman, with all-star assistance, confirms that whoever gets down the most *will* come up.

Mickey Gilley / *Gilley's Smokin'* (Playboy): Sprightly rock and country in the piano-splintering tradition of Jerry Lee Lewis, Mickey's cousin.

Archie Bell and The Drells / *Where Will You Go When the Party's Over* (Philadelphia International): With this on hand, the party's not about to end.

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BOOKS

It takes a hell of a lot of *chutzpah* to name a novel after the book used in the liturgy of the Church of England. Even more when there doesn't seem to be a good reason for it. That's not the only enigma you'll confront in Joan Didion's long-awaited new novel, *A Book of Common Prayer* (Simon & Schuster). In her third book of fiction, Didion weaves an account of a contemporary phenomenon—rich daughter turned radical—with the saga of a woman who seems to be going mad. The story takes place in a mythical Central American country, Boca Grande, which is undergoing a government change-over. As in Didion's finely honed *Play It as It Lays*, this work is about dying, loss, the mind's obsessions, illusions. Maria Wyeth in *Play It* had her highways to provide occupation and escape; Charlotte Douglas in *Common Prayer* has airports to which she goes constantly for no apparent reason. The novel reads like a mystery—we're given snatches of information, faint sketches of people (many who don't play any apparent part in the plot), allusions to events past. But in the end, the entire book itself is the mystery. Didion, on purpose, leaves all the ends loose.

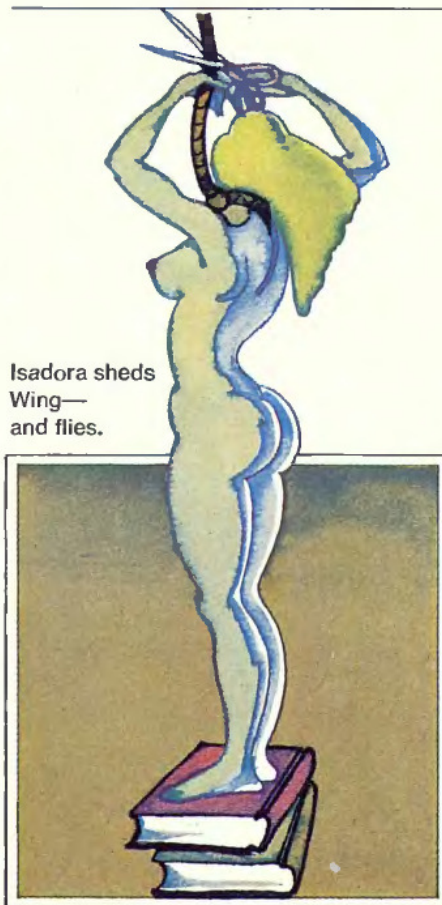
That cool, barebones style worked marvelously in *Play It as It Lays*, in which Didion managed to convey, by simple sentences and a minimum of words, a wealth of deep emotions. But something's missing in *Common Prayer*; the parsimonious language merely produces a skimpy, elliptical work, a novel essentially ice-cold and stripped of emotions. *Common Prayer* is a heartbreaking novel because we sense its potential, its power. There are passages of great lucidity and artfulness, but the whole just doesn't live up to its intermittent fine parts.

Well, Isadora Wing—a.k.a. Candida Wong, a.k.a. Erica Jong—has grown up. Cast off the Chinese-American-psychiatrist husband she couldn't quite bring herself to leave in the bombshell first novel, *Fear of Flying*. Learned what it's like to be famous. Dipped in and out of the Hollywood scene. And in the process come to understand a great deal about herself—including the fact that, in the end, she still defines herself in terms of her relationship with a man. That's all right, too, she tells herself, because this time it's a man who needs *her* as much as she needs him.

How to Save Your Own Life (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) reintroduces us to novelist Jong's alter ego, Isadora—who, not coincidentally, has written a semiautobiographical novel, *Candida Confesses*, about the adventures of a writer less than happily married to a Chinese-American



"Something's missing in *Common Prayer*, a novel essentially ice-cold and stripped of emotions."



shrink. Half the fun of reading this sequel is in recognizing the thinly disguised personalities who pop in and out: Henry Miller, grand old man of ribald letters; the late poet Anne Sexton; and a couple bearing a suspicious resemblance to the sex pioneers Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen.

This book, which ends with a wonderful section of love poems, is probably better written than its predecessor; its insights into the battle of the sexes are just as sharp, and certainly its conclusion is less ambiguous. It's also less funny. "Humor," Isadora observes early on in *How to Save Your Own Life*, "is a survival tool." Perhaps Jong has less need of that particular tool now that her personal life is more rewarding. Her fans can be glad for Erica, but they'll miss the madcap irrepressibility of the old, insecure Isadora.

A few pages into Robert Penn Warren's *A Place to Come To* (Random House), the reader becomes aware that he is in for something. Warren announces: "We are all stuck with trying to find the meaning of our lives and the only thing we have to work on, or with, is our past. This can be a question of life and death." A similar urgency prompted Nabokov's *Invitation of a Beheading* and Saul Bellow's *Humboldt's Gift*; Warren's book is in that league. The protagonist is Jed Tewksbury, a well-hung classical-language scholar who uses his gifts to escape the hellhole of Dugton, Claxford County, Alabama, and find a place in the *imperium intellectus*. The hero and/or author is fascinated by language: "The crazy word on the page was like a little hole in a great wall. You could peek through the hole and see a world where everything was different and bright." The worlds made visible and bright by Warren's words include the academic halls of the University of Chicago, the only slightly less hostile environment of a partisan band in Italy, where blowing up farmhouses filled with Nazis is later viewed by the survivors as "a particularly successful boy-scout camp," and the green hills of Nashville, where Tewksbury has an affair with his high school sweetheart, a classic Southern bitch named Rozelle Hardcastle. This book is an awesome reminder of what literature is about. It is a rare delight to watch a major talent tool up for a life-work and then carry it off. A goddamn good read.

They say Richard Reeves's new book, *Convention* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), on last year's Democratic doings is going to start a lot of lawsuits. Mere frivolity in the sandbox of life, *we* say, and a pox upon them all! What political writer



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Reeves (and eight journalistic helpers) sought was the underside of the political quadrennial hell-raising, the small human dramas and untold glitzes that make a convention; in short, all the things you don't see on television.

Well, he got some of it. Snatch dancers at a club called The Bottomless Pit, dressed in what one observer called



Convention: backstage at the Garden.

"Early Tart," earned less than usual that week. Big shots in search of prized V.V.I.P. (Very, Very Important Person) credentials to the gallery put in their place by little shots with usher's arm bands. The youngest Democratic delegate—Clare Smith, 17, of Cleveland—really came to New York in search of: Dr. Hunter S. Thompson. She knocked long and hard on his hotel-room door, groupielike, only to get a loud chewing out by the good doctor; but she did get his autograph.

There is an attempt at shoveling up political dirt: Bob Strauss labeling Jerry Brown (behind his back) "that little bastard," then making sure the California governor's car could not enter the V.I.P. ramp after Brown's refusal to make his state's vote for Carter unanimous; Strauss *on his knees* behind Walter Mondale, during his acceptance speech, directing Mondale's attention toward the photographers' stand in a stage whisper: "Look left! Look left!" No wonder the poor guy's smile looked so strained.

He's not what you'd call a superstar, just one of the best living writers in America. Walker Percy is also a physician, and the blend of scientist and artist in him produces a writing style that might well have come from another planet. *Lancelot* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is his latest novel. It contains, among other things, *The Great Secret of Life*: "God's secret design for man is that man's happiness lies for men in men practicing violence upon women and that woman's happiness lies in submitting to it. The secret of life is violence

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and rape, and its gospel is pornography. The question is, Can we bear to discover the secret?"

In *Lancelot*, which is set in New Orleans, Percy seems to be saying that what he would most like to do with America is to nuke its major urban centers and begin all over again.

"I can't stand the way things are," Lancelot (for whom read Percy) says over and over. "I cannot tolerate this age." Then he describes an age he could tolerate by relating the story of his great-great-grandfather, who looked like Jean Lafitte. He had won a lot of money in a poker game, the loser of which insulted his mother. "Well, I'll tell you what I propose," the great-great-grandfather said. "You and I will meet in four hours, which is dawn, on the Vidalia sand bar, which is outside the jurisdiction of both Louisiana and Mississippi. With one Bowie knife apiece." After Lancelot's ancestor had killed the offender, "he sent for an ax, beheaded, dismembered and quartered the body, and fed it to the catfish. He washed himself in the river, bound his wounds, and he and his friends rowed over to Natchez-under-the-Hill and ate a hearty breakfast."

"I could live that way," Percy concludes.

William Kotzwinkle lives up in Canada and writes. We've said it before: He is one to watch out for, casting his spells up there in the chill woods. An early novel, *The Fan Man*, was the funniest book since *Catch-22* and *Candy*. His novella *A Swimmer in the Secret Sea* had the emotional power of some strange, new mood-altering drug. And his new mystery novel, *Fata Morgana* (Knopf), is pure magic. If there is any justice, this book may well be the next *Steppenwolf*.

Fata Morgana's Inspector Picard, gravely wounded on an earlier assignment, is put on light duty investigating a very chic, high-society fortuneteller. As the tale unravels, the duty turns out to be not so light as Picard's superiors had thought, and he is drawn deeper and deeper into the web of magic, voodoo and idolatry spun by the evil M. Lazare. The mystery turns on the convoluted history of an old master toymaker who makes his toys with such skill that they have lives of their own. It would be advisable to sit down while reading what the toys finally do.

And who, or what, is *Fata Morgana*? She is the fairy enchantress, dating back in literary references to at least 1150 A.D., a female shade who can cast either healing or diabolical spells. But *Fata Morgana* has also come to mean a mirage that can be observed in the Straits of Messina. It makes things on the far shore seem taller, thinner and appear to be floating in the air. But it's only an illusion. Pay no attention to it: It's only an illusion.



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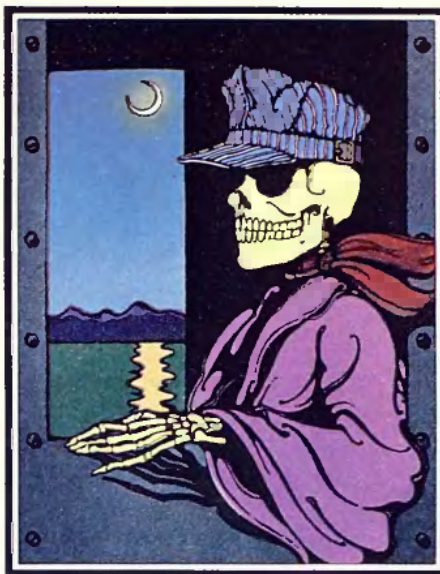
TRIUMPH



MOVIES

An all-star, \$6,000,000 suspense drama dwindles into a feeble Polish joke in *The Cassandra Crossing*, the end result of a misalliance between England's Sir Lew Grade and Italy's Carlo Ponti—two jolly green movie giants throwing their weight behind one rather small pea. Sophia Loren, Richard Harris, Ava Gardner, O. J. Simpson, Martin Sheen and Lee Strasberg are among the passengers aboard a Geneva-to-Stockholm express train ("hurtling across Europe," in a phrase coined by hopeful tub thumpers for the movie) that has space for several dozen subplots plus a fugitive terrorist infected with a virulent bacillus. While everyone's coping with the plague en route, Ingrid Thulin and Burt Lancaster conduct a nonstop debate back at International Health Organization headquarters in Geneva: she's a serious doctor who suspects that Burt, as an amoral American military man, has some ulterior motive in wanting to sidetrack any publicity about U. S. experiments with lethal bacteria. He also wants to divert the plague-ridden train, with its cargo of untouchables, to Poland, of all places—to an isolation facility in a remote village, on the far side of a condemned railway bridge known as the Cassandra Crossing (named for the goddess of dire predictions). Well, the Poles claim the bridge is in swell shape, which seems to be the Polish equivalent of an SOS. Director George Pan Cosmatos, with two collaborators, must have concocted this drivél while he was running a fever.

Unquestionably a work of genius, *Fellini's Casanova* has the master's touch but may come as an icy surprise to film buffs expecting phallic fireworks from a Fellini movie based on the 12-volume memoirs of the lustiest self-proclaimed Latin lover in recorded history. The fact is, Fellini loathed his subject. "Casanova is everything I despise. He is a lover with cold sperm, an old man who has never grown up," said the maestro, often publicly regretting that contractual commitments forced him to go ahead with a project plagued by doubts, casting difficulties, budget problems, threatened lawsuits and the theft of some early footage. Doubts and all, *Fellini's Casanova* is precisely the kind of brilliant, antierotic, myth-shattering epic he promised to make—with Donald Sutherland almost unrecognizable behind a false nose and chin, his forehead shaven to heighten his puppetlike anonymity in a title role once considered a possible vehicle for Robert Redford, Jack Nicholson or Marcello Mastroianni. Hemmed in by language barriers, declaiming in English amid a horde of bodies with dubbed English voices, Sutherland does what he can to



Cassandra: off the tracks.

"*Cassandra Crossing's* director must have concocted this drivél while running a fever."



In *Casanova*, a whale of a gallery.

fulfill Fellini's vision of a rakish man of the world whose world turns out to be his own hollow shell. This itinerant, epicene Casanova copulates *ad nauseam* with harlots, hunchbacks, nuns, seamstresses and rich, crazy old women—one so repulsive to him that he pumps away at her while keeping an eye on the ample derrière of his brother's wife. But all his sexual adventures are grotesque, joyless and usually performed with his pants on. Casanova, insectlike, flits from limb to shapely limb, with tenderness toward none—except, significantly, a mysterious noblewoman (Tina Aumont) whose identity he never learns, a gentle giantess (Sandra Elaine Allen) who bests him in a wrestling match and a beautiful life-sized mechanical doll (Adele Angela Lojodice) who reappears to Casanova in his dotage

as an erotic dream girl, dancing with him across the frozen canals in wintry Venice, a city glazed with ice. Impotence embracing sterility, in a timeless symbol.

The diamond-hard and cerebral detachment of *Fellini's Casanova* is aesthetically out of synch with the warm, personal, reminiscent tone of *The Clowns*, *Roma* and *Amarcord*, closer in spirit to his eerie *Satyricon*. Hot or cold, however, Fellini is still Fellini, an artist whose flair for astonishing spectacle cannot be outdone in any medium. *Casanova*, scene by scene, projects a nightmare in breathtaking images—from dark psychedelic landscapes to storm-tossed seas of billowy plastic, from a gallery of pornographic art (by the French painter Topor, see illustration) inside the carcass of a whale to sprawling, decadent palaces where fucking contests and orgies of organ music are daily bread.

The sensitive, unhurried movie version of Ernest Hemingway's *Islands in the Stream*, published posthumously in 1970, would probably have pleased Hemingway more than any previous adaptation of his work. Written for the screen by Denne Bart Petitclerc and directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, who won an Oscar for *Patton*, Hemingway's novel provides another personal triumph for George C. Scott—a flamboyant actor, usually performing like a man possessed, though remarkably restrained and introspective here. As an expatriate artist, trying to sit out World War Two on an island in the Bahamas circa 1940, Scott is a Hemingway hero to the manner born, as gruff, bearded, ballsy and *macho*-minded as the author himself. Filmed on location in Hawaii, *Islands* is divided novelistically into three episodes: *The Boys*, *The Woman* and *The Journey*. Each tells a separate but related story about the artist-hero's encounters, first with his three sons by two marriages; then with wife number one (Claire Bloom), who may be the only woman he has ever loved; and finally his inevitable involvement with the war itself. It's a risky bookish format that just happens to work. The last third of the movie is a rousing action-adventure sequence, taut and suspenseful, about an effort to land a family of Jewish refugees in Cuba from a fishing boat, with the Cuban coast guard in close pursuit. The shoot-'em-up excitement matters more than usual because *Islands* has taken time, earlier, to develop genuine relationships between its unconventional heroes—particularly between Hudson (Scott) and Eddy, a derelict rummy and roustabout emotionally dependent on the older man he idolizes. As Eddy, England's David Hemmings—perennially promising as a young

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Palos Hgts. Bud's
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Peoria P. A. Bergner & Co.
Peoria Schradzki's
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Schaumburg Images
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Houston Dudley's
Houston Gent's
Huntsville Barnaby's Ltd.
Huntsville The Collegiate Corner
Kilgore Hurwitz Man's Shop
Lamesa Collin's
Longview Hurwitz Man's Shop
Lubbock Frank's King Size Clo.
Lubbock Hemphill-Wellis
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Midland Grammer-Murphy
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Odessa Dunlap's
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Odessa Melvin's Clothiers
Odessa Model Shop
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San Angelo Hemphill-Wellis
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San Antonio Paul Bruner's
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San Antonio Lawford's
San Antonio Pate's
San Antonio Sld Robbins
Spring The Man's Shop
Wichita Falls Fieldson's
Woodlands The Man's Shop

UTAH

Ogden Dahle's Big & Tall
Salt Lake City Dahle's Big & Tall

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Alexandria Steven-Windsor
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Arlington Gentleman Joe's
Bristol T. J.'s Togs & Tennis
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actor—has gone to flab but gained maturity, and delivers a tortured, haunting performance that damn near steals the picture. Scott also gets firm support from Susan Tyrrell, as an island whore with a heart of gold; Gilbert Roland, as a local sailor who has begun to traffic in European refugees; and the three young actors (Hart Bochner, Michael Wixted and Brad Savage) who play Hudson's alienated offspring in a poignant study of father-son *rapprochement*. Amid a gallery of colorful portrayals, the film's one weak spot is Miss Bloom, somewhat stiff, suburban and oddly miscast as the vibrant kind of woman who hangs on like malaria in a Hemingway man's rich red blood.

Robert De Niro, a hot prospect for a Best Actor Oscar, doesn't really give interviews. Those close to him claim he doesn't even talk to his mother. He's particularly taciturn about his home life (he recently married black actress Diahanne Abbot, who appears in minor roles with him in "Taxi Driver" and "New York, New York"). But De Niro will, if you catch him in the right mood, rap awhile about showbiz. Los Angeles-based writer Joseph Block managed to find him—ah—not exactly loquacious but... well, judge for yourself.

PLAYBOY: Since your tour-de-force performance in the title role of *Taxi Driver*, you've made three totally different films: *1900*, *The Last Tycoon* and the musical



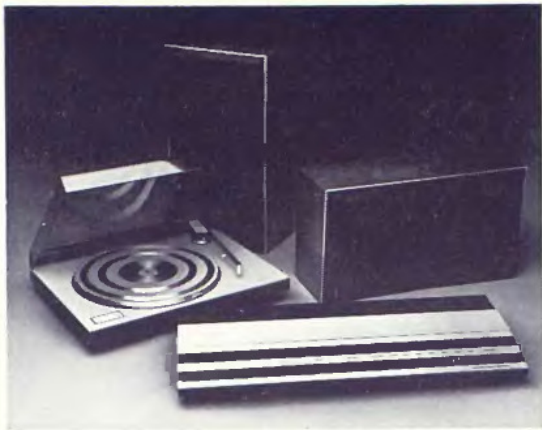
De Niro learns to blow his own horn.

New York, New York, for which you even learned to play tenor sax. Were you deliberately seeking complete departures, in an effort to avoid being typecast?

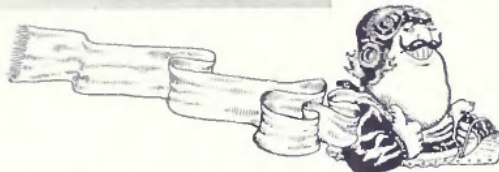
DE NIRO: I think in acting, things should change. You should try not to do the same thing twice.

PLAYBOY: How do you get under the skin of each of those characters?

DE NIRO: I try to stay by myself as much



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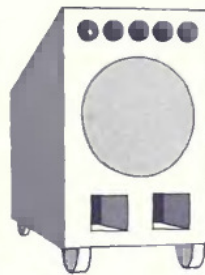
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as possible. When you are by yourself, you can think better and, most of all, reflect about things. In *Taxi Driver*, that was especially necessary, because the character was always kind of alone.

PLAYBOY: How did you prepare yourself for your role in *Taxi Driver*? Did you try driving a taxi?

DE NIRO: Yes, I drove a cab for a few weeks before, and a lot of the experiences I had were the ones you could relate to the film. The writer, Paul Schrader, and I decided we should actually see what a cabdriver has to go through—the hell of being a chauffeur for anybody who has the money to pay you.

PLAYBOY: Who was your first paying customer?

DE NIRO: Believe it or not, my mother—and they cut her out of the film!

PLAYBOY: Were you ever recognized by any of your other passengers?

DE NIRO: Once, by an actor. It was the first day I drove a cab. He got in and said, "Hey, you're Robert De Niro." I said to myself, "Forget this," and I had to take him all the way to the airport.

PLAYBOY: Did you charge him?

DE NIRO: Sure, but I told him I didn't want a tip.

PLAYBOY: Did you get many tips?

DE NIRO: Yes, I got some good tips. Actually, driving a cab taught me that I should tip a little better myself, because I picked up people I *know* didn't have a lot of money who were generous when it came to giving tips.

PLAYBOY: What were most of your passengers like?

DE NIRO: Crazy. When you drive at night, you meet night people, like hookers, pimps, junkies, pillheads who are up all night. People who are unsavory. People who are not—how could I say it?—not your ordinary Joes. Fringe people. People with no place to go. Bums with no money, bums with money. Weirdos.

PLAYBOY: *Taxi Driver* was shot on location. How did the average man-on-the-street New Yorker react to the movie-making?

DE NIRO: It was surreal. We had a phony political campaign headquarters on 62nd Street; the guy running for President was just a fictitious candidate, but many people came in during the shooting, asking for information, pamphlets, campaign material. They thought it was the real thing. We filmed a lot at night and got the real street flavor. For instance, there was a real shooting: When we did the scene at the grocery store, someone around the corner was really being shot, literally at the same time. There were gang fights, pimps hustling; it all merged in the essence of the movie.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in New York's Little Italy. What was your childhood there like? Street tough? What kind of kid were you—spoiled, underprivileged?

DE NIRO: I don't know. I can give you

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ten different answers, depending on the mood I'm in at the time. I really don't like to talk about my personal life.

PLAYBOY: Well, what do you like to do in your spare time?

DE NIRO: I golf, I play tennis—you know, I'm a typical New Yorker . . . I . . . No, I don't do anything, I sleep. No, I'm only kidding . . . I spend time with my wife and my family and that's it. We're working so hard, I have no leisure time.

PLAYBOY: What does this do to your head?

DE NIRO: I'm spending about \$600 a week talking to an analyst about that. So I'd rather not talk about that now. No, I'm not really seeing one, but I don't know how to answer that question.

PLAYBOY: OK, we give up. Let's get back to the movies. Both *Taxi Driver* and *Mean Streets* conclude violently. Do you feel that the violence portrayed on the silver screen and on TV promotes violent acts in real life?

DE NIRO: Who really knows how every single person is affected by certain incidents in a film? If we use *Taxi Driver* as an example, people have come up to me in the street and actually discussed it with me. What they related to was not the violence but the city, the loneliness, the alienation.

PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of TV?

DE NIRO: Television is the most popular medium there is: everyone watches it when he is bored. When you come home and you are tired, you drink a beer and watch TV. Usually, someone is shooting at someone else, someone is following someone . . . and not doing it well enough to make you put down whatever you are doing to really watch it. That's a cheap kind of pandering to the audience, a lack of courage and nerve that the networks are responsible for.

PLAYBOY: You've been paying your dues now for more than 15 years in New York and Los Angeles, and in the past few years, you have sprung to superstardom status. Can you tell us some of the trials and tribulations you had to overcome?

DE NIRO: No.

PLAYBOY: Don't you ever talk?

DE NIRO: Well, the main kind of trial and tribulation, everyone knows, is that most of the time you don't get the part.

PLAYBOY: What advice do you give aspiring actors?

DE NIRO: I usually tell them to do readings, off-off-Broadway, in New York City, because there is a lot of it. Just to work and get somebody to see you.

PLAYBOY: What if someone said he admired your style and wanted to become like you? What would you advise him?

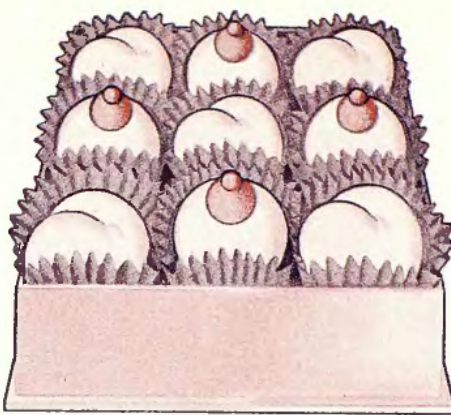
DE NIRO: I don't believe that. I wouldn't know what to tell him. He can't become like me. The only way anybody'll become anything is to become fully what *he* is, and do what *he* wants to do.

X-RATED

Porno identified AS MADE IN U.S.A., formerly a hot ticket at the Cannes Film Festival, has become slightly passé since the French got into the act with their own home-grown hard-core. Now that they're giving as good as they get, *Candy's Candy* ought to satisfy the sweet tooth and hungry eye of Stateside voyeurs with a taste for Gallic sexports that run to pretty people, heavy action and plenty of girl-girl interludes. "A bunch of exhibitionists" is an apt description of *Candy's* cast provided by the lady publisher of a sex magazine, who

invites everyone out to her country house for a lusty weekend. The slender threads of plot barely cover the publisher's comely kid sister, Candy, an ever-ready teenager who is more or less lost in the shuffle as the sexual revelry develops. It's a fast shuffle, to be sure, with frequent changing of partners. Even the sighs and moans of ecstasy are dubbed into seductively accented English, retaining only an occasional "Oui, oui" or "Ah, c'est bon" for Continental flavor.

The Autobiography of a Flea, based on an anonymous underground classic set in 19th Century France, is already a well-established hit in San Francisco—home turf of the Mitchell brothers, James and Artie, whose *Behind the Green Door* introduced Marilyn Chambers and helped to make porno chic a household term. With sex epics in a slump, *Flea* ought to have pornophiles jumping for joy again. "How will I ever get that great thing into my poor little person?" coos lively Jean Jennings (star of the bondage epic *Defiance*) to John C. "Johnny Wadd" Holmes. Jean plays a quickly ruined maiden named Belle, John plays one of many horny country priests who lick their lips over a girl's confessions, their cassocks assuming a lusty tilt. The story is narrated with mock-Victorian relish by a prurient flea, which has somehow managed to lodge itself in the heroine's oft-invaded crotch. *Flea's* photography and art direction are first-class and the entire production has a costly period look, suggesting a budget well beyond the \$120,000 actually



Candy: C'est si bonbon.

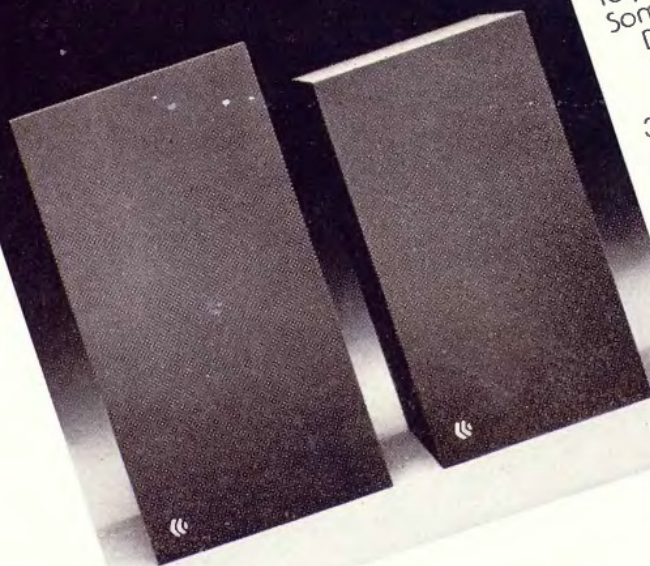
"Candy's Candy ought to satisfy the sweet tooth of voyeurs with a taste for Gallic sexports."

no lesbian sequence, only two of the generally obligatory come shots and none of the usual schizoid approach to sex as a spectator sport for voyeurs who secretly despise the game. Maybe thorough professionalism makes the difference, or maybe an uninhibited woman's touch is what's been missing all along.

One of the more common male fantasies—making it with a neighbor's nubile baby sister—is the principal premise of *Jail Bait*, starring blonde newcomer Tina Lynn in an auspicious debut as a porn queen. Tina's inexperience as a hard-core performer is offset by wicked enthusiasm, and she manages to seem credible as a treacherous teenaged minx with a taste for bubble gum, bad grammar and gang-bangs. Wade Nichols, playing a handsome swinger who, one way or another, has to satisfy his mistress, his lesbian wife and the insatiable girl next door, proves that he's also an OK talent with an unmistakable touch of class.

After a miraculous love potion gives everyone the power to screw ad infinitum in *Mary! Mary!*, they do it and redo it unto death—literally—in a climactic orgy scene. Constance Money (attractive star of *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*) plays the title role opposite John Leslie, as a stud handicapped by premature ejaculation until he strikes a Faustian bargain with the Arranger, who may or may not be the Devil himself. The ending of *Mary!* is an absolute downer; until then, though, the film's sex action generates more natural heat than usual.

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THEATER

The outraged critics called it scandalous when "Oh! Calcutta!," fresh from London, emerged on a New York stage in 1969 with dancers and actors appearing in various X-rated scenes without so much as a G string or a codpiece. The panting public, on the other hand, flocked to the bawdy, sometimes hilarious off-Broadway revue, paying scalper's prices for the \$25 first-row seats and using binoculars from the standing-room section in the rear. The innovative show, described as "elegant erotica" by its creator, erudite English writer/critic Kenneth Tynan, eventually ran for three years in Manhattan and recently completed its seventh successful year in London, where it is now competing with its own sequel, an erotic pastiche titled "Carte Blanche" that opened last September at the 1500-seat Phoenix Theater. Once again, Tynan was

the driving force behind what adherents regard as a new landmark in sexual expression and detractors dismiss as illegitimate theater. (Form your own opinion: See our pictorial on page 133.) To learn more about "Carte Blanche," PLAYBOY contributor Richard Warren Lewis met with Tynan in Santa Monica, California, where he's taken a year's absence from the mother country to work on a film and other projects.

PLAYBOY: How would you compare *Carte Blanche* with *Oh! Calcutta!*?

TYNAN: This new one is far more of a total spectacle than the first show, which was simply a string of sketches. Like Rocky Marciano, *Oh! Calcutta!* was more aggressive sexually. *Carte Blanche* is a little more subtle, like Muhammad Ali. If *Calcutta!* established the bridgehead in sexual theater, this is the show in which we are trying to civilize the natives. In *Calcutta!*, for my taste, there were simply too many gags. The sign of a nervous producer of an erotic show is: "When in doubt, make 'em laugh. Whatever you do, don't worry an audience by appearing to take sex seriously." So I was determined that in this show, at least, we would not

be going all out for the boffos. Instead, we opted for sophistication.

PLAYBOY: Can you be more specific?

TYNAN: Of course. In *Oh! Calcutta!*, we decided quite consciously to restrict the show to heterosexual sex, because

there were quite a number of queer off-Broadway show, at that time. This time, we have extended the range, opening it up to all sorts of combinations: homosexual, trios, incestuous and fetishistic variations, as well as lesbianism, cunnilingus, fellatio and sadomasochism. More than half the show is intended to titillate in the best sense of that word: to give pleasure, to tickle pleurably. Some of the numbers are intended to disturb an audience a little bit by introducing it to areas of human activity that it perhaps hasn't thought of as erotic. We're trying to extend the area of things that people think of as



"If you shock an audience, you tend to start hackles rising rather than penises."

sexy. To do that, we use dance, mime, poetry and straight acting. Two of the most successful things in the show are based on the hitherto-untranslated erotic poetry of Paul Verlaine, the 19th Century French poet who wrote—but never in his own lifetime published—the most marvelously outspoken poems about sex, the most incredibly detailed and lyrical descriptions in close-up of the smells and tastes of sex.

We've also taken the most famous of all obscene plays, *The Farce of Sodom*, which was written by the libertine, lyric poet, the Earl of Rochester, in the 1680s to amuse his great friend, Charles II. It may have been privately performed for Charles, but our excerpt—which concerns an incestuous affair between a young prince and a young princess—is the public world premiere.

PLAYBOY: Why would a 300-year-old play have relevance today?

TYNAN: Simply because it has some of the most delightful and candid sexual poetry in the English language. There is one particularly marvelous exchange where the princess finds that her brother, who

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"Like my tequila, like me," he once told a storekeeper in Flagstaff, Ariz.

Two Fingers and his tequila made a lot of friends in the late 30's. Folks would see his truck—Two Fingers gripping the wheel with Honey at his side—and the

word would spread fast.

"How come you deliver your own tequila?" It was a question Two Fingers was always asked.

"Cause I know it gets there just fine. And I spend a little time wooing Honey. Get it?"

Our sources say Two Fingers made his trips north of the border until the end of the 30's. The last man we could find who spoke to him was a retired Colorado state trooper. He helped Two Fingers fix a flat in the fall of '39 (Two Fingers gave him his last bottle as thanks).

After that not a word. And nobody's quite sure why.

They don't make them like old Two Fingers anymore. But luckily for us his tequila lives on.



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is 16, is still a virgin, and she undertakes to introduce him to sex. She shows him her cunt and he's absolutely astonished by the sight, never having seen one before. Pointing to it, she says: "This is the workhouse of the world's chief trade / On this soft anvil all mankind was made / For human life can little more supply / Than just a few good fucks and then we die." PLAYBOY: Are the actors nude in this segment?

TYNAN: Not totally. The men and women are fully clothed in period costumes—except for their sexual areas. This is another example of how my thinking about the sexual theater has changed in the past seven years. Nudity has by now become so much a part of the vocabulary of the theater that one can use it in much more subtle ways. We can get effects by simply revealing parts of bodies rather than the whole of them. In *Carte Blanche*, we've also experimented technically much more, such as projecting images of people onto other people's nude bodies. So that you can literally turn a man into a woman by projecting breasts on him. Or turn a girl's face into a man's face by superimposing a mustache—or whatever—on her.

PLAYBOY: *Oh! Calcutta!* featured erotic contributions by well-known contemporary writers. Have you followed the same format in *Carte Blanche*?

TYNAN: Most assuredly. We approached many prominent authors and asked them to put onstage the sort of sexual fantasy or comment on sex that would actually make *them* want to go and see such an erotic show, not what they anticipated an audience would want to see.

Eugene Ionesco, the French playwright, wrote a sketch called *Double Act* that begins with a beautiful young girl on stage left returning from an evening of lovemaking. On stage right, an ancient, decrepit, bald woman is getting out of bed, being dressed by her maid to go out for an evening of lovemaking. As the young girl undresses to go to bed, you realize, in fact, that she is, under all her beauty, an ancient, bald old woman. By the time the other woman is ready to go out, she is a figure of incredible, flamboyant beauty. Each side of the stage is the other in reverse.

Keith Waterhouse, who wrote *Billy Liar*—the book and the film—has contributed a serious but satirical monolog about the problems of the flasher. How is it, he wonders, that it's perfectly OK to be a lesbian, it's perfectly OK to be a male homosexual, yet it's not socially acceptable to flash your genitals? Why?

We also offer a work by an American playwright, Michael Weller, about group sex—its advantages and its shortcomings. PLAYBOY: Was that an intentional pun?

TYNAN: Not at all. How would I know

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about such things? Actually, I'm one of the few people I know who doesn't even pretend to have been to an orgy. I lead an extremely conservative sexual life. In quantity, not in quality.

PLAYBOY: What was your contribution to *Carte Blanche*?

TYNAN: I compiled the material, contracted the authors, put the show together. But in the program, I'm merely listed as a contributor. Under English law, you can only be prosecuted for obscenity, in connection with a stage performance, if you are the director of the show or the producer. Authors cannot be prosecuted. I am in no sense the producer of the show, in that I have no money in it.

I did provide a sketch about a husband and wife whose marriage has become rather jaded and who get their greatest pleasure from masseurs. This segment is highly charged erotically but certainly not funny. The wife likes to be massaged. The husband likes to massage. There are two massage tables on either side of the stage, the wife being massaged to orgasm on one and the husband massaging a girl to orgasm—both manually and verbally—on the other. It is by doing this that the husband and wife keep interested in their own married life.

PLAYBOY: Then the medium is the massage.

TYNAN: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: Are you doing this show for shock value?

TYNAN: I hope not. If you shock an audience, you tend to start hackles rising rather than penises rising. And that's not what we want. Any audience that is shocked is unlikely to be excited. Not that we want to have them leaping into the streets, filled with sexual fervor. But we do want to put them into the frame of mind in which sex becomes the obvious next step, whether it's an old married couple out for their golden wedding anniversary or a pair of teenagers. We just want to put people into the mood.

PLAYBOY: How was *Carte Blanche* received by the London critics?

TYNAN: They said all the same things that they initially said about *Oh! Calcutta!*, for which we had the dictionary thrown at us. "Disgusting." "Loathsome." And that supreme catchall word, "boring." But we also got one or two reviews in the popular press hinting that some sort of artistic achievement had also taken place. This worried me a little bit. Above all, I do not wish to present this show as something that has artistic pretensions. The aim is erotic, rather than artistic. I find that Western man, especially the Western critic, still finds it very hard to go into print and say: "I recommend you to go and see this because it gave me an erection."





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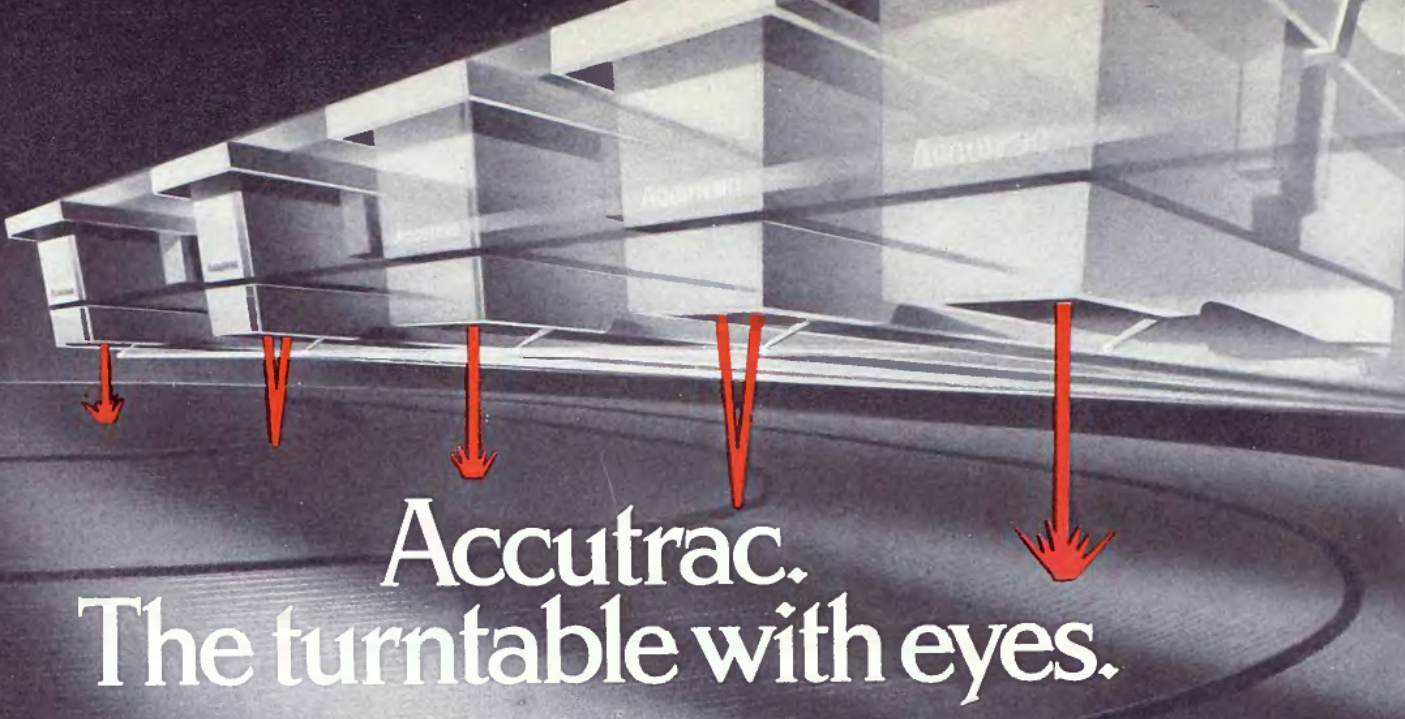
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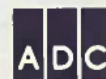
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The Accutrac™ 4000



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

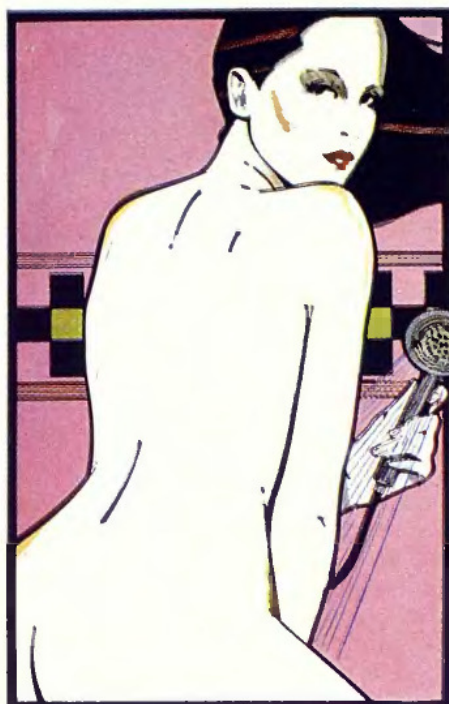
My old man and I enjoy fantasizing about sex. I tell him detailed stories, true or false, of the sexiest things my evil mind can dream up. The more decadent the better. He loves it. When we were just married, he was as straight with sex as I was crooked. I was his first. In no time, he began loosening up and even started to reveal his desires to me. I wasn't shocked. A little surprised, maybe. His requests were pure porn. Great porn. Now, I tease him with stories about twosomes with other chicks, orgies, cunning ways to seduce others, anything I can dream up. It's great to be mentally free, but he won't allow me actually to try any of these fantasies (with the possible exception of the lesbian tryst). I'd love to do it with an extra guy or two, but I'm afraid to approach the subject. He's a biker, and I don't need to tell you about how a biker feels toward his woman. He owns me. Nobody else gets any. How can I satisfy my fantasy without risking a broken neck?—Miss F. S., Nashville, Tennessee.

Bikers feel the same way about their women as certified public accountants do about theirs. And our guess is that you dig it (oh, for the days when men were men and women were glad of it). Don't be afraid to raise the subject. You confess to having loosened him up, and he might actually go for the idea. (Then again, it's possible that he pulled the old "Virgin Biker" routine on you, and that somewhere in his sordid past, he'd already tried the arrangement.) If not, and if you still want to try a two-on-one tryst, you can always recruit strangers. A person's sex life is his or her own responsibility. You don't need anyone's permission to play out your fantasies.

I read with interest the letter in the November *Playboy Advisor* from the sexy cheerleader who wanted to accentuate spanking effects. As an experienced hand, I would like to offer one bit of advice—position can make a remarkable difference. She should lie on her back and raise her legs together, so her companion can both hold her by the knees and also apply the paddle to the target. This will intensify the stinging and should give the upturned cheerleader the pleasure she craves. But to want to be spanked for 30 minutes? Come now.—J. H., Cheney, Washington.

We'll believe your letter if you'll believe hers. Next.

Recently, Michelob and Miller popularized the seven-ounce beer bottle, thus allowing my fraternity to dispense these



handy grenades in a refrigerated vending machine originally designed to hold soda-pop bottles. We buy beer in bulk, and it usually comes cold. We store it in the basement, loading the machines as demand requires. My question: Is there any reaction in beer when it goes from cold to room temperature and back to cold again? I have heard various arguments, both pro and con. What's your opinion?—T. J., Los Angeles, California.

The moderate temperature changes you describe shouldn't affect the taste of beer. Only extreme changes (from below freezing to over 100 degrees) would cause the suds to be a dud. Got any spare change, mister?

What are bedroom eyes? A number of girls have mentioned this anatomical turn-on, but none have been able to describe them except to say that I don't have them. What do they look like?—S. C., Montreal, Quebec.

The exact definition depends on the taste of the beholder, but, generally, bedroom eyes are considered to be sleepy, seductive, come-hither peepers made popular by Giancarlo Giannini and King Kong. To develop the look, try staying up for several days in a row. That, plus a case of acute horniness, should convey the proper image to the intended victim. If the girl persists in telling you that you lack her favorite turn-on, don't take it personally. Explain that you left

your bedroom eyes on the night table, next to the glass that contains your false teeth, and move on.

Could you explain why the buttons on nearly all women's clothing are positioned on the left? I didn't notice this until my girlfriend put on one of my work shirts, and I had trouble unfastening it. Men's shirts are the opposite of women's. Why?—R. M., Dallas, Texas.

One theory holds that for centuries, men have dressed themselves; and since most men are right-handed, it is easier to fasten a shirt with the buttons on the right side. Women, on the other hand, have had maids to help dress them. Again, with most people being right-handed, it is easier for a person not wearing the garment to fasten it with the buttons on the left. Who dressed the maids? Well . . . the men of the house. A second, more esoteric theory has to do with weapons: A man had to be constantly on the alert. In order to grasp a sword, club or other weapon, he would need to keep his combat hand warm and free (cf. Napoleon). Clothes took on the left-over-right closure. Women adopted the right-over-left closure so they could carry their babies in their left arm, covering the child with the right side of their garment. Take your pick.

For the past few months, my husband and I have been living together with one of my girlfriends. We've come to the point where the three of us are sleeping and loving together. My girlfriend is, for all intents and purposes, my husband's second wife. There have been plenty of hassles. My question is this: Can a triad marriage survive? I love my husband and my girlfriend very much. At night, I often wake up wondering if they are sneakily enjoying sex. I also wonder why my husband keeps his back toward me when he sleeps—which he does whether I alone am sleeping with him or whether my girlfriend is in bed with us. This is all so new to me. I'm afraid of spoiling our love for each other, and yet I feel so confused. Can you help?—Mrs. I. A., Boston, Massachusetts.

Experimental relationships should be conducted along the lines of a bomb defusing. Perhaps you know the scenario: The squad leader sits there turning nuts and bolts, radioing each move back to headquarters. Thus, if the situation blows up, those who follow won't make the same mistake. In your case, it is time for a face-to-face conversation. Call your moves. Some of your suspicions may be groundless (for example, in what

direction did your husband curl before you started sleeping in triplicate?). If properly aired, your other doubts will become less dangerous. You need to establish guidelines—will it continue to bother you if they make love in your absence, etc.? Negotiate, if you expect to make your peace.

This may sound ridiculous, but please bear with me—I'm absolutely serious. For years, I've yearned for an exotic table setting complete with six ivory-handled switchblades. The image of a candlelight dinner party—the men in formal leather jackets, the women in T-shirts—sitting down, tucking in their napkins and simultaneously flicking open matching switchblades is too much. After dinner, we could watch a rerun of *Rebel Without a Cause*. Alas, you cannot obtain switchblades in this country, and I understand that it is against the law to import them. (A friend of mine claims that the only people who can import switchblades are one-armed men.) Still, I would like to give it a try. Is there a way to find out just what items are forbidden entry without forewarning the Customs Service?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

For 55 cents, you can obtain a copy of the thoroughly useful "Know Before You Go (Custom Hints for Returning U.S. Residents)" from the U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. Among the contraband items listed in the booklet are: absinthe, lottery tickets, narcotics and dangerous drugs, obscene articles and publications, seditious and treasonable materials, hazardous articles (e.g., fireworks, dangerous toys, toxic or poisonous substances) and switchblade knives. (It's almost no fun to travel abroad. You can't take it with you and you can't bring it home.) A spokesman for the U.S. Customs Service confirmed your friend's rumor: A one-armed man may import one switchblade at a time if the blade is not longer than three inches. So find the guy David Janssen was chasing in "The Fugitive" and you may have that dinner party.

In response to a letter in a recent *Playboy Advisor*, you discuss Pavlovian conditioning and suggest that a woman can learn to respond to outside stimuli. One afternoon, while I was having coffee with a friend, her son walked into the room and said he was going to turn on his electric organ and let it warm up before starting his daily practice. The organ gave off a deep humming sound remarkably like that of my vibrator. As I sat there, I became so aroused that I had to excuse myself. I rushed home and promptly masturbated, with my vibrator, climaxing almost the moment I flipped the switch and heard the hum again.

What do you think of my experience?—Miss C. L., Bloomfield Hills, Michigan.

It confirms something we've always suspected: that one man's organ is another woman's vibrator. Enjoy.

Can you give me the odds on having my income-tax return audited by Uncle Sam? I am a free-lance writer, and I figure that if I use my imagination, I could save some hard-earned money. How close a watch does Big Brother keep on us poor citizens?—O. W., Iowa City, Iowa.

According to the IRS, approximately 2.59 percent of all returns are audited. Those sound like great odds, but before you try a little creative writing on your income tax, you might like to know how that figure breaks down. The Government isn't interested in wage slaves—less than one percent of those people making less than \$10,000 and who file a standard deduction get looked at. In contrast, nearly 100 percent of giant corporations get the once-over. (The Government makes money on those who make money.) If you make more than \$50,000 a year, there is a one-in-eight chance that your return will be audited. Now for the bad news: The IRS has switched to a computer program that almost seems to penalize individual effort: The new system turns up the high-change taxpayer—the self-employed person with free-lance skills whose income fluctuates from year to year. In short—you. If you still want to go ahead, consider the following: Two out of three audits result in the taxpayer handing over more money to the Feds. The tax laws are a stacked deck, and the odds are not in your favor.

While making love to my girlfriend a few nights ago, I had the strangest experience. I was riding atop, looking down at her and, as I approached orgasm, I seemed to see the faces of several of my former girlfriends superimposed on top of hers. It really spooked me. Later, I tried to explain the phenomenon—the ladies have certain similarities, the pleasure of the event brought back old associations, etc. I've talked with several of my buddies, and some of them confessed to having experienced the same "special effects." Is this a common phenomenon? Is it normal?—D. G., Burlington, Vermont.

What were you smoking? It's hard to say if the experience you describe is common—we've heard of it before, but not that much has been written about it. You've got to remember that, until recently, most people made love with the lights out. The best explanation is the one you've already arrived at—the remembrance of things past can be triggered by current stimuli. (The smell of oranges reminds some people of Christ-

mas, when the fruit was used to stuff stockings.) We wouldn't worry about it—as long as one of the faces you see is not that of your mother, you're normal.

My boyfriend and I have gone round and round about this and have finally decided to leave the matter in your hands. Every time we make love, I first perform fellatio, because he enjoys it tremendously and it turns me on knowing that he loves it. But he obviously doesn't believe in the golden rule of doing unto others as others do unto you. We have talked about his performing cunnilingus—he said that the day I tasted like a strawberry would be the day he'd enjoy it. To say the least, I was hurt. My other lovers never complained and, indeed, they enjoyed my reaction to the act. Any solutions?—Miss R. J., Reno, Nevada.

Lovemaking works only when it is a reciprocating engine. Anyone who doesn't make the effort to please a partner deserves a pie in the face—make it a strawberry one. Your boyfriend sounds like a lost cause, who at best has no tact. Reject part of a person and you reject all of the person. You are beautiful; if he doesn't appreciate it, find someone who does. (You've got our address, right?)

When my girlfriend switched from the pill to an I.U.D., we thought our troubles were over. Not so. Now, everytime we screw, my penis feels as though it's grinding against an emery board. The culprit responsible for the discomfort seems to be the stiff nylon cord attached to the I.U.D. The damn thing must be seven inches long. Does it need to be that long? And is there a way we can benefit from the I.U.D. without the damn string? As it is, pain is a very effective contraceptive.—J. E., Los Angeles, California.

Your friend's doctor is a bozo. When an I.U.D. is inserted, the doctor should trim the cord, so that it won't interfere with intercourse. The string is important, however, as a method of checking if the I.U.D. is still in place. But you can ask your friend to go back to the doctor and let him snip the excess footage. This procedure, we suspect, was the origin of the term pinkie shears. May you have a smooth re-entry.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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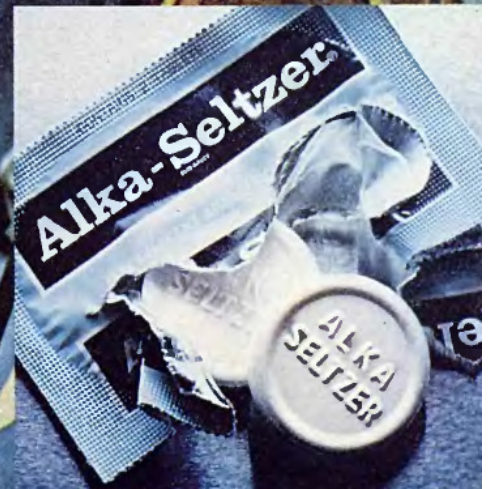
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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Will there ever be a genuine aphrodisiac, one glorious chemical that will stimulate you sexually whenever you want? Or, perhaps, a pill that will stimulate your partner? (Here, want a taste of something fine?) No doubt, the wonderful folks who brought you aspirin (Not tonight, dear, I have a headache. Here, take this.) are already toiling away in their laboratories, searching for the miraculous substance. But just stop for a second. Suppose the perfect love drug were already here—a genuine, medically approved, safe, legal, cheap and nonfattening aphrodisiac. Sold over the counter at any drugstore. What would it do? What would you want it to do? After all, there is an incredible variety of sexual sensations, parts and proclivities that we might wish such a drug to affect. What would most people want an aphrodisiac to do for themselves and for their lovers? That is what we decided to find out.

We asked 100 men and 100 women to give us a formulation for the perfect love drug. Our subjects ranged from people standing in line at the Chase Manhattan Bank to suspects in a police line-up in Greenwich Village. We do not claim that the people we talked with represent a cross section. We took our chances, just like anyone else who meets people. However, we do guarantee that the results are interesting. Now, stick out your tongue.

Q:

WHAT WOULD YOU WANT THE IDEAL APHRODISIAC TO DO FOR YOUR PARTNER?
(Asked of 100 men)

Nineteen percent of the men with whom we talked liked the idea of an aphrodisiac that would make their partners more sexually aggressive, something that would turn their lovers into nymphomaniacs who required no foreplay, that would make women come on like men: "Why should I always have to be the one to call the shots? I really would like my lover to be able to be more aggressive and demanding in bed, to be a genuine sex fiend." "I'd like a pill that would make her so aggressive she'd want to rip off my clothes in public and insist we do it then and there."



Fifteen percent of the men wanted the ideal aphrodisiac to improve the quality, intensity, frequency, duration or lubricity of their lovers' orgasms: "I know she would love to experience sex the way it's described in romantic 19th Century novels—complete with all the mysticism and wild waves of orgasm." "When a woman's climax is really wet, I find it most exciting. I'd like this stuff to make her a regular juice bar."

Eleven percent wanted an aphrodisiac that would make women find them irresistible: "I have that old high school fantasy. All the girls I'm remotely interested in are crazy-horny for me and would literally die for the chance to fuck me."

Ten percent were intrigued with the idea of a pill that would allow their women to lose all inhibitions, while another nine percent of the men wanted a chemical that would cause their lovers not only to lose their inhibitions but also to become sexual slaves: "Women have gotten too uppity and demanding in bed. They don't know how to follow orders

anymore. I wish there were a pill I could slip into my lover's drink and for the rest of the night, all she would think about would be how to fucking please me."

Seven percent wanted a drug that would make their women become totally absorbed in them: "I'd like her to desire me as much as I desire her, especially in the morning." "My lover should really care about me, so that our sex would be better than anything she'd had before and she'd be willing to work harder to make it that way."

Six percent wanted their lovers to have a strong desire to perform fellatio: "I'd like to give my girlfriend a drug that would make her want to blow me any time I whistled or gave out some kind of prearranged signal."

Six percent were keen on the idea of their women being continuously available for sex: "Let her be ready and waiting, at the drop of my pants."

The rest of our sample responded with a wide variety of custom-made aphrodisiacs. Some wanted their women to come less ("I'd like to turn her off when I'm done"), while others wanted something that would turn their women into one giant erogenous zone. One man wanted a specific aphrodisiac—like a local anesthetic—that he could spread on his wife's ass, so that she would enjoy doing it doggy style. Hasn't he heard of K-Y jelly?

Q:

WHAT WOULD YOU WANT THE IDEAL APHRODISIAC TO DO FOR YOUR PARTNER?
(Asked of 100 women)

Twenty-five percent of the women with whom we talked wanted a chemical that would allow men to maintain their erections: "He should maintain his erection all night long and, at other times, even longer."

Twenty percent of the women were concerned with improving the quality of their lovers' climaxes by causing them to experience multiple orgasms, longer orgasms or more frequent orgasms: "I'm sure a lot of guys envy our ability to keep on coming. So the aphrodisiac should give



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What every amateur should know:

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Professional photographers have been complaining for years that 35mm SLR cameras had become too big, too heavy and too noisy. But there was nothing they could do about it. Until the introduction of the incredible Olympus OM-1 camera. It was one-third smaller and lighter than existing cameras, and much quieter. A few professionals tried it—to see if it was rugged enough and versatile enough. It was. And very quickly both professionals and amateurs made the Olympus OM-1 a world-wide success.

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Both Olympus cameras are part of a huge system of more than 200 accessories, including lenses from 8mm fisheye to 1000mm telephoto, interchangeable viewing screens, and motor drives. You can start shooting beautiful pictures with the basic camera and keep going. You may even become a pro. See a demonstration at your Olympus dealer.

OLYMPUS

him the ability to match me—climax for climax." "I want something that would let him slow down his orgasm without going soft. I know he'd get much more enjoyment out of it and, God, so would I."

Thirteen percent wanted to increase their lovers' sensuality and general tenderness. They desired partners who could be gentle, imaginative, able to anticipate their needs: "I'd stuff him full of a chemical that would make him want to make love to me in very deliberately erotic ways with lots of slow rhythms, different touches and body explorations."

Five percent wanted an aphrodisiac that would help their men have repeated erections, that would keep interest alive until the women were completely satisfied: "How many nights I've gone to sleep unsatisfied because my man quit before I'd had enough. I'd want an aphrodisiac to turn him on and leave him turned on until I'm done with him."

The rest of the respondents wanted a variety of reactions. One woman yearned for a mind-reading drug: "I want him to know what sex really feels like for me, so that he would be able to get the duplicate sensations in his cock that I have in my cunt." Another wanted a drug that would make her man make love at odd hours; while yet another wanted a *machismo* malt—something that would make her lover come on like Gang Busters, a real he-man.

Q:

WHAT WOULD YOU WANT
THE IDEAL APHRODISIAC TO
DO FOR YOU?

(Asked of 100 men)

Thirty-six percent of the men with whom we talked wanted an aphrodisiac that would give them ultimate orgasms—either multiple or prolonged or that would drive them out of their minds with ecstasy: "It seems that I'm always delaying my orgasm while she's thrashing about. Coming. Coming. I'd like a pill that would let me join her every time." "All of my orgasms should be longer and better, so that I would really want to make a lot of noise. I never do now, but my woman does and she seems to have so much more fun."

Twenty percent of the men desired something that would enable them to summon erections at will: "My whole body feels twice as alive when I've got a hard-on. To be able to have one all the time would really give me a sexual buzz."

Eight percent of the men wanted to become totally and utterly irresistible to women: "Nothing special, mind you. I just want a drug that would start an

overpowering outpouring of sexuality, so that women would just fall over me."

Eight percent of the men wished to last longer before coming and to have total control over their ejaculations: "I want my cock to have the ability to vibrate at will until I'm ready to come. I'd like to fuck for two solid hours."

Four percent wanted a youth drug that would give them the prowess and stallion instincts of a high school stud: "I'd like to be able to work out like I did when I was 18. I could come six times in two hours back then."

The rest of the sample wanted pills that would free them of all inhibitions or allow them to totally concentrate on their lovers or cause their nipples to become erect. One man wanted a pill that would flavor his ejaculate: "Women would love its taste and maybe even get high from swallowing it. I would develop a reputation and women would come from miles away just to give me head." (He should read Dr. MacLeod's report on the possibility of flavored semen in this month's *Sexcetera*.) One man wanted a pill that would make his penis twice as large, while another simply wanted one that would keep him in shape: "The time I would save on exercise could be spent in the sack with women." Finally, one man wanted something that would make him a virgin: "A pill that would make me ready for sex in a mysterious way, so that each time I made love, whether to the same woman or to a new woman, it would have the intensity and magic of the first time."

Q:

**WHAT WOULD YOU WANT
THE IDEAL APHRODISIAC TO
DO FOR YOU?**
(Asked of 100 women)

Thirty-four percent of the women with whom we talked wanted the aphrodisiac that would give them ultimate orgasms. Most desired more intense climaxes, while other wanted more and/or easier orgasms: "I want to feel the earth move, for a change, and I don't want to have to move to San Francisco to wait for an earthquake." "What this country needs is a good five-hour orgasm."

Twenty-one percent of the women desired an aphrodisiac that would make them more uninhibited and relaxed, that would make them happy to "love the one they're with" and not go looking for greener bedspreads. "My problem is that I worry about what my lover might think of my performance. So I hold myself back from going totally mad when I come. I want an aphrodisiac to release me and

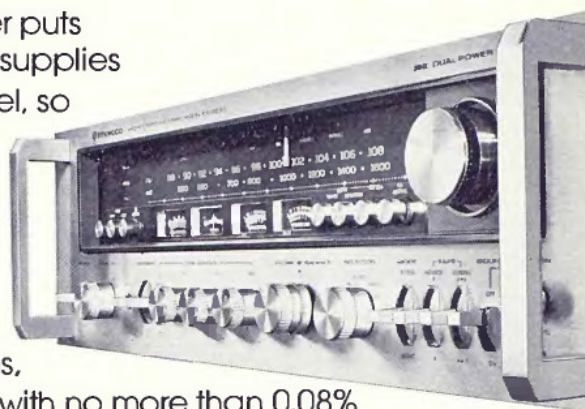
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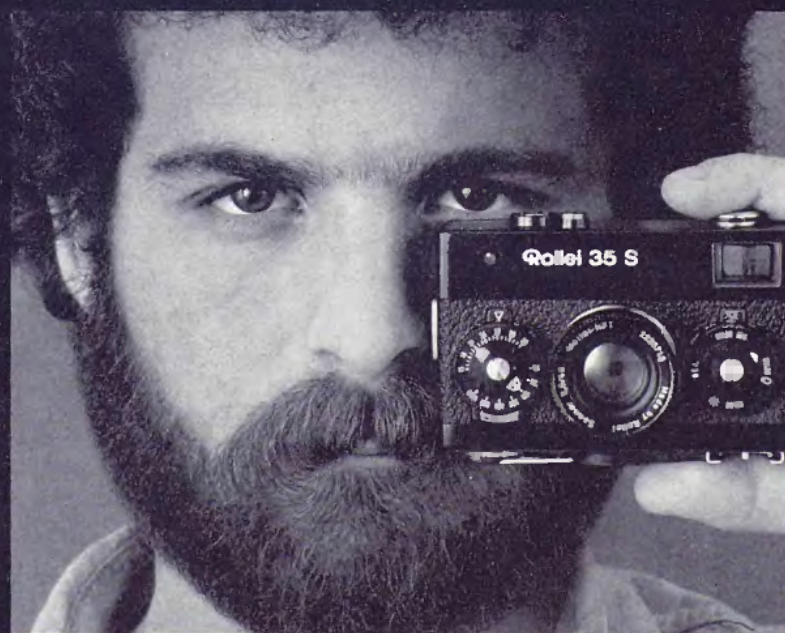


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let me scream and yell and act like a savage."

Eleven percent wished to become more aroused and sensuous from a sex chemical: "I want a pill that turns me into one enormous erogenous zone, a 5'4" clitoris."

Six percent of the women wanted to be more aggressive in bed, to be able to approach sex like men: "A love potion that would turn me into a rapist. That sounds like fun."

The rest of the answers were varied. Some women wanted a pill that would make them stay lubricated, so that they could make love longer, while others wanted one that would give them the freedom to make love to other women. Two women wanted a chemical that would give them greater control over their vaginal muscles. One woman wanted a substance that would make her fantasies real: "It would make me feel like a mermaid swimming around in my apartment. And it would give me gigantic breasts for just an hour, and then they'd go back to normal."

Summary: There were a few surprises when the responses were tallied. It used to be the women who complained about orgasmic dysfunction. The women we spoke with were more concerned with *improving* their climaxes than with whether or not they would be able to attain them at all. Now the *men* are complaining just as loudly as the women about not having intense, frequent or multiple orgasms. Other unexpected elements of this poll were the significant percentages of women who still felt a need to shed inhibitions and maintain sexual fidelity in their relations and the small group of men who wanted women to be more aggressive in bed.

But despite all of the liberated rhetoric of the past decade, both the men and the women in our survey agreed upon the traditional roles for the sexes: Both groups wanted the ideal aphrodisiac to make men *perform* better and to make women *yield* more easily. Most wanted the girls to melt and the men to stay hard. In general, the women turned out to be more generous than the men. Most females wanted to improve or prolong their partners' orgasms, while the men expressed a desire for more compliance in bed.

If and when the ideal aphrodisiac is perfected, our findings indicate that it will definitely have to be a chemical that affects the mind as well as the body. Imagine if such a potion had been invented ten years ago—it would have been designed to give women their first orgasms and prevent premature ejaculations in men. Today it would provide multiple orgasms and everlasting erections. To be truly effective, the ideal aphrodisiac will have to be at least as ever-changing as American sexuality itself.

—HOWARD SMITH AND
BRIAN VAN DER HORST

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Please send the following Air Bed(s). If not fully satisfied I can return within 2 weeks for an immediate refund.
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☐ Queen @ \$89.95 ☐ King @ \$119.95
 (Add \$4.95 shipping per bed)
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SA-5360	299.95	38 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.3	1.9μV 37.2dBf
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So if you'd like to know a simple way to discover just some of the reasons why a Technics receiver is so good...it's as easy as PPR.

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by Panasonic



Pioneer has conquered the one big problem of high-priced turntables.

The high price.

The best way to judge the new Pioneer PL-510 turntable is to pretend it costs about \$100 more. Then see for yourself if it's worth that kind of money.

First, note the precision-machined look and feel of the PL-510.

The massive, die-cast, aluminum alloy platter gives an immediate impression of quality. The strobe marks on the rim tell you that you don't have to worry about perfect accuracy of speed at either 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ or 45 RPM.

The S-shaped tone arm is made like a scientific instrument and seems to have practically no mass when you lift it off the arm rest. The controls are a sensuous delight to touch and are functionally grouped for one-handed operation.

But the most expensive feature of the PL-510 is hidden under the platter. Direct drive. With a brushless DC servo-controlled motor. The same as in the costliest turntables.

That's why the rumble level is down to -60 dB by the super-stringent JIS standard. And that's why the wow and flutter remain below 0.03%. You can't get performance like that with idler drive or even belt drive. The PL-510 is truly the inaudible component a



turntable should be.

Vibrations are damped out by the PL-510's double-floating suspension. The base floats on rubber insulators inside the four feet. And the turntable chassis floats on springs suspended from the top panel of the base. Stylus hopping and tone arm skittering become virtually impossible.

But if all this won't persuade you to buy a high-priced turntable, even without the high price, Pioneer has three other new models for even less.

The PL-117D for under \$175*. The PL-115D for under \$125*. And the amazing PL-112D for under \$100*.

None of these has a rumble level above -50 dB (JIS). None of them has more wow and flutter than 0.07%.

So it seems that Pioneer has also conquered the one big problem of low-priced turntables.

The low performance.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.

 **PIONEER**

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST

For years, I have insisted to all and sundry that the brightest women are the sexiest. My friends have told me I'm wrong, but now I have found a scientific study that backs me up all the way. According to Dr. Mathias Wenderlein of the University of Erlangen, West Germany, quoted in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the more intelligent a gal is, the better her sex life, while the dumber she is, the more likely she is to suffer from frigidity, inhibitions and sexual disturbances. Dr. Wenderlein based this on several studies of groups of women, each group numbering 400, over a period of years.

If this is true, why is it that so many men believe so-called dumb blondes make the best lays? I'll tell you why; it's because most men are dumb themselves. Bright men have always known the truth, even before Dr. Wenderlein's studies. The clods think they're having a great time with their cloddish female counterparts, but they have no idea how great sex can be with a really intelligent and imaginative partner.

James Scott
Los Angeles, California

THE ULTIMATE PERVERSION

A few nights ago, to my horror, the woman I am currently bedding asked me to kiss her anus. I mean, she wasn't trying to insult me; she was trying to get me to participate in what is, for her, a major turn-on. I have just gotten over my shock to the point where I can write calmly about this. As much as I am attracted to the lady, I am sure that if she continues to importune me to put my mouth on her rectal orifice, it's going to be finis. She has even offered to do it to me, an inducement that revolts me almost as much as the idea of doing it to her. I can't for the life of me figure out why anyone would find oral stimulation of the anus pleasurable, nor do I believe that many people do. It must be the ultimate perversion and certainly is hazardous to your health.

(Name withheld by request)
Stanford, California

As to whether or not this is a perversion, Freud (who sometimes seemed to think anything other than genital intercourse was a perversion) once remarked that if we are going to put the upper ends of our digestive tracts together for erotic purposes, there can't be much wrong with joining the lower ends, or even the upper with the lower. Many animals have only one orifice for intestines

and genitals, the cloaca. When mammals evolved, the cloaca divided into two openings, but the anus hasn't forgotten the good old days and remains an erogenous zone, richly supplied with tactile nerve endings. The real erogenous zone in human beings is the nervous system, which extends to all parts of the body. Couples who wash regularly will find oral-anal stimulation neither unaesthetic nor unsanitary. As for how popular this is, in our survey, "Sexual Behavior in

"The real erogenous zone in human beings is the nervous system, which extends to all parts of the body."

the 1970s," published in 1974, one third of married persons under 35 said they would find oral-anal play acceptable with someone they loved. Your own vehement rejection of the idea could indicate a strong unconscious wish to try it. As Kinsey put it, "Even the most restrained of the human animals give evidence of their positive response by blocking and becoming violently upset at the mere suggestion of such activities." These sexologists have got you coming and going.



A LITTLE LIST

I read in a local paper about the anti-pornography groups currently active around the country. Most of them, of course, are simply zealots who think the Lord has commissioned them to control what you and I can read, or see on film, but the last paragraph of the story suggested something even worse. I quote:

Geneva Kirk Brooks is an officer of a Houston group called Citizens Against Pornography, which, she says, represents about 250,000 people. It calls not only for restrictions on commerce in pornography but also for the compilation of dossiers on local college professors, including some she has assailed for "portraying sex as fun outside of marriage."

My first reaction was to laugh, thinking of the Lord High Executioner in *The Mikado* ("I've got 'em on the list . . . they'll none of 'em be missed"). But what sort of surveillance are these dimwits using against suspected professors? Since anyone but a hypocrite would admit that sex is fun outside marriage, any sociologist or psychologist who speaks honestly on that subject can become the subject of one of those dossiers. And what happens to anybody who gets on the list? Does Brooks's group just pass the files around among themselves and weep over them or curse at them, or do they use the dossiers in a more coercive manner? Isn't that the way Hitler and Stalin policed the universities in Germany and Russia? Since Jesus forgave the woman taken in adultery, might he not get into one of Brooks's dossiers if he were teaching in Texas today?

E. Ross
New York, New York

ENTRAPMENT

After *California Living* published an article about a San Francisco policewoman whose job is to act like a whore and arrest the men who offer her money for sex, the readers' opinions as registered in the letters column in the following issue were 100 percent against this despicable practice. There were ten letters on the subject and this is a sample of what they had to say:

"It is a tragic waste of police resources to decoy and entrap lonely people visiting our city."

"It's too bad the San Francisco vice squad must resort to such tacky tactics."

"Insane. . . Has violent crime on our streets dropped to the point where the

cops have to go out looking for crimes?"

"Pursuit of companionship and happiness and trying to escape loneliness as long as no one is unwillingly harmed is a right of all people."

"It's downright exasperating to think we live in such a backward, puritanical country."

"The policewoman in the article is a lot lower than the hookers. . . . What a disgusting way to make a living."

"The cops should utilize their time solving crimes, not enticing people to commit them."

"And so the result of the victimless 'crime' is a broken home, a ruined career and the contempt of society."

"The undercover officer is also a prostitute."

"In a time when I—let alone my daughters—cannot walk the streets in safety, our tax dollars are spent trying to catch some unsuspecting tire dealer from Dubuque engaged in the 'crime' least harmful to me or anybody else."

I found these reactions of *California Living's* readers most heartening. As a longtime PLAYBOY reader, I remember when you stood alone in denouncing this kind of waste of police time and taxpayers' money.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

THE RIGHT TO SEX

It seems to me that C.O.Y.O.T.E. and other organizations and individuals pushing the decriminalization of prostitution are unaware of the most legitimate reason for prostitution. They all mention a woman's right to do as she wishes with her body and the victimless nature of the crime of prostitution, but I have never heard any of them mention the fact that every human being should have a right to sex when he or she needs it. Obviously, many people—the physically unattractive, those who do not know how to relate to the opposite sex, and others—cannot have sex unless they buy it and, in many cases, antiprostitution laws deny these people their right to relieve their unfulfilled sexual desires.

(Name withheld by request)
Columbia, Missouri

VIOLENCE IN THE COMBAT ZONE

An outbreak of violence in Boston's infamous combat zone has prompted both city officials and assorted puritans to launch an all-out crusade against the area. The local press has done its one-sided best to provoke hysteria. All this ignores the basic reasons for violence in the district.

The combat zone, Boston's adult-entertainment district, started out some years ago as an effort by city officials to contain establishments offering erotic entertainment. Unfortunately, Boston's antiquated and meaningless sex laws remained in effect. This led to clandestine

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

A KIND OF FOREPLAY

ROME—A three-and-a-half-year survey of 1200 Italian athletes found both men and women in general agreement that having sex the night before competition



helps their performance in sports. According to the study, 57.5 percent of the men and 41.8 percent of the women have intercourse the day before competing. The athletes also tend to engage in sex more often than the average Italian of comparable age.

PUNISHING HANKY-PANKY

MADISON, WISCONSIN—A Dane County judge has vacated a two-year-old divorce ruling after learning that the former spouses had engaged in sexual relations with each other while their divorce was pending and also after it was granted. Citing "evidence not only of condonation but complete reconciliation," the judge said, "Extrinsic fraud was, indeed, perpetrated upon the court."

SEX CRIMES AROUND THE WORLD

A district court in Jerusalem has upheld the conviction and sentence of a 36-year-old Brazilian woman who was arrested for having sexual intercourse in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. She and her alleged paramour, a 33-year-old Jordanian, were each given six months in prison and fined \$610. The trial judge said he imposed the stiff sentences because the liaison desecrated a holy site and threatened interfaith harmony in Jerusalem.

In Madrid, a woman convicted of adultery has been sentenced by a Spanish court to seven months in prison and

ordered to pay her husband \$746 in indemnity. The prosecutor had asked for the maximum penalty of six years and \$30,000.

In Corfu, Greece, a 40-year-old Italian woman was acquitted of charges of raping a 16-year-old boy. The defense successfully argued that the victim looked older than he actually was.

THE PRICE OF RAPE

LONDON—Under the British law that compensates victims of violent crime, a rape victim can expect to receive about \$1650 if the attack leaves her with "no significant physical injuries and average psychological reaction." The figure was arrived at by a member of the Criminal Injuries Compensation Board, who said that more than \$51,000,000 has been paid to rape victims over the past 12 years.

UNLUCKY IN LOVE

COLORADO SPRINGS—Colorado's first legal homosexual marriage is on the rocks. The 28-year-old groom is asking for a divorce, an annulment or a court ruling that his marriage was illegal in the first place, charging that his male bride of the same age made a "false representation" before their much-publicized wedding in 1975. The spouse is contesting the divorce on the ground that the marriage is not "irretrievably broken."

ABORTION DOCTORS ACQUITTED

The Massachusetts Supreme Court has unanimously overturned the conviction of Dr. Kenneth Edelin, the Boston obstetrician found guilty of manslaughter in 1975 after performing a legal abortion. Five of the six justices also held that Edelin is entitled to a complete acquittal for lack of any evidence of homicide.

In Montreal, the Quebec minister of justice has ordered an end to further prosecution of Dr. Henry Morgentaler, an admitted abortionist who three times has been tried and acquitted by juries. He served ten months of an 18-month prison sentence handed down by an appeals court that reversed one of his acquittals.

THE MOVING FINGER

Two courts in different parts of the country have ruled that citizens did not break any law when they saluted police officers with their middle finger:

In Austin, Texas, a 25-year-old woman shot the finger at four undercover cops who waved at her from a

passing car and found herself charged with disorderly conduct. A municipal judge refused to rule on whether or not the finger was an obscene gesture but decided "the confrontation was not a face-to-face one . . . no violence occurred and it was not made in an overtly hostile manner."

In Hartford, Connecticut, a three-judge appeals court overturned the conviction and \$25 fine of a 16-year-old high school student who had given the finger to a state trooper driving behind his school bus.

OVER THE HILL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Navy experienced its highest desertion rate in modern times during fiscal year 1976 and has appointed a special study group to try to determine why. During the same period, the Army had its fewest deserters in ten years, and the Marine Corps, with still the worst record of all the Services, showed a decline in desertions. The respective rates (per 1000 men) were 24.8 for the Navy, 17.7 for the Army, 1.2 for the Air Force and 69.2 for the Marines.

UNDERWATER HIGHS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A 22-year-old sailor who was dismissed from submarine duty for smoking marijuana has told investigators that drugs are commonly used aboard the Navy's nuclear subs. A U.P.I. story quotes him as saying: "If you want drugs, there's a dealer on one submarine or the next. . . . I was told



on at least three occasions by officers ranging in rank from chief warrant officer to lieutenant that 'We don't care if you smoke, just don't get caught.' He got caught, and a Navy spokesman reports that an investigation of 27 other crewmen cleared 11 and resulted in punishment for 13.

DRIVE SAFELY

SACRAMENTO—During the first 11 months after the state liberalized its pot law, the California Highway Patrol handed out more than 5000 tickets for marijuana possession. Under present law, possession of an ounce or less carries a \$100 fine as the maximum penalty and the offender is not arrested but is

issued a citation. A police official denied that any special enforcement effort was under way and said that almost all the tickets were written after stopping motorists for traffic violations.

ARRESTING V.D.

SALT LAKE CITY—Local health officials are threatening to arrest and force treatment upon uncooperative persons who are suspected of carrying a penicillin-resistant strain of gonorrhea. The new strain has turned up in a number of foreign countries and at U.S. military installations in the Philippines. Some 50



cases have been reported in this country. Fourteen confirmed cases and four suspected cases have been found in Utah, where state law makes it a crime to spread communicable diseases and authorizes health authorities to have suspected V.D. carriers arrested, quarantined, diagnosed and treated. The only known cure for the new strain is an antibiotic called spectinomycin.

EXCESSIVE, TO SAY THE LEAST

TULSA—After a jury convicted an adult-bookstore clerk of selling an obscene movie, the judge expressed shock at the "excessive" punishment the jurors prescribed: ten years in prison and a \$25,000 fine. Noting that the defendant had no felony convictions, is married with minor children and is totally disabled, Judge Richard V. Armstrong suspended \$22,000 of the fine and reduced the sentence to three years. He also noted that the informant who bought the movie could not have been offended by it, because she never took the film out of the box.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

LONDON—Mary Whitehouse, prominent English antipornography campaigner, has invoked Britain's nearly forgotten Blasphemy Act of 1697 to force the prosecution of the magazine Gay News for publishing a poem in which Christ is imagined to have engaged in homosexual acts. The law, last enforced some 55 years ago, carries a maximum penalty of life in prison.

operations by club owners, increased the businessmen's dependence on the underworld and made the combat zone the scene of constant petty harassments. For instance, we can watch *Deep Throat* and buy sex aids, but an out-of-town lawyer was hassled by police for possessing photographs of a nude model. We may buy \$500 worth of inflatable love dolls if we want, but we're not allowed to pay the current \$30 for a normal sex act with a consenting woman. It's all a kind of sick joke.

The combat zone's biggest problem has been street crime. This is because our city fathers are more concerned with private sexual conduct than with robbery. Vice cops will spend hours waiting to entrap prostitutes in bars, while hoodlums run wild in the street. The law will be writing a citation against an establishment on a trivial morals charge, while a gang of thugs waits nearby to chop someone to bits.

Businesses in the area are now hurting because of increased law enforcement and adverse publicity. The combat-zone experiment will never be successful without honest and rational re-evaluation of Boston's sex laws.

Michael Redman
Quincy, Massachusetts

PLAYBOY, FRIEND OF THE COURT

You might be interested to know that the *Playboy Interview* with Jimmy Carter (November) was instrumental in obtaining my release from prison. I am a Canadian citizen who has been living in Canada for the past ten years. Arrested on the border between the Yukon Territory and Alaska and charged with draft evasion, I was held until a Federal judge in Anchorage, Alaska, who had heard of Carter's campaign promise to pardon draft evaders allowed my release on my own recognizance. The judge later said, "I had an independent recollection that Carter had said that . . . but the defense attorney had that magazine with him . . . and read to me from the infamous *Playboy Interview*." The charges against me were subsequently dropped when it was established that my draft board had failed to give proper consideration to my request for conscientious-objector status.

I believe the American people will eventually pardon all those who refused to fight the wrong war, regardless of whether they were draft evaders, deserters or whatever, so that we can get on with the more important task of rebuilding Vietnam and the U.S.

Dickran Erkiletian
Watson Lake, Yukon Territory

Last December, I filed a petition for a writ of certiorari with the U.S. Supreme Court in a tax case. That petition cited Jim Davidson's April 1976 *PLAYBOY* article, *Tired of Being Pushed Around Every April 15?*, as evidence of what we

termed "growing public dissatisfaction over the entire substantive and procedural apparatus of the Internal Revenue Service." I'd guess this is the first time that PLAYBOY has ever been cited as authority to the U. S. Supreme Court, or, perhaps, to any other Federal court of review.

My cocounsel was fearful of the inclusion of this authority; however, I was able to persuade him that if the magazine was good enough for the President of the United States, it was certainly good enough for the Supreme Court of the United States.

Sheldon R. Waxman, J.D.
Attorney at Law
Chicago, Illinois

GREAT GUNS!

One evening when my wife was driving home from work, she stopped her car at a red light and some creep jerked open the door, grabbed her handbag and fled. The experience frightened her so badly that the police had to take her home, and, since then, she's had recurring nightmares and a constant anxiety about even leaving the house. This caused me for the first time to ponder the issue of the citizen's right to carry a gun. To put it dramatically, wouldn't it have been wonderful if it had been me instead of my wife sitting in that car, with a .45 instead of a handbag beside me? I leave the rest to your imagination.

Sure, human life is more valuable than a purse containing \$23. But since one never knows until afterward the intentions of an attacker, shouldn't that be the attacker's problem? Let him ask himself, before he elects to molest someone, if he values a stranger's purse or wallet more dearly than his own life.

(Name withheld by request)
Scarsdale, New York

In the January *Playboy Forum*, C. Moore states, "It's simply false that if guns were unavailable, people would kill one another with other weapons." True, guns are the easiest and most effective way to kill people, but if Moore's statement is in any way correct, would he please explain how come so many people were killed in all the millennia of history before the advent of firearms?

J. Pattermann
Ola, Arkansas

I'm not your typical National Rifle Association member, nor am I a suburbanite who buys a .45 to protect his home from imaginary armies of marauding blacks. As a matter of fact, I call myself a socialist. But I agree with those others about one thing: I'm against gun control.

I know about the rising crime rate and gun-death rate, but the answer to those problems is to get at the cause of violence in our society, which is socioeconomic inequality. And you'd better believe that

if the cops and the Army are the only ones with guns, they'll make sure that equality is never achieved.

I've heard it argued that guns would be useless if the Government had to be overthrown, because modern governments are too powerful to be defeated by people armed with handguns and rifles. Nonsense. Determined guerrillas can fight any government, no matter how well armed, to a standstill. Look at Vietnam.

The people who need disarming in this society are the cops, the narcs, the National Guard and the Army. As for me, if gun control becomes a reality, I dare anybody to try to take mine away from me.

(Name withheld by request)
Albuquerque, New Mexico

"For some screwed-up individuals, the prospect of execution may be more of an incitement to crime than a deterrent."

THE DEATH PENALTY

The bizarre antics and legal efforts of Gary Gilmore to get himself executed made me wonder if PLAYBOY didn't put him up to it so your prophecies would be fulfilled. That case certainly illustrated the soundness of your basic argument against capital punishment: For some screwed-up individuals, the prospect of execution may be more of an incitement to crime than a deterrent (*The Question of Capital Punishment*, PLAYBOY, January). I believe it's widely accepted among criminologists that suicide and homicide are two 'cides of the same coin. When it executes murderers, the state is only offering certain self-destructive nuts a glamorous alternative to doing it to themselves.

B. Larson
St. Paul, Minnesota

For more insight into Gilmore's mind, see "The Playboy Interview," page 65.

B. F. Ryan writes in the January *Playboy Forum*, "I must assume those who oppose capital punishment never had a friend or loved one murdered." Mr. Ryan assumes wrongly. Many opponents of the death penalty have developed a hatred for death and a reverence for life precisely because they have lost loved ones.

My own beautiful 15-year-old daughter was brutally murdered in the course of a burglary last October. I am as opposed to capital punishment as ever and even more vehemently than before. Why?

Because I have suffered the supreme bereavement, I value life more highly than ever—all life.

Like most middle-aged people, I have experienced the steady share of grief that comes with passing time. I have lost my father, my brother and my best friend, and I can say, in perspective, that none of that compares to the loss of a child one has loved since infancy. But such sorrow does not inspire me to wish for more grief for others (that is, the murderer's family). Instead, I have had my daughter's brain preserved by the local Cryonics Society, in the hope that she can live again someday when scientific advances (in cloning, in brain-wave transfer, in brain transplant, or in methods we cannot imagine today) might make that possible. Even if this gamble on renewed life fails, the effort is worth while, because the knowledge gained in every cryonic preservation will contribute in the long run to humanity's eventual triumph over death. If my beloved child cannot live again, perhaps somebody else's child will, because of such research efforts.

As for the murderer, how can I hate him? He merely exhibits the same spiritual ignorance as Mr. Ryan—the lack of reverence for life that permeates our society, inspires the bloody horrors passed off as entertainment these days and governs our insane military establishment. I say no to all these death-accepting views, both by refusing to endorse the barbarity of capital punishment and by trying to give my daughter and all humanity a chance for immortality by supporting cryonics and other varieties of life-extension research. There is nothing more stupid than working to promote death, and nothing more worth while than working to create a deathless universe.

Robert Anton Wilson
Berkeley, California

Your editorial on the death penalty (*The Playboy Forum*, January) was a welcome voice, not only because of your strong stand against capital punishment but because you dispelled for your readers some of the myths surrounding it.

As the idea of capital punishment becomes a bloody reality, the American Civil Liberties Union has launched an expanded effort to stop executions and abolish the death penalty. With the support of the Playboy Foundation, the A.C.L.U. is working to obtain executive clemency for everyone facing execution, to reverse the recent tendency of state and Federal jurisdictions to adopt death-penalty statutes and to persuade the American people and their lawmaking representatives that state-ordered killing of citizens does not contribute to the safety, the justice or the moral aspirations of our society. The A.C.L.U. is among the founding members of the National Coalition Against the Death Penalty, a national association of

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over 40 religious, legal, political, minority and professional organizations committed to ending the barbarous practice of capital punishment.

More than 425 people are now on death row in this country. Their lives have been put in imminent danger by the Burger Court's decision this past July. Just who are the people our society proposes to kill? The majority are nonwhite; almost all are poor. Most are undereducated and were unemployed at the time of their crime. Most have been represented by court-appointed counsel. It is highly likely that at least a few of them are innocent. Killing these prisoners will not deter others from committing major crimes. It will not lower the homicide rate. We may even be encouraging the taking of life by our own example. The A.C.L.U. believes the resumption of state-sanctioned killing, after almost a decade free from executions, would be a renewal of a tragic disregard for life that most civilized countries have left behind. Funds are urgently needed to continue this literally vital work. Tax-deductible contributions should be sent to the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation, 22 East 40th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Aryeh Neier, Executive Director
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

Your capital-punishment editorial reminds me of the story that's currently circulating in Texas, which is traditionally eager to fry criminals. It seems the state's electric chair was dismantled a few years ago for repair or restoration or something, and the one man who knew the technology of it passed away during the long moratorium on electrocutions. When some reporter asked a state-pen official how he was going to get the chair back in operation now that the Supreme Court has authorized executions to resume, supposedly he said: "Ah don't rightly know fer sure. Probably what'll happen is that we tie the bastard to whatever chair we can come up with, then we dim the lights while I whop him in the head with a claw hammer."

Which only goes to show that capital punishment need not be the humorless event that its opponents always try to make it out to be. Haw-haw.

M. B. Jones
Fort Worth, Texas

DOG'S LIFE

While I am second to none in my admiration for our glorious American prison system—the envy of all other and, hence, inferior penal systems—I do think some of our officials go a bit overboard at times. In particular, I was aghast to read in the Morganton, North Carolina, *News Herald* that Charles Conley, an inmate of the Mecklenburg prison, was punished for allegedly barking at a truck

carrying prison dogs. Conley denied that he actually did bark but claimed that even if he had, the barking would have been protected as free speech. Nonetheless, the prison authorities took away 30 days Conley had accrued toward reducing his sentence and confined him to segregation for 15 days. G. Y. Overcash, a prison official, explained to the press, "Barking at a dog truck while it is being driven by a state employee, in this case the dog handler, is showing disrespect toward a state official." I would call this a prime example of chickenshit, except that might be showing disrespect to the chickens.

(Name withheld by request)

Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THREE GRAVES IN ARKANSAS

I recently received a letter from someone who read my *Playboy Interview* (February 1971) and wanted to know what had happened since the 1968 exposé of brutality in the Arkansas prison system. It occurred to me that other readers of *PLAYBOY* might also be interested.

It has been over seven years since Federal District Judge J. Smith Henley ruled that commitment to the Arkansas State

*"The only serious action
taken by a grand jury
was an effort to indict me
for grave robbing."*

Penitentiary was cruel and unusual punishment and therefore unconstitutional. He ordered basic reforms and threatened to close the prison if these conditions were not met. Three and a half years later, Judge Henley ruled that enough progress had been made in the prison to permit him to relinquish jurisdiction. The inmates disagreed and appealed his decision. In October 1974, a three-judge court reversed Henley and remanded the case to a lower court with a request that immediate action be taken "to eliminate the unlawful conditions which now exist in the Arkansas prison system." The court's decision stated:

We find major constitutional deficiencies, particularly at Cummins, in housing, lack of medical care, infliction of physical and mental brutality and torture upon individual prisoners, racial discrimination, abuses of solitary confinement, continuing use of trusty guards, abuse of mail regulations, arbitrary work classifications, arbitrary disciplinary procedures, inadequate distribution of food and clothing, and lack of rehabilitation programs.

This is where things still stand at the

moment. As far as I know, little action has been taken to implement the court's order. Were there no other effects of the reform efforts in Arkansas? Yes, there were some. I was fired, placed under house arrest and given three days to vacate the prison grounds. It was to be nearly three years before I would be able to find regular employment once again, but not in prison administration. In the interim, we survived on welfare, food stamps and wild game in Alaska. Another casualty partly attributable to the Arkansas trauma was our marriage.

Meanwhile, back at Cummins Prison Farm, those unsightly and embarrassing holes in the mule pasture have once again been covered with sod; the skeletons are probably lying in some obscure closet. Nine years have passed since that dark, rainy morning when we marched a squad of inmates into that lonely field to dig up three of an estimated 237 of their dead comrades. No complete investigation of the atrocities has ever been undertaken. No one has been indicted; no one has been convicted. The only serious action taken by a grand jury was an effort to indict me for grave robbing, a felony offense calling for 21 years in prison.

There is ample reason to believe that inmates of the Arkansas State Penitentiary have been murdered. Aside from the criminal-justice system, the governor of Arkansas and the Board of Corrections both have sufficient executive powers to investigate the alleged incidents. One way to refute my contention that inmates have been murdered is to do the obvious: Dig up the remaining bodies and demonstrate that they were not murdered.

It would seem that the inmates of the Arkansas prison system, the survivors of the alleged victims, the people of Arkansas and the world at large all have a vested interest in having this question answered honestly: Can government wards be exterminated with impunity under color of law? The Arkansas inmate asks no more; the free person must not demand less or we all shall indeed be accomplices to the crime.

Tom Murton
Professor of Criminal Justice Studies
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minnesota

At the time of the discovery of the three bodies, Murton was superintendent of the Cummins Prison Farm in Arkansas. His book *"The Dilemma of Prison Reform"* has been published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



Eleven questions to ask yourself before buying a 35mm SLR.



Knowing what to look for now in a 35mm SLR can save you money and prevent problems later on.

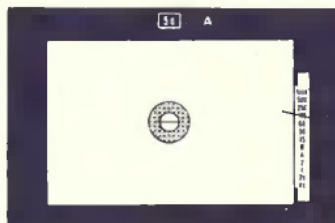
1. How much camera do I need? Most manufacturers, including Minolta, offer a tempting array of features. Like interchangeable finders and focusing screens, motorized film winding, self-timers and multiple-exposure capability. If you'll be using them, fine. If not, save yourself some money by cutting out the frills.

2. Is match-needle or electronic auto-exposure control best? Minolta offers both, so our only concern is that you get what's best for you.

Generally a match-needle camera costs less. To set exposure, you line up two needles in the viewfinder. It's easy, fast and accurate, but you do the work. Minolta SR-T match-needle cameras offer a wide variety of features and prices.

Minolta's newest 35mm SLR's have electronically controlled shutter speeds. So even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set itself for correct exposure. Among Minolta's electronic SLR's, you'll find features like interchangeable viewfinders and screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second and multiple-exposure capability.

3. What should I look for in the viewfinder? First of all, a bright image. So you can see clearly and focus easily. Judge this by comparing several brands under the same light conditions.



Then, exposure information. The more the viewfinder shows, the more you know about how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save on a simpler camera.

The important thing about Minolta SLR's is that in every single one, you can compose, focus, set exposure and shoot without ever looking away from the viewfinder. So you won't miss shots of even the fastest-moving subjects.



4. What range of shutter speeds do I need? Most picture taking is done at speeds between 1/60th and 1/500th of a second. But to stop very fast action, higher speeds are handy to have. And slower speeds are useful for available-light shooting and spectacular night shots. Depending on the Minolta model, you can get

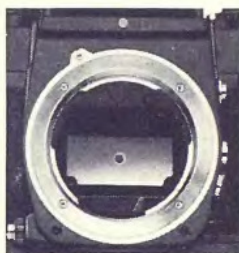
speeds as fast as 1/2000th of a second and as slow as 16 seconds.

5. What is a "fast" lens, and do I need one? The more light a lens lets in, the "faster" it is. Faster lenses like an f/1.2 or f/1.4 are more expensive, but nice to have if you do a lot of shooting in dim light.



6. Why is the lens system important? Interchangeable lenses let your camera grow with you. Minolta offers almost 40, from a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto. Minolta makes all their

own lenses to insure compatibility with Minolta cameras.



7. How fast can I change lenses? You shouldn't have to miss shots. So Minolta developed and patented a bayonet mount that lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. And unlike other bayonet mounts, Minolta's doesn't require you to realign f/stops afterwards.

8. How should the camera feel? Solid. Comfortable. Not too big, not too small. Your fingers should fall naturally into place on the controls. Advance the film wind lever. If it feels gritty or rough now, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?



9. How should it sound? Press the shutter button. Noisiness means either vibration or inadequate damping of moving parts. Or both. The newest Minolta shutters are a joy to hear because you almost can't hear them at all.



10. How do I judge craftsmanship? Compare. Everything should be tucked in neatly. Finishes should be even and unmarred. No machining marks should be visible, even inside the camera.



11. What is the camera's reputation? Be sure to ask friends about Minolta. Since it's the best-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.

And if you'd like literature on Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Anglaphoto, Ltd., P.Q.



Minolta

The more you know about cameras, the more you'll want a Minolta.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GARY GILMORE

a series of conversations, ending on the eve of his execution, with the utah killer who renewed the capital-punishment debate by demanding his right to die

Why interview Gary Gilmore?

Why further glorify someone who cold-bloodedly killed two young men and became famous only because of a publicly expressed death wish?

Why give this criminal a posthumous format that might tempt others to try to "outcool" Gilmore's disdain for life—his own and that of others—and thus become celebrated by journalists and the public?

These questions, which might have been answered on purely journalistic grounds (by simply publishing a story nearly every other publication tried to get), were, in fact, especially difficult for us at PLAYBOY. The magazine for many years has strongly opposed the death penalty and the aberrations that follow in its wake. In Gilmore's case, we feared that an interview with him would be less a study in the effects of the death penalty than a less justifiable look at a state-assisted suicide.

It was only when we'd embarked on the project, qualms and all, that we

realized our interviewers were doing something else. As we looked over the early transcripts, it became clear that Gilmore posed even more puzzling questions about our society by the indications of his high intelligence, his articulateness and his brutal emotional detachment. Through the efforts of Lawrence Schiller, a Los Angeles journalist and agent who had bought the rights to Gilmore's story (see "Playbill"), and with the collaboration of writer Barry Farrell, a contributing editor to Harper's (who had written an article in New West on the "merchandising" of Gary Gilmore but was nonetheless intrigued by the story itself), Gilmore began to reveal himself over a period of two months. In looking over these conversations before deciding to publish them, we were struck by the likelihood that the street punk in Gilmore was responding to the craftiness of Schiller and the persistence of Farrell in a more honest, chilling way than if he'd talked to a battery of psychiatrists.

Many readers will find this a painful

reading experience—and perhaps that is the point. Americans taught to believe that rehabilitation is the only logical alternative to locking up a criminal and throwing away the key—or, indeed, executing him—may be uncomfortable with the idea that a killer can be lucid, self-aware and quite prepared to go out and kill again if he's set free. As the project progressed, we became certain that the dialog produced by Schiller and Farrell illuminated as rarely before a question more important than the ones we asked ourselves at the outset: Why do men kill? Farrell's report:

"Gary Gilmore's real life lasted only 78 days, beginning last November first, when he told the judge who had presided at his murder trial that he was ready to see it end. Before that, Gilmore was known only to his victims, his keepers and the small, bewildered circle of his family and friends. When he died at the age of 36 on January 17, no one—not even the 100-odd men who had volunteered to serve on his firing squad—was more determined than Gilmore to obliterate a

These photographs were taken with a special camera without the knowledge of the Utah State Prison officials. Left, December 21, through a glass partition. Right, five A.M., January 17, in the security chief's office, three hours before the execution.



"Ah, Jees, I always felt like I was in for trouble. I seemed to have a talent, or rather a knack, for making adults look at me a little different from the way they looked at other kids, like maybe bewildered, or maybe repelled. Like adults aren't supposed to look at kids."

"Give life another try? Oh, I'd love it. I wish they'd let me go right now. I'd go get a gun and get Nicole out of that, ah, hospital. Then I'd pistol-whip these idiot A.C.L.U. lawyers. . . . [But] I ain't asking for another goddamn thing. I just want to get it over."

life so drenched in catastrophe and breakdown that only three of his last 22 years could be lived outside confinement.

"Had Gilmore not had the grim distinction of being the first man executed in the United States in nearly a decade, his wish to die would have attracted scarcely more attention than his crimes. He was, in his phrase, an eternal recidivist, locked into a hopeless cycle of attempts to conduct a normal life, attempts that invariably ended with his surrender to the shackles and bars that were his only restraints. The last attempt began with his release from prison on April 9, 1976, and ended three months later with his confession to the senseless, execution-style murders of Bennie Bushnell and Max Jensen, young Mormon husbands and fathers, in the town of Provo, Utah, on the nights of July 19 and 20, 1976. Gilmore's trial in October lasted only three days, and when he stood to be sentenced to death, fewer than 20 people were in the courtroom.

"The fame that came to him after November first was partly a reflection of the world's morbid fascination with a man who so urgently wished to surrender himself to its guns. But it was also due to the challenge he posed to the legal system, a passive challenge that asked only that it live up to the weight of its ultimate sanction and deliver its promise of death. An eye for an eye, Gilmore said, was a concise expression of logic—'true by virtue of its logical form.' The letters Gilmore wrote immediately after his trial show no trace of awareness that his acceptance of his fate would win him the world's attention.

"Any other man in his circumstance would likewise have been caught in the glare that always accompanies those who go first. But Gilmore managed to rise to the one occasion where every misery of his life acquired a surprising new meaning and every bitter turn began to count. The interview that follows is the first expression of his cornered intelligence, and its intensity casts a rare and revealing light on the dangerous confusions of a man who finally had to kill.

"Lawrence Schiller slipped through the screen around Gilmore on November 27, when the condemned man suddenly found himself the object of hotly competitive bidding for the rights to his story. It was the first of four clandestine meetings between the two. Schiller was there to compete for those rights, and after the first four-hour meeting with Gilmore and careful arrangements with his family and the heirs of his two victims, he acquired them. Soon after that meeting, a court battle ensued, in which the press petitioned for access to Gilmore. Schiller joined in that battle, which was lost before the Utah Supreme Court and, eventually, the U.S. Supreme Court. The Court's decision made note of the right

of the press to communicate with Gilmore by only those methods prescribed by the prison authorities, including the right of relatives to visit, written correspondence and communications through Gilmore's attorneys. All these means were employed in producing this interview.

"In addition to Schiller's notes from his face-to-face meetings with Gilmore, the interview was compiled from 37 hours of tape-recorded conversations and approximately 10,000 words of Gilmore's written answers to our questions.

"Gilmore saw this interview as an escape from the familiar oblivion of his prison years, and he used all his craft and guile to devise ways in which the exchange could be completed in his final days. At odd hours, the telephone would ring in the motel room that Schiller and I made our office. It would be Gilmore calling—and his call would convey an urgency and a doomed wish to be understood that both chilled and inspired us."

(MID-DECEMBER 1976)

PLAYBOY: As far as we can tell from your prison record, you've been locked up almost continuously since you entered

"You can't use anything I might say to butt in on my execution. Promise?"

reform school, and that was 22 years ago. It's as if you never saw any choice but to live out a criminal destiny.

GILMORE: Yeah, that's kind of a way of putting it. In fact, that's very nicely put.

PLAYBOY: What got you started thinking like a criminal?

GILMORE: Probably going to reform school.

PLAYBOY: But you must have done things to get yourself sent there.

GILMORE: Yeah, I was a-about 14 when I went to reform school and, ah, 13 when I started getting locked up.

PLAYBOY: What had you done to get locked up at 13?

GILMORE: Well, I started out stealing cars . . . but, ah, I guess my first felonies were probably burglaries, house burglaries. I used to burglarize houses on my paper route.

PLAYBOY: Why? What were you after?

GILMORE: Why? Well, I wanted guns, mainly. A lot of people keep guns in their homes and, well . . . that's what I was primarily looking for.

PLAYBOY: How old were you then? Eleven? Twelve? Why did you want guns?

GILMORE: Well, see, in Portland, at that time, there was a gang, the Broadway gang. I don't know if you ever heard of it—probably not. But, man, I figured

that, well, I would like to be in the Broadway gang. And I figured the best way to get in was to go down and hang around Broadway and sell 'em guns. I knew they wanted guns. I mean, I-I don't even know if the gang existed . . . it may have been a myth. But I heard about 'em, you know? So I thought I wanted to be a part of an outfit like that . . . the Broadway boys.

PLAYBOY: But instead you got caught and sent to reform school?

GILMORE: Yeah, the MacLaren School for Boys, in Woodburn, Oregon. You want me to be precise about the details?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

GILMORE: 'Cause I've got a thing about precision and detail, and if we're gonna do this, we better do it right. You guys sure you can handle it, the fact of me dyin'?

PLAYBOY: Not as well as you.

GILMORE: 'Cause that's an absolute condition. If you want me to talk, you can't talk to Nicole and you can't do anything, or use anything I might say, to butt in on my execution. I got lawyers workin' for me, and I can't even talk unless I got your promise you won't fuck around on this. Promise?

PLAYBOY: Promise.

GILMORE: OK. Now, I can remember just about everything that ever happened to me, goin' back to an early age. Sometimes there's memories of places in my mind. I remember once, in Provo, I remember a bridge I walked across. I couldn't have been more than two or three. What sort of memories do you want?

PLAYBOY: Whatever comes to mind. [Long pause] You mentioned wanting guns when you were 11 or 12. What's your first memory of guns?

GILMORE: Well, the first time I can remember trying to shoot a gun—you hear that goddamn pounding?

PLAYBOY: Is that a prisoner doing that?

GILMORE: It's just some maniac. You hear shit like that all day and all night in here. Anyway, the first time I tried to shoot a gun, I was living with my grandparents in Provo. I was about three or four, I guess. Anyhow, my uncle had an old .22 rifle, and I couldn't figure out how to make the son of a bitch shoot. My grandpa told me, well, you gotta have powder. And my grandmother had these capsules she had to take for some kind of ailment, migraine headaches or some damn thing. And there was one of 'em lyin' on the table, and I just eased up casually and laid my hand over it and slipped it into my pocket and went out, took the capsule apart and dumped the powder that was inside down the barrel of the rifle. And the son of a bitch still wouldn't shoot. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Do you remember when you first shot a gun?

GILMORE: You're going to say it's strange, but I don't. I remember when I was about 13, I went to the movies downtown

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good deal less, is more than anybody except an NBA center needs. And it's wide enough so your elbow room is pretty good, too.

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in Portland. I was always going to the flicks by myself. And this night, I was lookin' in the store windows, and there was a bunch of .22 rifles in there, and I picked out the one I wanted, a Winchester semiautomatic, just a beautiful gun, with a \$125 price tag on it, way back in '53. I went across the street and got a brick and threw it through the window and got that gun and took it home.

PLAYBOY: Just took it home on the trolley?

GILMORE: No. I didn't wait for the trolley, 'cause it would have been an hour, and I'd cut my hand. So I dismantled the gun and wrapped it up in a newspaper and just went and got the goddamn bus and had to walk the last mile home. I couldn't take it in the house or nothin', because my old man, I didn't want him to know I had it. So I took it down to Johnson Creek, where I used to go swimming and everything. And later I got a box of shells, and I'd go plinkin' with that .22.

PLAYBOY: All by yourself?

GILMORE: Well, I had these two friends, Charley and Jim, and after a while, I let them in on it. I was gettin' tired of the damn thing, tired of hidin' it. You know what I mean—if I can't have something the way I want it, I don't really want it. Charley and Jim—they really loved this gun, so I said, listen, if I throw this gun in the deepest part of the creek, where it's about eight feet or so, do you guys have the guts to jump in and dive for it? They said you're goddamn right, man, just as soon as you throw it in. They thought I was bullshittin', then they heard a loud splash and they turned around and I didn't have the gun no more. There was a big old sharp rock stickin' up from the water about three or four feet from the bank, and I threw the gun just beyond it. So Jim jumped. He was gonna jump for that rock, but one foot slipped and he landed on his knee on that sharp rock and, boy, it hurt him bad. I laughed my ass off. Maybe that was the first gun I ever shot. I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Are you good with guns? Do you handle them well?

GILMORE: I got 20-20 vision.

PLAYBOY: So you're a good shot?

GILMORE: Yeah. Why so much about guns?

PLAYBOY: Maybe just because it seems strange that a man of your age would commit his first two murders in the only state in the Union that has a firing squad.

GILMORE: [Laughs] How do you know they were the first?

PLAYBOY: There were others?

GILMORE: We'll talk about that later. I'm not sayin' anything that involves other people. But the firing squad had nothin' to do with it. I came here because I got paroled here.

PLAYBOY: You *did* choose the firing squad over the gallows.

GILMORE: Look, I only had two choices.

Hangin' or shootin' was all they had to offer, and I'd prefer to be shot.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GILMORE: Fuckers might not hang me right.

PLAYBOY: What if there were some other choice, like electrocution?

GILMORE: Fuckers might not electrocute me right.

PLAYBOY: But doesn't the blood-and-guts aspect of a shooting appeal to you?

GILMORE: Shit, fuck you. Blood and guts, yeah, man, that really appeals to me. I'm gonna take a spoon.

PLAYBOY: OK. You were talking about Jim and Charley—were they your best friends?

GILMORE: I'm probably closer to LeRoy Earp than anybody else. He's a white dude, LeRoy. [Laughs] Lotta spooks named LeRoy. We were always good friends as little kids, on the streets and in Woodburn, and then he came into the penitentiary about two years after I did. He's in Oregon State prison, far as I know, doing life for murder.

PLAYBOY: What do you like about LeRoy?

GILMORE: He's a real quiet guy. He never

*"Hangin' or shootin'
was all they had to
offer, and I'd prefer
to be shot. Fuckers might
not hang me right."*

shows how he feels about anything. He's got a good sense of humor. He's pretty passive. He'll go two or three months without even speaking to friends sometimes—just hello, goodbye. I'll see ya. But that being LeRoy, I understand. We both always liked doing the same things—you know, nice cars, good clothes, lots of girlfriends. I shot him one time in the stomach, accidentally.

PLAYBOY: You shot him?

GILMORE: Yeah, with an automatic, when we were kids, just messin' around. He didn't make no big deal out of it, and neither did I. His parents weren't too crazy about me, though. They always thought I was getting LeRoy into trouble. But he explained to them, he says, "Ma, I'm just going to get into trouble anyway, and Gary ain't nothin', he ain't influencin' me." LeRoy's sister really liked me a lot. She was a real beautiful girl. But I never messed around with her. I just didn't want to, you know. If I've got a real good friend, I don't mess with their sister.

PLAYBOY: Would it have offended LeRoy?

GILMORE: Oh, no, he tried to get me to

take her out several times. But I had some other girlfriends I thought quite a bit about, and LeRoy's sister didn't really appeal to me. A real nice-looking girl, but she was a little too aggressive, too forward.

PLAYBOY: For someone locked up so much, you seem to have had no trouble finding girls.

GILMORE: I think the first time I felt any sort of love I was 13 and I was hung up on this little chick named Nancy Eve, who was also 13. She had a huge set of boobs that would have been big on a full-grown woman. On a beautiful 13-year-old girl they were alarming. We went together for a few months, but then I went to the reform school, and when I got out, she had moved on to other interests.

PLAYBOY: Were women excited by the outlaw in you?

GILMORE: All ladies love outlaws, didn't you know that? [Laughs] It's true, I've seen things in girls' eyes where you can tell they're excited to know that you're a person who doesn't observe the normal limits.

PLAYBOY: Was that true of your girlfriend Nicole?

GILMORE: We aren't talking about Nicole, remember? Nicole is a part of me. She's the part that was missing for 35 years. And now those sleazy bastards have got her locked up where she can't reach me and I can't reach her. So Nicole isn't in it, OK? You can say any shit you want to about me, but I don't want her gettin' dragged in all the goddamn time.

PLAYBOY: OK—don't get excited. Let's go back to your phrase "observe the normal limits." It's an interesting phrase. You make it sound as though you're fully aware of the limits and choose not to observe them.

GILMORE: Well, I always knew the law was silly as hell. But as far as limits between people go, that's something that gets shaped by the pattern of your life—you react in a certain way because your life is influenced by all the varieties of your experience. Does that make any sense?

PLAYBOY: It's hard to say. Give us an example.

GILMORE: Well, this is kind of a personal thing. It'll sound like a strange incident to you, but it had a lasting effect on me. I was about 11 years old and I was coming home from school, and I thought I'd take a short cut. I climbed down this hill, a drop of about 50 feet, and I got tangled in these briar bushes, and blackberry, and thornberry. Some of these bushes were 30 feet high, I guess, down in this wild, overgrown area in southeast Portland. I thought it would be a short cut, but there was no pass through there. Nobody had gone through there before. At one point, I could have turned around and gone back, but I chose to just go on, and it took me about three hours to pick

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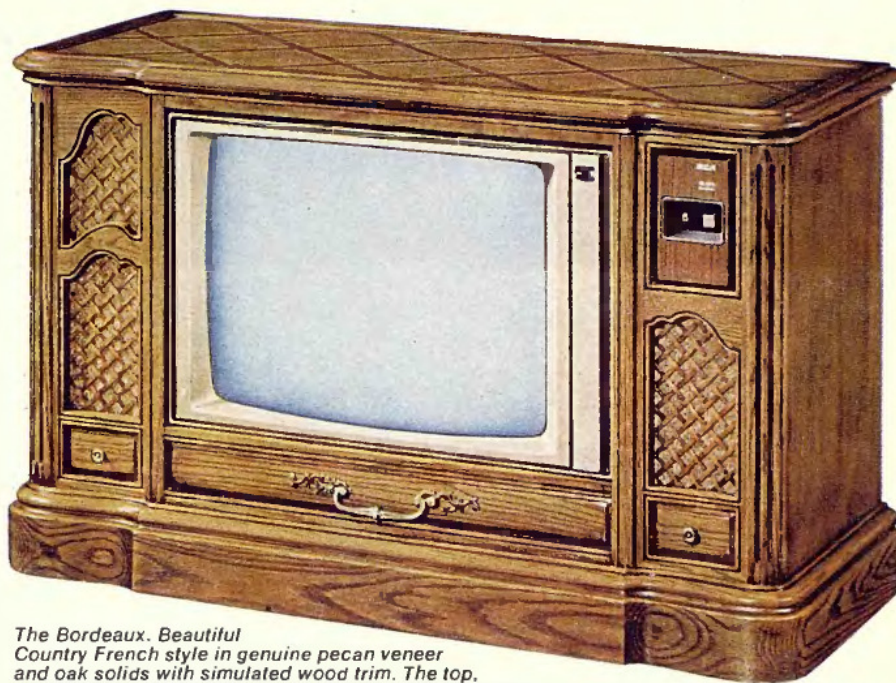
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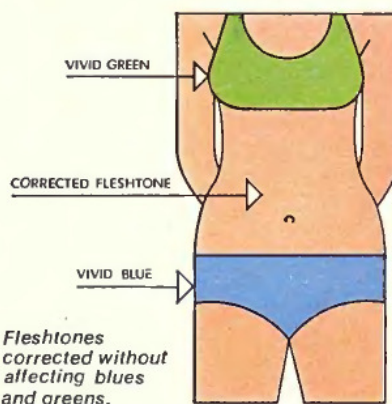
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my way through there. All during that time, I never stopped for a rest and just kept going. I knew if I just kept going I'd get out, but I was also aware that I could get hopelessly stuck in there. I was a block or so from any houses, and if I screamed . . . well, I could have died in there. My screams would have gone unheard. So I just kept going. It was kind of a personal thing. I finally got home about three hours late and my mom said, well, you're late, and I said, yeah, I took a short cut. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: What's the point of that story? Why did you stay in the brambles and struggle so hard when you could have turned around and walked right out?

GILMORE: I just did it, you know. And after I got about halfway, I w—was—

PLAYBOY: Past the point of no return?

GILMORE: Yeah, exactly. And it was kind of fun. It made me feel a little different about a lot of things.

PLAYBOY: What things?

GILMORE: Just being aware that I never did get afraid. I knew that if I just kept going, I'd get out. It left me with a distinct feeling, like a kind of overcoming of myself. It was just an incident that . . . well, I hope I relate it right.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that story applies to your situation now?

GILMORE: Well, it shows I'm capable of arriving at an end. [Laughs] I'm supposed to have a low frustration level.

PLAYBOY: But in fact you're perseverant, right? As the story shows.

GILMORE: Well, I've fought my way through every kind of delay and motion and waiver tryin' to get 'em to carry out this sentence, against every kind of asshole lawyer, goin' before senile judges all over the goddamn country . . . Jesus!

PLAYBOY: So going through the brambles taught you to keep trying until your situation was hopeless? [Gilmore laughs] Was that the point at which you just told yourself, from here on I'm in for trouble?

GILMORE: The point of no return! [Laughs] Ah, Jees. I always felt like I was in for trouble. I seemed to have a talent, or rather a knack, for making adults look at me a little different, different from the way they looked at other kids, like maybe bewildered, or maybe repelled.

PLAYBOY: Repelled?

GILMORE: Just a different look, like adults aren't supposed to look at kids.

PLAYBOY: With hate in their eyes?

GILMORE: Beyond hate. Loathing, I'd say. I can remember one lady in Flagstaff, Arizona, a neighbor of my folks when I was three or four. She became so frustrated with rage at whatever shit I was doing that she attacked me physically with full intent of hurting me. My dad had to jump up and restrain her.

PLAYBOY: What could you have been doing to get her so mad?

GILMORE: Just the way I was talking to her and the way I was acting. I was never quite . . . a boy. My brother Frank can tell you about one evening in Portland, when I was about eight, we all went over to these people's house, and there were two or three adults there. I don't remember just what I did, giving everybody a lot of lip, fuckin' with everything in the house—I don't remember what all—but anyhow, this one lady finally flipped completely out. Screamed. Ranted. Raved. Threw me out of the house. And the other adults there supported her and all felt the feelings she felt. Apparently, shit like that didn't have much effect on me. I can remember just walking home, about three miles, whistling and singing to myself.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as though you were on the course you've always followed well before you went to reform school. Why did you say it was going to reform school that got you started—

GILMORE: You asked!

PLAYBOY: Yes, but your answer misled us. It sounds as though your life might have worked out about the same even if you hadn't been sent to Woodburn.

*“Reform schools
disseminate certain
esoteric knowledge.
They sophisticate.”*

GILMORE: Look, reform schools disseminate certain esoteric knowledge. They sophisticate. A kid comes out of reform school and he's learned a few things he would otherwise have missed. And he identifies, usually, with the people who share that same esoteric knowledge, the criminal element, or whatever you want to call it. So going to Woodburn was not a small thing in my life.

PLAYBOY: Was it bad at Woodburn?

GILMORE: Nothing really bad happened to me. It wasn't all that bad a thing. I was just locked up, deprived of my freedom.

PLAYBOY: That was the worst of it?

GILMORE: Yes. Jesus! Being deprived of your freedom when you're ten or fourteen? A kid resents losing part of his life.

PLAYBOY: How did you fit in there?

GILMORE: Man, that place made me think that that was the only way to live. The guys in there that I looked up to, they were tough, they were hipsters—this was the Fifties—and they seemed to run everything there. The staff were local beer-drinkin' guys that put in their hours, and they didn't care if you did this or did that. They had a few psych doctors there, too. Psychoanalysis was a big thing

then. They would come in and they would show you their ink-blot tests and they would ask you all kinds of questions, mostly related to sex. And look at ya funny and . . . things like that.

PLAYBOY: How long were you there?

GILMORE: Fifteen months. I escaped four times, and after that, I finally got hip that the way to really get out of that place was to show 'em that I was rehabilitated. And after four months of not getting into any trouble, they released me. That taught me that people like that are easily fooled.

PLAYBOY: Why did you want to fool them? Perhaps they were trying to help you.

GILMORE: The one way they could help you was by gettin' you released, and for them to do that, you had to fool 'em.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you were released from Woodburn?

GILMORE: I came out looking for trouble. Thought that's what you're supposed to do. I was anxious to do everything, like I couldn't burn up energy fast enough. I felt slightly superior to everybody else 'cause I'd been in reform school. I had a tough-guy complex, that sort of smart-aleck juvenile-delinquent attitude. *Juvenile delinquent*—remember that phrase? Sure dates me, don't it? Nobody could tell me anything. I had a ducktail haircut, I smoked, drank, shot heroin, smoked weed, took speed, got into fights, chased and caught pretty little broads. The Fifties were a hell of a time to be a juvenile delinquent. I stole and robbed and gambled and went to Fats Domino and Gene Vincent dances at the local halls.

PLAYBOY: What did you want to make of your life at that point?

GILMORE: I wanted to be a mobster.

PLAYBOY: What's your idea of a mobster? Like James Cagney with a piece?

GILMORE: No, man, a member of the Mob.

PLAYBOY: Which, in Portland, might have been a myth, like the Broadway gang.

GILMORE: Sure.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you think you had any other talents?

GILMORE: Well, yeah, I had talents. I've always been good at drawing. I've drawn since I was a child, and I remember a teacher in about the second grade telling my mom, “Your son's an artist,” in a way that showed she really meant it. My mom used to tell me about my great-grandfather Kerby, who was a pretty well-known painter around Provo about a hundred years ago. And people in the family have always said, Gary's really lucky, he inherited all Grandpa Kerby's talent. I don't argue with that, but I don't agree. I think whatever talent I have is something I earned on my own.

PLAYBOY: How long was it before you were locked up again?

GILMORE: Four months.

PLAYBOY: Four months! We thought you

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said that reform schools educate. Couldn't you have used your esoteric knowledge to stay out of jail?

GILMORE: It was just the pattern of my life. Some guys are lucky all their lives. No matter what kind of trouble they get into, pretty soon they're back on the bricks. But some guys are unlucky. They fuck up once on the outside and it's the pattern of their lives to be drawn back to do a lot of time.

PLAYBOY: And you're one of the unlucky ones?

GILMORE: Yeah, "the eternal recidivist." We're creatures of habit, man.

PLAYBOY: What's the longest stretch of time you've been free since you first went to reform school?

GILMORE: Eight months was about the longest.

PLAYBOY: Your I.Q.'s supposedly about 130, and yet you've spent almost 19 of the past 22 years behind bars. Why were you never able to get away with anything?

GILMORE: I got away with a couple of things. I ain't a great thief. I'm impulsive. Don't plan, don't think. You don't have to be a superintelligent to get away with shit, you just have to think. But I don't. I'm impatient. Not greedy enough. I could have gotten away with lots of things that I got caught for. I don't, ah, really understand it. Maybe I quit caring a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: But when you got out of prison last April, you'd just done 12 and a half straight years—

GILMORE: Except for a few weeks in '72 when I was on escape—

PLAYBOY: OK, but 12 and a half straight years, and here in Provo you had waiting for you all kinds of people who wanted to help you make it. Ida and Vern [Gilmore's aunt and uncle] gave you a room in their house and fixed you up with a job. You'd written 50 or more letters to Brenda [Gilmore's cousin, the daughter of Ida and Vern] telling her how desperately you wanted to make a decent life for yourself—

GILMORE: Just a minute—let me have a drink of this coffee.

PLAYBOY: OK.

GILMORE: I didn't have any lunch, because the food was so goddamn cold. I know it seems like a small thing, man, but I let small things get to me. I always have, especially now, in here.

PLAYBOY: So were the letters to Brenda a con? She allowed us to read them, and they were very beautiful, convincing letters.

GILMORE: Thank you. The letters were sincere.

PLAYBOY: So when you came out in April, there was a period of time when you were confident of making it?

GILMORE: Making what?

PLAYBOY: Making good.

GILMORE: Ah, I don't know. The last two

or three years, I've pretty well accepted the fact that I'd probably never be . . . free. I know I'm a little different from most people. Man, if, ah . . . I mean, I just . . .

PLAYBOY: Did you think last April when you were set free that you were bound to get into trouble?

GILMORE: I didn't know what the hell I was gonna do. I just . . . I didn't know what I was gonna do.

PLAYBOY: Brenda told us about picking you up at the airport in Salt Lake City after you were released. She said you were like a visitor from another planet. You'd never seen an automatic money-changer. She took you to a mall to buy some clothes and you'd never seen a mall. You were so engrossed in looking at the girls that you fell into a fountain.

GILMORE: Brenda says a lot of things. She also said I looked like a scared rabbit. She told that to *Newsweek*. I never looked like a fuckin' scared rabbit. I weighed 190 pounds.

PLAYBOY: Maybe she was just moved by the sight of you. She hoped she could give you a break.

GILMORE: Brenda gave me nothing. You really misunderstand all of that, ole buddy. Look, my actions and what I said to Brenda in those letters may seem inconsistent. But I believe Brenda knows how I really feel about her. I've told her. She may not understand. But I don't

want to feel those harsh, bum feelings. I ain't got time to hate. It ain't a matter of forgiving and it ain't a matter of forgetting.

PLAYBOY: But still, by the time you were home a month, you had a car, you had a job, and then you met Nicole. All of that was at least partly thanks to Brenda and Vern and others, wasn't it?

GILMORE: Well, as you say, I'd been locked up for 12 and a half years straight, and I wanted to have a little fun and drink a little bit of beer. I didn't need a lot of money, but I wanted to drive around and do a few things. Everybody seemed to think that I was . . . like, I should mellow out and settle down and do the things they were doing.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that what you tried with Nicole? With her two kids, you also had a ready-made family to enjoy before you were home a month.

GILMORE: But Nicole understood me. We're twin souls. We've known each other forever. But that was one of my arguments with Vern. He felt like I was drinkin' too much and going too fast, things like that, you know? Well, I told him he could think what he wants. I just felt like—

PLAYBOY: You had some catching up to do?

GILMORE: [Sighs] Yeah.

PLAYBOY: You think you might have been too impatient to make up for lost time?

GILMORE: Probably. Yeah, probably. I

mean, you can go too fast and miss the small things, and seek too hard for pleasures and miss them when they come.

PLAYBOY: Well, yes, but what we're talking about is risking your freedom immediately by boosting things out of stores, cases of beer, water skis, hi-fis, stupid things like that. Did you think you could just keep getting away with things?

GILMORE: I did get caught a couple of times, but I just refused to be arrested. I wouldn't let the fuckers take me back in the store. I just told them to get fucked and I left. Told 'em I can't stand those long check-out lines. [Laughs] You don't always have to let some asshole arrest you, especially if he doesn't have a gun. Sucker ain't got a gun, how's he gonna arrest you?

PLAYBOY: But it went much further than that, didn't it? You broke into the store in Spanish Fork and stole eight or nine pistols. You took off for Idaho Falls and got arrested within 12 hours for beating someone half to death. Was that all part of the build-up to the murders?

GILMORE: No, that shit happened before I met Nicole.

PLAYBOY: And the murders came after.

GILMORE: After I lost her. Look, Nicole and I have known and loved each other for thousands of years. I know this. Nicole knows it. We parted. Through my stupidity, I hurt her and caused her to leave me on July 13, two months to the

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day after I met her again in this life.

I was hurting bad. I've never felt so bad, and I've gone through some shit in my life you wouldn't believe. But I never felt so terrible as I did in that final week. I mean, I couldn't hardly walk, I couldn't sleep, I didn't hardly eat. Booze didn't even touch it. It got worse every day, a heavy hurt and loss. If this doesn't make sense, well, neither does the death of Jenkins and Bushnell.

PLAYBOY: Tell us what happened the night you killed Jensen.

GILMORE: That's right, Jensen. I call him Jenkins for some reason, but the name's Jensen, Max Jensen. OK. Just a moment. [Long pause] Uh [Begins speaking in a rapid monotone], I drove over to Nicole's mother's house and I had my new truck and Nicole's mother was there and, uh, she came out and we talked a little bit and I asked her if she would return a gun that I had given her earlier. She didn't want to, but she did. She asked me if I'd drive April down to the store to get her tennis racket strung or something, and I said OK. I really didn't have a thing about April. I was concerned about Nicole and thinkin' about Nicole and it was kind of nice having Nicole's little sister there. So April got in the truck and, man, she turned the radio on real loud and moved right over beside me and told me she didn't want to go home, and I told her, well, look, I'll keep you out all night, if you want. So I drove down to the place where I'd bought my truck and I talked to those guys about the financial arrangements. I had about four or five pistols left from that robbery and I left them with these guys as security for the truck. I kept one pistol with me, the loaded one, and I signed the papers and took ownership of the truck. I'm tryin' to remember this as I talk.

PLAYBOY: OK.

GILMORE: So I signed some papers taking possession of the truck, and then I was drivin' around with April and we got out into Orem and I pulled around the corner to this service station and it looked fairly deserted. That's what I guess drew my attention to it, just a moment [Takes an aspirin with cold coffee]. . . . So I just drove around the corner and parked and told April to stay in the truck. I'd be back in a moment. And I went over to the gas station and told Jensen to give me the money, and he did, and I told him, well, come on in the bathroom and get down on the floor, and it was pretty quick. I didn't let him know it was coming or anything. It was just a .22, so I shot him twice in rapid succession, to make sure that he was not in any pain or that he wasn't left half alive or anything. And, and, I left there and I drove to, uh, I don't know just where that Sinclair station was, but I drove back to the main drag, State Street, I guess it is, and I went into Albertson's

and bought some potato chips and different things to take to a movie and half a case of beer and some things that April wanted to eat, and I asked if she wanted to go to a drive-in and I took her to see *Cuckoo's Nest* and it kind of freaked her out. April's been in the nut house a time or two, you know.

PLAYBOY: Uh-huh.

GILMORE: So she didn't want to stay there, so we left and I drove over to Brenda's and stayed there for about an hour. Then we left there and I got lost, you know. I asked April if she wanted to go to a motel and she told me she still didn't want to go home. I don't know this area, you know, so I was drivin' around, and April was guiding me and. Jeesh, you couldn't have a worse guide. So I got lost a time or two and I ran out of gas and I ended up in Provo and I just walked to a drive-in and got a couple guys and I told them "I'll give you five bucks if you take me to a gas station and get some gas." So they did and after I got my truck goin' again, I went to the Holiday Inn there in Provo and got a room, and then I went over to the restaurant and bought some food. I seen some kids I knew and

"It was pretty quick. I didn't let him know it was coming or anything."

I got a joint of weed from 'em and went back to the hotel room and smoked weed and that kind of flipped April out. She can't take things like that. It was pretty late then, probably two or three, so we just went on to sleep. It was twin beds and she slept in one bed and I slept in the other and the next morning I drove her home and she kissed me goodbye and we were still friends and everything. And I'm certain she had no knowledge of what happened at the gas station.

PLAYBOY: She didn't know about it at all?

GILMORE: I'm positive. She knew nothing about it.

PLAYBOY: You're sure she didn't hear the shots?

GILMORE: No, she didn't hear nothin'. She was in the truck. We were in the rest room. The door was closed. I'm pretty sure I closed the door. It was only a .22. April always kept the radio going, and I think I even turned it up louder than usual when I left. She always kept it loud, anyway. I'm certain she didn't hear the shots. She has no knowledge—she has no personal knowledge.

PLAYBOY: What was her mood when she left you?

GILMORE: Pretty good. April was in a

pretty good mood all the time until she smoked that joint, and then it did somethin' to her and she just started getting real belligerent, bossy, you know, and April can get pretty rowdy. . . .

PLAYBOY: Were you able to sleep that night?

GILMORE: I think I slept for a couple of hours.

PLAYBOY: So you felt more or less all right?

GILMORE: I went to work the next day.

PLAYBOY: The day you killed Bushnell?

GILMORE: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: But how could you explain to yourself what you'd done? Had Jensen said or done something to annoy you?

GILMORE: No, not at all.

PLAYBOY: Then what prompted you to take him back to the rest room?

GILMORE: I don't really know.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, you don't know?

GILMORE: I mean, I don't really know. I said the place looked deserted. It just seemed appropriate.

PLAYBOY: Appropriate to kill a man?

GILMORE: Fuck!

PLAYBOY: Well, if this was your first murder, it seems curious that you'd describe it as "appropriate."

GILMORE: Are you guys listenin'? If you listen, and try to catch the nuances in what I say, you might not ask so many stupid questions. I'm trying to express myself clearly. I'm trying to be understood. If sometimes I use a little humor, or say something diabolical, you should goddamn sure take that into consideration.

PLAYBOY: Saying "appropriate" was meant to be funny?

GILMORE: [Sighs] No.

PLAYBOY: Well, tell us this: When you stopped at the gas station, was your intention to rob Jensen or kill him?

GILMORE: I had the intention of killing him.

PLAYBOY: How did that concept form in your mind?

GILMORE: I can't say. It had been building all week. Then that night, I knew I had to open a valve and let something out and I didn't know exactly what it would be and I wasn't thinking in words or terms of I'll do this or I'll do that, that'll make me feel better. I just knew something was happening in me and that I'd let some of the steam off and, uh, I guess all this sounds pretty vicious.

PLAYBOY: The steam was building up because of your breaking up with Nicole, is that right?

GILMORE: Because I couldn't rectify it, because I couldn't seem to get her back. It was so silly the way we broke up. She didn't want to any more than I did, and I knew that. But she was maybe a little stronger than I was. Maybe a little more stubborn. I'm the one that kicked her out of the car and told her I didn't want

to see her anymore. I mean, you may think that she left me, but that's not really the case. But after I did that, I had immediate regrets and the next day I went and tried to get her back, but her pride had been hurt and she'd taken a firm stand against it. I guess I—I'm tellin' you these things and I don't think Nicole would mind. I'm telling you the facts as I know them. I think Nicole may have told you different things. Am I right?

PLAYBOY: We haven't talked that much.

GILMORE: I don't think she would mind if I told this exactly as it happened, which is exactly what I'm doin'. I'm not putting the blame on her and I'm not putting it on me. I'm just tellin' you what happened.

PLAYBOY: Sure.

GILMORE: And then the people who smoke pipes and make judgments can, uh, uh—neither one of you guys smoke a pipe, do you? [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: No.

GILMORE: Good. Let the pipe smokers make judgments. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: When did you start thinking that your release might come by taking somebody's life?

GILMORE: [Long pause] I didn't w-want to kill Nicole and, and, uh, I had to either get her back and get it all straightened out or something was going to happen. There was no way on earth I could let it go. It wasn't a thing that I could just set aside.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GILMORE: Well, it just wasn't. Because I felt so strongly about Nicole and I knew she felt the same way about me and I felt that [Sighs] she may have just been avoiding me. She'd been hurt by guys before in her life and she didn't want that kind of thing anymore. Contrary to popular belief, I never really hurt Nicole physically. In fact, when we had arguments, I w-wouldn't . . . I'd let her win 'em.

PLAYBOY: We thought you said you were the one who threw her out.

GILMORE: I'm not trying to make myself look good. I would rather just give you the facts and then, if you've got the facts, I think you've got the whole thing.

PLAYBOY: Sure. [Long pause]

GILMORE: I thought that I'd lost her forever and I couldn't accept it. [Long pause] Ah, well, see, I thought I'd lost her forever and I couldn't accept that. I wasn't going to accept it, and, . . .

PLAYBOY: How did you feel that killing somebody would help you accept losing Nicole? Can you explain that?

GILMORE: I don't know. I didn't want to kill Nicole. Because I was thinking about killing her and if I had killed her, I would have killed myself. I wasn't thinkin', I was just doin'.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that you were trying to end your life by doing these things,

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getting caught and winding up where you are now?

GILMORE: No, I was lookin' to get away with it.

PLAYBOY: Apparently, killing Jensen didn't do anything to take the pressure off. Why did you go out the next night and kill Bushnell?

GILMORE: I don't know, man. I'm impulsive. I don't think.

PLAYBOY: You killed him the same way you'd killed Jensen the night before—ordering him to lie down on the floor, then firing point-blank into his head. Did you think killing Bushnell would give you some kind of relief you didn't get with Jensen?

GILMORE: I told you, I wasn't thinkin'. What I do remember is an absence of thought. Just movements, actions. I shot Bushnell, and then the gun jammed—they fuckin' automatics! And I thought, man, this guy's not dead. I wanted to shoot him a second time, because I didn't want him to lie there half dead. I didn't want him in pain. I tried to jack the mechanism and get the gun workin' again, and shoot him again, but it was jammed, and I had to get my ass out of there. I jacked the gun into shape again but too late to do anything for Mr. Bushnell. I'm afraid he didn't die immediately. When I ordered him to lie down, I wanted it to be quick for him. There was no chance, no choice for him. That sounds cold. But you asked.

PLAYBOY: Did either Jensen or Bushnell show fear?

GILMORE: Jensen did not resist. Neither did Bushnell. Bushnell was huge. He looked like a college wrestler. I was struck by Jensen's friendly, smiling, kind face. I thought of these things at the time of the shootings.

PLAYBOY: You said that Jensen didn't say or do anything to annoy you. Did Bushnell?

GILMORE: I don't remember anything he said, except that he asked me to be quiet and not alert his wife. She was in the next room. He was anxious to comply. He was calm, even brave. I wasn't afraid of him.

PLAYBOY: Was there any difference in the way you approached the two killings?

GILMORE: No, not really. You could say it was a little more certain that Mr. Bushnell was going to die.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GILMORE: Because it was already a fact that Mr. Jensen had died, and so the next one was more certain.

PLAYBOY: Was the second killing easier than the first?

GILMORE: Neither one of 'em were hard or easy.

PLAYBOY: Had you ever had any dealings of any kind with either one of those men?

GILMORE: No.

PLAYBOY: Well, what led you to the City Center Motel, where Bushnell worked? If

robbery was part of your motive, certainly there were better targets in Provo than that quiet, unpretentious motel.

GILMORE: Vern and Ida live right close by. I stopped by to see them. They weren't home. I just followed an impulse when I went in there. It wasn't anything I'd planned and schemed to do. Murder vents rage, and rage was what I was feeling.

PLAYBOY: Over Nicole?

GILMORE: Over Nicole.

PLAYBOY: Let's see if we understand: You left your truck in a service station where you were well known; you walked around with your pistol in your belt; Vern and Ida weren't home; so you just walked into this motel and shot the night manager, robbing him of about \$125. Is that about it?

GILMORE: That's the whole story of Mr. Bushnell, right there.

PLAYBOY: But you said at your trial that you also stopped off at the apartment of a girl who wasn't home. Was she a girlfriend?

GILMORE: No, I just wanted some company. I wasn't planning anything, and

"It was already a fact that Mr. Jensen had died, and so the next one was more certain."

I was walking around while they worked on my truck, and this girl was only a block and a half away, and she liked to drink beer, and she always had some beer. But she wasn't home.

PLAYBOY: But if she had been home, and if you'd wound up making love to her, would that have vented the rage you were talking about?

GILMORE: No, no, it's two different things. Just goin' for a fuck, makin' love, whatever man, I don't want to mess with questions like that. I think they're cheap.

PLAYBOY: We're just trying to understand the quality of this rage you speak of. It wasn't a rage that might have been vented in sex?

GILMORE: I don't want to bother with questions that pertain to sex.

PLAYBOY: But if, on the night you killed Bushnell, you had wound up with a friendly girl who could offer you beer and company and a relaxing time, wouldn't that have helped you feel better?

GILMORE: I don't want to answer that question.

PLAYBOY: You seem to find it easier talking about murder than sex.

GILMORE: That's your judgment.

PLAYBOY: If you hadn't been caught that night, do you think there would have been a third or fourth killing?

GILMORE: There would have been more than that, that night. [Sighs]

PLAYBOY: You would have just continued?

GILMORE: I was going to just continue.

PLAYBOY: How long?

GILMORE: Until I got caught or shot to death by the police or something like that. I wasn't thinkin', I wasn't plannin'. I was just doin'. It was a damned shame for those two guys. But I've given some thought to the fact—well, I shouldn't use the word fact—to the possibility that maybe they were supposed to have been killed. How do I know they weren't meeting, at my hands, a karmic debt?

PLAYBOY: It must be very comforting for you to think in those terms.

GILMORE: It's just something I've pondered. There is so much similarity between Jenkins and Bushnell—both in their mid-20s, both family men, both Mormon missionaries. Perhaps the murders of these men were meant to occur.

PLAYBOY: At the hands of a man who lacked, and might have wanted, all the qualities you've just described?

GILMORE: I digress, I guess. I'm just saying that murder vents rage. Rage is not reason. The murders were without reason. Don't try to understand murder by using reason. Destruction, rage, futility, words like that—try them if you want to understand.

PLAYBOY: If you intended to go on killing that night, why did you throw your gun away?

GILMORE: I had other guns. I didn't want to keep that son of a bitch. It had just got through jammin'. I was taking precautions. I got rid of Jensen's money-changer. I don't think the Orem police ever did find that. And after the Bushnell murder, I thought I'd get rid of the gun. It was wiped pretty well—they never got any fingerprints off it or anything. I thought I was taking precautions. Of course, I wasn't thinking very coherently.

PLAYBOY: And in the course of getting rid of your gun, you shot yourself in the hand.

GILMORE: Well, automatics go off easy. They do. All you gotta do is press their triggers and the fuckers go off.

PLAYBOY: So it was an accident that could have happened to anybody.

GILMORE: Yeah, it's a touchy gun, man. I was pushing it into a bush and I guess I pushed it by the trigger and it shot me in the hand. I had thrown away the cash-box from the motel and I wrapped my hand in my jacket to keep from being noticed. But I was noticed by the kid back at the gas station where I'd left my truck. Sucker knew me. I tried calling Brenda and asked her to come and get me, and she said she would. But instead, she called the police and didn't give me any warning.

PLAYBOY: Just looking at the facts, it

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would seem that shooting yourself and calling Brenda demonstrated a wish to be caught.

GILMORE: No, no. I never thought Brenda would call the police. And shooting myself was a goddamn accident.

PLAYBOY: You don't think it was a subconscious desire to be caught?

GILMORE: I'm not gonna answer that question. Where you gettin' your info, from Brenda? You're about 35 degrees off course. Accidents can happen to psychopaths as easily as anybody else, man. That's what the psych doctors call me—a psychopath. They call you that when they don't get around to calling you a sociopath. You gotta be one or the other, you can't be neither or both.

PLAYBOY: You said before that you were planning on killing more people until you were caught or killed. So the goal would be getting caught or killed, right?

GILMORE: Whatever's fair.

PLAYBOY: Do you think some people might commit murders because they want to be killed themselves?

GILMORE: Some people might.

PLAYBOY: But not you?

GILMORE: Fuck, no.

PLAYBOY: Your murders couldn't have been encouraged or provoked by your knowledge that in Utah you'd die by a firing squad?

GILMORE: No, no. [Sighs]

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had a dream in which the image of the firing squad occurred?

GILMORE: No, just about every other goddamn kind of dream, morbid shit like that.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

GILMORE: Well, I used to dream that I was being led to this place, a place that had a wall with slots in it, like lockers, and they would open one of 'em, and it was all concrete and dirty, and they would slide you in there. I had that fuckin' dream about a dozen times.

PLAYBOY: Would you call it a nightmare?

GILMORE: Would you? [Laughs] No, no, I've only had one real nightmare.

PLAYBOY: What about?

GILMORE: About being beheaded.

PLAYBOY: Did you have it recurrently?

GILMORE: No, but it marked a conscious memory thing in my life. I was a kid then, but for years I was really afraid of losing part of my body. I thought being beheaded was the most horrible death imaginable.

PLAYBOY: More horrible than shooting?

GILMORE: Shootin's quick, man. It's over like that. You're dead before you hear the sound of the shot that kills you.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that the guillotine is actually the most humane form of execution.

GILMORE: For me, man, that is a morbid fuckin' image. That and the headsman's block, those two and the gallows. I've sounded people out on 'em, because

they've stuck pretty deep with me. And most people agree that that's a pretty morbid bunch of images. But I don't think they hold the same effect for most people that they do for me. For me, they're like some kind of memory or some goddamn thing. It seems like, to tell you the truth, there's just something there I'm acquainted with in some way I don't understand.

PLAYBOY: Can you recall any film or newsreel or anything along that line in which you've seen men die before a firing squad?

GILMORE: Remember Goya's painting of a firing squad—*The Death Squad*, I think he called it? That may have stayed in my mind. And I've seen lots of cartoons about waving away the blindfold and taking a last puff on a cigarette. Then there was that movie, *The Execution of Private Slovik*.

PLAYBOY: When you saw the movie, could you imagine yourself in the condemned man's place?

GILMORE: Oh, I guess everybody that saw that movie probably imagined themselves in Eddie Slovik's place. I couldn't imagine myself saying all them Hail Marys, though. [Laughs] I thought Eisenhower was a real asshole to allow that execution to take place. Private Slovik should have been discharged from the Service. He was sentenced to die for cowardice, I guess, or dereliction of duty, or failing to be a good soldier, or some goddamn thing. If I'd been in the war, I'd a fought, you know, I'd a been a soldier. But there was no goddamn excuse for killing the man, and Eisenhower is the son of a bitch that allowed it. Then the firing squad didn't kill him with the first round, and they were fumblyin' and bumblin' and unable to reload, and Slovik had to suffer. It was an interesting movie, but I hated the actor who played Slovik, that Martin Sheen. Hail Marys! Jesus!

PLAYBOY: If some kind of morbid fascination with a firing-squad death wasn't part of the reason, what was it about you that made these murders happen?

GILMORE: I always knew I was capable of killing somebody.

PLAYBOY: How did you know that unless you'd done it?

GILMORE: It's just something you know.

PLAYBOY: Had you ever proved it before like you proved it with Jensen and Bushnell? You hinted earlier you had.

GILMORE: No.

PLAYBOY: Well, your record doesn't suggest you did. Up until the murders, your crimes were relatively tame.

GILMORE: Will you listen to that fool screaming for his goddamn cigarettes? This noisy motherfucker is some kind of rotten prison. It's like a second-class county jail in the South. Filthy motherfucker, too. The joint in Oregon is much more secure, and they keep that son of a bitch immaculate.

PLAYBOY: Yes, Gary, but this question is

still with us: How did you always know you could kill somebody?

GILMORE: This may sound strange to you now, because I know I have developed a technique of making people like me. It's one of the things that I've overcome about myself. I think I have at least developed that: a way of making people like me. I can get along with people at least now. I—I always could, though, really, I guess. Nobody overtly disliked me. There was just the feeling that they'd rather not be around me if they had their druthers. I always kind of felt a victim of the "Fell" syndrome.

PLAYBOY: The what?

GILMORE: The "Fell" syndrome. It's from a 17th or 18th Century quotation. It's anonymous. It goes simply:

*I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.*

When I read that, I understood its meaning at once and applied it to myself. Nobody liked this guy, and they didn't know why, either.

PLAYBOY: We remember now reading that in a couple of your letters to Nicole. In fact, we remembered it all along. We just wanted to see if you'd tell it again the same, and you did, just about word for word.

GILMORE: It's a poem, man. A poem has a certain set of words.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but you also told the story of going down into the brambles in precisely the words you used when you wrote about it to Nicole—

GILMORE: Those letters are personal, man. . . .

PLAYBOY: Gary, be serious. The guards read them. The D.A. has a full set. So do Nicole's psychiatrists. Many of them have been printed in the newspapers. What we're saying is that these stories sound like recitations that you use in a calculating way. Maybe part of your "technique" of making people like you is to charm them with little stories.

GILMORE: I haven't learned to make people like me. I've learned how to like people. I should have never used the word technique. It's just a simple truth: Learn to like people and they'll like you. Ain't nothin' calculating about that. I got lonely. I like language, words, slang and rhymes and rhythms.

PLAYBOY: The impression that you're running a con some of the time might come from the many voices you employ. Sometimes you talk like an East Texas drifter, sometimes like the mobster you wanted to be as a kid, sometimes, in fact, like a kid. It's as if you've learned half a dozen dialects and switch back and forth between them, depending on the listener and the subject at hand.

GILMORE: When I tell somebody something, I like to make myself clear. I like

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humor, too. I tell the truth. In jail you rap a lot, you know, to pass the time. Damn near every convict has his little collection of reminiscences, anecdotes and stories, and a person can get sort of practiced at recollecting. You probably got a few yarns you spin on occasion yourself. The fact that you tell something more than once to more than one person doesn't make it a lie. It doesn't make it calculating, either. And there's nothing wrong with tailoring your manner of speech to the listener. I mean, Jesus, what's wrong with that? I know I speak well. I'm not just a collection of stories.

PLAYBOY: This awkward way of communicating doesn't help. If we didn't have this glass between us or didn't have to write notes, if we could be face to face more often—

GILMORE: This is a bum way to talk, but we're tryin'! You probably noticed that when we talk personally, face to face, I don't put things quite as strong. See, I'm used to talkin' to somebody who I can't see. I lean on it a little bit to make goddamn certain I'm understood. Take this into account when you consider my fuckin' answers.

PLAYBOY: Of course.

GILMORE: Maybe I do try to entertain and charm. I do emphasize things. One reason, ah . . . or how I learned to do this, let's say, is perhaps because I've spent a lot of time in the hole. . . .

PLAYBOY: How much time altogether?

GILMORE: Maybe four years.

PLAYBOY: In isolation?

GILMORE: Well, sure, it's the hole. And when you're in the hole, you get used to carrying on a conversation with a guy you can't see. He's in the cell next door or down the line from you. And so, it, ah . . . just becomes [*Sighs*] necessary to kind of, ah . . . emphasize to make yourself clear and heard, because there might be other conversations going on and a lot of other goddamn noise, guards rattling keys, doors clanging shut, things like that. So think about that, and, you know, you're in the hole, you, and if you talk to somebody, you can't see 'em, yeah, and, well, when you get out, man, and you're talkin' to somebody face to face, it's something you have to get used to again.

(LATE DECEMBER)

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you'd like to add about the circumstances leading up to the murders?

GILMORE: The truth is the truth, and I'm telling you the truth not to pass blame, you know, to anybody. I'm telling it to you because it's true, and I think it's important. I thought about omitting it completely, and then I decided not to. I wanted to talk to Nicole first and get her permission, but the motherfuckers won't let me get through to her. Do you understand what I'm saying?

PLAYBOY: You'll have to say more.

GILMORE: Well, I've wanted to tell you this for weeks. I think it's time you should know.

PLAYBOY: Go ahead.

GILMORE: OK. See, Jensen was killed on a Monday, Bushnell on a Tuesday. Sunday. I was really feeling down. I drove around the park out there in Springville for a while, and I was hopin' to just see Nicole or little Sunny and Jeremy Peabody [Nicole's children]. And, ah, I went to sleep up against a tree in the park for about an hour. And when I woke up, I really felt shitty. I drank a couple of beers and went over to Nicole's house, and I went in and I took a bath and, ah, then I heard the front door open and Nicole came in. I went over and I put my arms around her and she just stood there, you know. I could see that I couldn't communicate with her anymore. It really fucked me up. I only had a towel on, and the fuckin' towel fell off. She told me to get dressed and I got dressed and, ah, she . . . I kept tryin' to talk to her and she was being smart and rude, you know. So I grabbed her by the hand and I was going to pull her to me and she just started hollerin' at me and jerked free

*"It's so goddamn
noisy in here today. . . .
I think I deserve
a little fuckin'
serenity at least."*

and said something like, "Can't you talk to me without touching me?" or s-some-thin', and then she ran outside and I followed her. She was leaving, and when I went up to her car, she . . . just flipped out slightly, you know, and kept tryin' to get her kids in the car. She thought I was going to hurt her or something. I think I told her just don't go without taking the new Electrolux I bought for you, because the house would be empty and someone would rip it off. And I leaned up against her car and, ah, she pulled a gun on me and said, "Get away from my car, Gary Gilmore."

PLAYBOY: What kind of gun was it?

GILMORE: It was a magnum .22 Derringer. She had it pointed right at me. It was a gun I gave her, because she'd been hurt a couple times in her life by different guys, and I told her, man, if anybody ever fucks with you, slaps you around, gives you a hard time, just don't take it, you know. I didn't think it was loaded, and I was thinking about taking it away from her, but I didn't want her to start screaming. We were outside, and all the neighbors would hear and . . . and . . .

she might start runnin'. So I just stood there and leaned against her car and told her, "I don't think your fuckin' gun is loaded, Nicole, so go get your vacuum cleaner, put it in your car and leave. If that's what you want. I mean, if you want to go, then I want you to." I don't remember all the words. I didn't say a whole lot. I didn't give a shit about getting shot, you know. In fact, I think I told her, hey, if you're going to shoot me, do it. And, ah, she wavered on that one a little bit, and I think she put the gun away and I didn't advance on her. I just left. I felt real bad. And I saw everything . . . well, it just seemed like a final ending to me right there.

PLAYBOY: You say you left? Or did Nicole drive off?

GILMORE: Well, I finally just moved away from her car and let her get in, and she got in real quick and rolled up all the windows and locked the doors. I don't know if that little story is as dramatic as it seems. . . .

PLAYBOY: Go on.

GILMORE: I wanted to tell it to you because there were some things that may not have made sense. I told you that I didn't want to kill. . . . I told you that I killed Jensen because I didn't want to kill Nicole. And Nicole told me later that the gun *was* loaded and that if she had shot me, man, she would have shot herself immediately afterward. So she didn't hate me at the time. It's just things happenin' to us—a little bit too much for both of us, I think. I don't know. Let me see if I can get a cup of coffee and rest for a while.

PLAYBOY: Sure, that's fine. [*Gilmore is escorted away by a guard. Five minutes later, he returns.*]

GILMORE: Always feel better after a hit 'n' miss. That's Cockney rhyming slang for a piss.

PLAYBOY: You were saying before there were some things that didn't make sense. Certainly one of them has to be how losing Nicole explains killing Bushnell and Jensen. Your girlfriend leaves you, so you go out and kill two guys.

GILMORE: God, hmmm, well . . . I mean, ah, it makes sense to me. I mean, I don't say it makes sense that those guys are dead. I don't want to say it makes sense, because that'll make it seem acceptable, and it's not. It's a damn shame that it had to happen. But, ah, ask that again. Let me give it a little thought.

PLAYBOY: Ask now?

GILMORE: No, later.

PLAYBOY: Your former cellmate, Richard Gibbs, says you told him that you killed two men in prison. Brenda says the same thing. Even Vern says you told him about two killings.

GILMORE: No, they're mistaken. These stories, they involved near killings. Gibbs will say it did involve a killing, two

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killings, but neither guy died.

PLAYBOY: One involved a black homosexual in the Oregon prison?

GILMORE: Just a moment, please. Jesus fuckin' [Pauses] it's so goddamn noisy in here today I can't think. Goddamn guards kept me up all night with their bullshitin', playin' cards, shufflin', shit like that all night. I think I deserve a little fuckin' serenity at least.

PLAYBOY: You always say you're willing to accept your sentence. Perhaps the noise is part of the sentence.

GILMORE: You don't have to listen to the motherfucker 24 hours a day. [Pause. Loud noises in background] Well, OK [Sighs deeply], this kid comes to me in the joint in Oregon and asks if he could talk to me, go out in the yard with me, walk around with me, you know? And I asked him, "What's wrong?" and he said that this, ah, nigger was tryin' to fuck him. And the kid was going to check himself into the building, you know, isolation, just turn himself in and go to the hole and be locked up to get away from it. He didn't know how to handle it. What do you want me to do? I asked him, and he says, well, I'll be your kid if you protect me. And I tell him, I don't want a kid, I don't like punks, and I don't want you to be a punk, anyway. I told him, well, let me . . . let me think about it. So I just went and got another guy and I told him about it, and he said let's kill the motherfucker. So we just caught the guy comin' up the stairs and we both had pieces of pipe in our hand, and we beat him half to death and drug him down to another nigger's cell and drug him in and put him on the bunk and slammed the door and left. He was unconscious. We hit him so fast and so hard . . . he was a boxer, we didn't give him no chance. We was goin' to kill him, but we decided not to. And, uh, I mean, if we'd beat him to death, that woulda been OK, too, but we didn't.

PLAYBOY: OK, tell us about your nickname, Hammersmith.

GILMORE: Well, just a minute. Where did you hear that?

PLAYBOY: Gibbs, Brenda, your letters to Nicole.

GILMORE: Yeah, well, this friend of mine, LeRoy, the guy I shot in the stomach when we were kids, he came to the penitentiary two years after I did, and he had a life sentence. He liked dope a lot, you know, and he was always gettin' fucked up and he'd stay fucked up for months. He had a Valium habit and he was just stayin' so fucked up, he didn't know whether he was comin' or goin' and he got in debt with this guy named Bill who was a big rowdy, a bully-type guy who had a lot of money and was dealing in dope and pushing people around and fucking with people. Once they busted him for being drunk and they took him to the hole. And he sent word to me from the

hole that this Bill, this dealer, had come into his cell earlier that day and robbed him and beat him up, kicked him, put the boots to him while he had him on the floor and then took his outfit, you know, his syringe and needle, and took his money and everything that he had. I knew LeRoy was awful drunk and I know that Valium will make you hallucinate a little bit and I wasn't certain whether the story was true. But LeRoy asked me if I'd fuck Bill up, you know, and so this other guy—the same guy that helped me with that nigger—he was going to the hole and I talked it over with him and he said, well, listen, I'm going to the hole tomorrow and I'll go down and talk to LeRoy and then I'll tell you whether it's true or not. So he went to the hole, stayed seven days—'cause in those days, you only stayed in the hole seven days for minor shit; now you spend months, you know—and when he came out, he told me, he says, it's true, LeRoy says go ahead, he wants you to stab Bill or pipe him or something.

And he asks me, you want me to help you? I told him no, I'll do it myself, LeRoy is my personal friend, he's been my friend for years, and I'll do this one myself. So I worked on the wreck crew, and we were doing some construction out in the yard, and I just went over, stole a hammer, and that night I caught Bill sitting down watching a football game and I just planted the hammer in his head, turned around and walked off.

PLAYBOY: How bad did you hurt him?

GILMORE: How bad did I hurt him! [Laughs] I felt the hammer go into his skull. About four days later, they busted me for it. They had two or three snitchers that said they seen me do it, but they weren't willing enough to reveal themselves, so they just kept me in the hole for four months and took Bill up to Portland for brain surgery. But Bill was pretty fucked up, anyhow. So, to answer your question, this guy nicknamed me Hammersmith over that. He gave me a little toy hammer to wear on a chain, you know.

PLAYBOY: You're certain that both these men lived?

GILMORE: Yeah, they lived. [Sighs] Kind of altered their lives, though.

PLAYBOY: Well, why did you go around telling everybody that you'd killed them? Were you bragging or confessing?

GILMORE: [Laughing] More bragging, probably, to tell you the truth.

PLAYBOY: Were you trying to frighten people, put them on the alert?

GILMORE: I didn't tell those stories to everybody. Just selected audiences. That'll probably get garbled, so I'll repeat: selected audiences. But having to be brutally frank, yes, it's true, I guess I must have been bragging.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like the kind of bragging a person might do if he

didn't believe he could kill—

GILMORE: I told you that was something I always knew. You must think I'm pretty goddamn shallow or forgetful.

PLAYBOY: Well, why not tell us how you knew? Did you torture or kill pets when you were a kid? Did people see a mean streak in you?

GILMORE: Yeah, there was some talk of it.

PLAYBOY: Arising from what kind of thing?

GILMORE: Once, when I was about 13, I got into a fight with a kid named Jim. I got angry and beat him half to death—choked him. Jim's dad was a rough-and-tumble fucker, and he just lifted me off Jim and picked Jim up and Jim was gasping for breath and chokin' and hurtin' and bleedin' a little. Jim's dad asked him if he wanted to go out in the yard and finish it, and Jim backed down in front of his dad, you know. He was beat, physically and mentally. Jim's dad didn't like the fact that his son wouldn't fight anymore. So he just turned on me and told me, "Don't ever come around here again, and leave right now, and I don't ever want to see you again."

PLAYBOY: Did that make you feel bad about the fight?

GILMORE: I just went out and got on my bike. I didn't say anything. I just got on my bike and left. But Jim's dad looked at me in a way that, a way, well . . . a grownup shouldn't look at a kid.

PLAYBOY: Was a fight like that rare or common for you when you were a kid?

GILMORE: That was the most vicious fight I was ever in as a kid.

PLAYBOY: Did it scare you that you could lose control of yourself?

GILMORE: Scare me? Is that a serious question? It didn't scare me—it scared Jim.

PLAYBOY: Was that fight what made you aware that you were capable of killing?

GILMORE: Well, yeah, I think so. I don't know.

PLAYBOY: It was just one of those things you did without thinking?

GILMORE: Maybe I didn't . . . the feeling I got . . . I remember . . . it was the way Jim's dad looked at me and told me never to come around.

PLAYBOY: That's what stays in your mind most about that event?

GILMORE: That and the way that Charley looked at me the next day.

PLAYBOY: How did Charley look at you?

GILMORE: Like he was feeling things he didn't understand.

PLAYBOY: How did your parents react when you got into scrapes like that?

GILMORE: My dad wasn't around that much. I guess he was kind of a fugitive. I didn't know that until I was about 21, but I guess he'd done a little time on the chain gang, and then in San Quentin in the Twenties, and sometimes even after I was born, he was runnin' from the law.

PLAYBOY: Taking the family with him?

GILMORE: Sometimes. He was a rounder, you know? He'd been a circus acrobat, at one time a tightrope walker, and then sometimes he'd just disappear. My mom would tell us, well, he just walked out. The fact was, as I found out later, that he was in jail here and there for things lots of times. So up until the time I was eight, it was all knockabout, and we slept in a lot of train and bus depots.

PLAYBOY: How did your mother take the trouble you were getting into?

GILMORE: She never liked it. She resented it. She tried to understand the best s-she could.

PLAYBOY: Even after you started getting into serious trouble?

GILMORE: Her love was always strong, constant and consistent.

PLAYBOY: Three strange and unsentimental words to describe a mother's love.

GILMORE: I don't think they're strange at all. My mom isn't all that doting and sweet. Maybe, ah, some people's mothers are. Mine, my mother's pretty practical. We're not a real tight sort of emotional family. We don't write to each other all that much. But she was always there. We always had something to eat, we was always well taken care of.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it upset you in your early life to be dragged around the country by a woman in love with a man who was on the lam?

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GILMORE: She stayed with my dad because she loved him.

PLAYBOY: Loved him more than the kids?

GILMORE: No, goddamn it. She kept the family together. Doesn't that count for something?

PLAYBOY: How about your father—did he love you, too?

GILMORE: God, I don't know. He was kind of a strange man. He was nearly 50 when I was born—I think that's too goddamn old to be starting a family.

PLAYBOY: But there were two more sons after you?

GILMORE: Yeah, but I just don't think he liked me. I think he felt this thing. I don't know. I'm not sure. But sometimes I felt that he particularly disliked me. My brother Frank. Dad had a sort of an admiration and respect for. Frank wouldn't cry when he got spanked, so he'd let him alone. And Mike he really loved. My brother Gaylen, I don't know how he felt about Gaylen. But I can say, just about say, that he didn't like me at all.

PLAYBOY: Did he beat or whip you?

GILMORE: Yeah. . . . I used to get whippin's with a razor strop a lot. He always . . . yeah, he favored things like that.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that Frank wouldn't cry. Were you quick to cry when the strop came out?

GILMORE: Yeah . . . ah, man, it seemed like the thing you were supposed to do. Like start smokin' when you're about 12 or 13, because it seems like you're supposed to do that. And I thought, well, I was supposed to cry. I thought maybe that would get me out of the whoopin', but, man, it never did. Finally, I took a cue from Frank and, an . . . learned to take it. That way, pretty soon, the whole thing dies down better.

PLAYBOY: What was your relationship with your father at the time of his death?

GILMORE: Oh, just strained. We argued. It was '62 when he died, in case you want to get that fact down.

PLAYBOY: Where were you at the time?

GILMORE: I was in jail, the Rocky Butte Jail, and I was doing two weeks in the hole, I forget what the hell for—fightin' over some goddamn thing. Anyhow, I was in the hole, and this Lieutenant Cunningham came down, and he said, did you know your dad had cancer? I said, yeah. He said, well, he just died up in Seattle. And I said, all right. And he turned around and walked off. And about a day later, he came down and told me I was going to get to go to the funeral. He took me up to C Tank and I borrowed a razor and some shit from friends and got all cleaned up, and my mom came out with a suit, and then the judge who had me in there refused to sign the order granting permission for me to go. He figured I was an escape risk.

PLAYBOY: So you didn't get to go.

GILMORE: No, they took me down to the

hole and left me there for another eight days or so. I was doing two years on traffic violations.

PLAYBOY: Two years on traffic violations!

GILMORE: Well, part of 'em was state and part was city. Driving without a license, utterly refusing to get a license, running red lights, all kinds of tickets stacked up that I wouldn't pay.

PLAYBOY: Actually, according to your record, you were picked up in Vancouver.

GILMORE: No, I was in jail.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you really on the road to see your father on his deathbed when you were arrested for drunk driving and contributing to the delinquency of a minor?

GILMORE: Oh, yeah, right! In Vancouver. Yeah. . . .

PLAYBOY: You keep referring to your killings, and even your own execution, as strokes of fate—"maybe it was meant to be." Does a lapse or failure like not getting to your father's bedside make you feel bad, or do you think you just weren't meant to get there?

GILMORE: Shit. I got busted for a faulty taillight. Goin' through Vancouver. They

*"Why should Nicole
commit suicide before
I die? . . . I wanted
to be there when
she came through
the rye."*

impounded my car and all that shit. And, yeah, I felt bad. I would've like to saw him. . . .

PLAYBOY: How did your mother take your father's death?

GILMORE: She's strong. But my dad didn't have any insurance or anything. She didn't have any money. She lost a lot of things she loved.

PLAYBOY: Did it hurt you that she lost them because of your dad, or because you were in jail and couldn't help her?

GILMORE: My dad should have provided better.

PLAYBOY: How about you as a father? If you could escape and disappear, do you think you could live peacefully with Nicole and her kids?

GILMORE: I think so, now. Yeah. I love Peabody and Sunny.

PLAYBOY: Can you picture yourself as a good father?

GILMORE: Yeah, I can.

PLAYBOY: Then how could you encourage Nicole to join you in suicide?

GILMORE: Oh, fuck you.

PLAYBOY: Well, Gary, it's pretty obvious from your letters and from the fact that

you both attempted suicide on the same day in November, that she was trying to comply with your urgings that she meet you on the other side.

GILMORE: I never said any of that shit. That's the *National Enquirer* version you've been readin'.

PLAYBOY: Don't forget what you said to her in the letters—"Come along, kid," and other lines like that. You don't actually tell her to kill herself, but you sure don't let the subject drop.

GILMORE: Yeah, like her mother thinks I'm "Mansonesque," that I got a hold on Nicole like Manson had on his family or some goddamn thing. She's forgetting one big difference between me and Charley Manson: I do my own killing. . . .

PLAYBOY: But we're talking about Nicole killing herself. After writing her so many encouraging words about suicide, why did you get so angry with her for attempting to kill herself before you got around to it?

GILMORE: I wanted to be there first to catch her. Why should she commit suicide before I die? Listen, I wanted to go first, that's all, because I think I'm a little stronger, and she might get lost out there. I know I ain't. I know I can go where I want. Some things you know. I wanted to be there to catch her when she came through the rye.

PLAYBOY: You think it's easier to go first or last?

GILMORE: Dead's dead.

PLAYBOY: Well, if she's going to die to be with you, don't you want her to do it on her own terms, wherever or however she can manage?

GILMORE: Dead's dead.

PLAYBOY: It doesn't matter?

GILMORE: Well, yeah, I'd like it to be a gentle, soft thing for her.

PLAYBOY: Have you arranged a way?

GILMORE: No. In fact, I-I . . . if I talk to her before I'm executed, I'm not going to ask her to do any particular thing. I may even encourage her to go on living and raise her kids. Ah, but, well, I don't want anybody else to be able to have her, and that's a big concern to me.

PLAYBOY: So you're on the horns of a dilemma. . . .

GILMORE: You might say that it's giving me a little pause.

PLAYBOY: She does have a responsibility to her children.

GILMORE: Aw, no more responsibility than anybody has for their kids. Listen, your kids come through you, but they're not really of you. Nicole knew that before I ever met her. I mean . . . everybody is an individual little soul. . . .

PLAYBOY: Do you think her kids could get along as well without her?

GILMORE: Them kids are famous, or . . . semifamous, and there's money, and, ah, there wasn't before, but, w-well, I guess this sounds like a cold-blooded thing, but I'm not really overconcerned about them



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kids. They're not going to starve to death. [Sighs] I'm concerned about Nicole and myself.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there might be an element of cruelty in your love for Nicole?

GILMORE: Oh, there might be. There might be an element of tenderness in there, too, if you look close enough.

PLAYBOY: But if you wished her well, and wished well for her children, wouldn't it be kinder to tell her to forget you, get over you, and find a man who could do good for herself and her children?

GILMORE: I'm not even going to answer that.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that you're trying to make Nicole do to her kids what your mother did to you? Your relatives say there was a time when you were small when your mother went through a phase of being very cruel to you.

GILMORE: No, that's not true. Absolutely not.

PLAYBOY: You think your mother was always loving and always did all she could for you?

GILMORE: I think so.

PLAYBOY: Even when she was on the run with your dad, making you kids move so often.

GILMORE: [Long pause] I think so.

PLAYBOY: Did she ever consider giving you up?

GILMORE: No, never. She never did, she never. . . . I'm sure she wouldn't have considered that.

PLAYBOY: Yet that's what you're asking of Nicole.

GILMORE: I'm not asking anything of Nicole. I just don't want her to be with anyone else. I want to be back with her.

PLAYBOY: But Nicole still has a chance. She's only 20. She's got a good lawyer to help her get straightened out when she comes out of the hospital.

GILMORE: What's he like?

PLAYBOY: The lawyer? He's not too old, kind of bashful. . . .

GILMORE: He better not make no passes at Nicole.

PLAYBOY: No, he wouldn't do that. He's a straight arrow.

GILMORE: I'm worried about her. She's probably getting as much mail as I am. You know, I accidentally got one of her letters. It was addressed to Nicole Barrett, Utah State Prison, and they gave it to me. And some goddamn son of a bitch in New York was writin' to ask her for \$1200 and he wanted to marry her and. . . .

PLAYBOY: What is Nicole to you, anyhow? You hear that she's got a good lawyer and your only concern is that he might make a pass at her. You're getting thousands of letters from lovesick, lunatic girls, and you're furious that she should get one from some nitwit in New York. You fight with her and drive her away when you're free to love her, but as soon as you're in jail, she's your angel, your elf, and all the other things you call her.

GILMORE: Well, King Solomon said, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," and I used to believe that until I met Nicole. From her I found out there was more to life than fucking vanity. There's love and duty. Period, stop, as they say in Mailgrams.

PLAYBOY: So you don't want to answer?

GILMORE: Try me next week.

PLAYBOY: OK, but just answer this: You must have written her more than 2000 pages since you were arrested in July, and your letters are filled with sayings, quoted poems, little lessons, cute drawings, observations—all your stories, wishes, lies and dreams; but where in all those pages is there one word that indicates a sense of "love and duty" in your feelings for her? Where do you thank her for her love or indicate that she ever did anything for you?

GILMORE: Well, she did: She got me re-interested in art, for one thing. At one time, I almost quit drawing. I'd become pretty disinterested and decided there were too many pictures already in the world, and if you painted or drew more, you'd just have to put up more walls to hang 'em on. But Nicole got me interested again. If I'd stayed out, I'd a mellowed out eventually. I would have done some more paintings.

PLAYBOY: Once again, you define Nicole strictly in terms of Gary. Maybe she's just not real to you.

GILMORE: Nicole's an intelligent girl. She's sensitive. When you're with her, she understands you. I think she's the only person who's ever understood me.

PLAYBOY: Not counting your mother.

GILMORE: Yeah, that's right.

PLAYBOY: Has it struck you as the least bit odd that you keep praising your mother for keeping your family together, and then, in the next breath, you're persuading Nicole to abandon her children to a "gentle, soft death" with you?

GILMORE: I'm just trying to get the truth out. If it sounds cold or whatever, let other people make the judgments.

PLAYBOY: It does sound a little cold, but maybe you're just steeling yourself against the fact that it's Christmas.

GILMORE: Maybe.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were out of jail at Christmas?

GILMORE: Nineteen-sixty-one.

PLAYBOY: A long time ago.

GILMORE: Yeah. It's like what W. C. Fields said: "All things being equal, I'd rather not spend Christmas in prison." [Laughs] W. C. Fields said a lot of cool shit.

(EARLY JANUARY)

GILMORE: Listen to this shit: [Reading from a newspaper] "Attorneys opposing the scheduled execution of Gary Gilmore"—blah-blah-blah—"will meet to determine which strategy"—blah-blah, OK, listen: "The attorneys represent the A.C.L.U., the NAACP and other death-

row inmates." It goes on, let's see, blah-blah, OK, now: "The A.C.L.U. attorney said there may still be a chance that Mr. Gilmore will flip-flop and change his mind." OK, now you know that term flip-flop, man, it has a certain jailhouse connotation that this idiot A.C.L.U. lawyer has got to know, what with all the clients he must have doin' time. It means a guy who's a punk, a guy who sucks dicks and things like that. That's what flip-flop means in jailhouse jargon, and you never hear it anywhere else.

So when my lawyers come today, I'm giving them an open letter to release. I've just got to answer some of the bullshit I keep readin' in the papers. And I'm going to say that as far as flip-flop goes, the A.C.L.U. is tops. They take one stand on abortions, which are actually executions of innocent souls—they're all for that—and then they take an opposite stand on capital punishment. And the NAACP, ain't nothin' you can say to discourage that Uncle Tom outfit. I told 'em before, in my last letter, "NAACP, look, boy, I am a white man! Get that through your Brillo-pad heads, boy!" But nothin' discourages 'em, I guess. Do any of these people have any true convictions, or have they just let their thing about me develop into a personal matter?

PLAYBOY: Aren't you the one who's taking it personally?

GILMORE: It's my life, goddamn it. It's my case. It's my sentence.

PLAYBOY: But all the others on death row have lives and cases, too. Aren't you at all concerned about the effect your execution might have on them—almost 400 people?

GILMORE: If I thought my death would cause the death of these other guys on death row, yes, I would probably back up on it. In fact, I made two valid, not bullshit, suicide attempts, and part of my thinking there was not only to speed it up and get it over with but also to do it in a way so these other guys would be left with their same arguments and me dyin' wouldn't cause what they call this snowball effect. But it's still my case. It's not their goddamn case. They can appeal their cases. I accept mine. They got themselves in trouble. It's their business.

PLAYBOY: But you've called them sniveling cowards.

GILMORE: Yeah, well I put that a little strongly to offend them. I don't know if they're physical cowards or moral cowards, or what they are. Apparently, they're just desperately afraid of me being executed. Goddamn it, my execution ain't gonna affect them, because they'll stay alive on the merits of their own fucking cases. I don't really, I-I just don't understand those sons a bitches. . . .

PLAYBOY: Or care about them?

GILMORE: No. I don't give a shit. I'm going to say that, man. Goddamn it, I'd
(continued on page 130)

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HOWARD HUGHES: INSIDE HIS SECRET FILES

Part One of this report appeared in the September 1976 issue of *PLAYBOY*. It outlined the complicated relationships among Howard Hughes, Richard Nixon and the Central Intelligence Agency, relationships that went back at least to the Fifties and significantly influenced events leading up to the Watergate break-in. The publication of Part One prompted a flood of sources to come forth with new leads. People from government, the intelligence community and the Hughes organization contacted *PLAYBOY*. But the most important development since Part One was gaining access to what the authors have come to call the Mexican Files.

Shortly after Hughes died on April 5, 1976, the Mexican government seized Hughes's 20th-floor penthouse suites in the Acapulco Princess Hotel. Among the items impounded were thousands of pages of internal Hughes documents, including handwritten memos from Hughes and the only known description of Hughes's physical condition in his own words (quoted below).

Howard Hughes was the central figure in our first installment, in which it was reported that he had been seriously ill, at least since some point during



his Las Vegas period (1966–1970).

In Part One, in fact, it was suggested that Hughes was not in control of his own empire after he vanished from Las Vegas and that it was really being run by Chester C. Davis, general counsel for Summa Corporation, Hughes's major holding company. A stocky man with bright eyes and a winning smile, Davis has nevertheless earned himself quite a reputation among attorneys all over the country as a tough, hostile, obnoxious Wall Street attorney who doesn't take kindly to losing a single point, not to mention a case. Unofficially, the top Summa man is Frank W. "Bill" Gay, a powerful member of the Mormon Church who has risen from overseeing Hughes's car pool to sitting as president of Summa Corporation. He attained that position under the tutelage of the third member of the ruling triumvirate, Hughes's former personal secretary, Nadine Henley, now a powerful Summa executive.

The Mexican Files, taken together, weigh nearly 35 pounds and stand almost two feet tall. The earliest date on the documents is October 1971,

article

**By LAURENCE GONZALES
and LARRY DUBOIS**

finally, the documents that reveal
the real world of howard hughes:

- his bizarre lifestyle
- his drug habit
- his "keepers"
- his missing will



the latest, January 1976. Even though there are roughly 3500 pages, the Mexican Files are only a fragment of the communications from those years. But even that fragment gives rare insights into the private world of Howard Hughes.

The point is that I did not leave the stretcher and prone position from time of surgery until arrival in Freeport until I was put in a bed, and I have not left that bed up until and including this moment, not even to attempt to go to the bathroom.

—MEMO BY HOWARD HUGHES, DESCRIBING HIS CONDITION, 1974

FOR AT LEAST TWO decades, Howard Hughes was the subject of more speculation based on less real information than any other man alive. Little was known. Everything was rumor or hearsay. And the stories were inevitably contradictory. Now a comprehensive set of documents can resolve many of the conflicting accounts about the last years of Howard Hughes.

The Mexican Files provide a clear perspective on Hughes's condition and lifestyle, as well as on the awesome power that was wielded in his name. In finance, politics and technology. For example, on January 14, 1975—in a single day's shopping—he ordered his technical advisor to purchase, among other things, four airlines, a newspaper, all the land around the hotel he was staying in and the entire Lockheed Jetstar II Program. At least once, the Mexican Files show, he put a Senator on "alert" to do his bidding. He had no fewer than 30 satellites circling the earth at one point when he was debating whether or not to use one or more of them to get himself better TV reception in the Bahamas.

We were also able to obtain one 11-month segment of the log of Hughes's daily activities. The log shows that some reports printed elsewhere in the press—but never before documented—were true, as the Hughes executives claimed. For example, when the original Hughes Tool Company (ToolCo) name was sold, along with its drill-bit division, *Fortune* reported that Hughes had met with two representatives of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith, the firm handling the transaction. The log contains a notation that Hughes really did hold that meeting (after a four-hour cleanup by his barber, Mell Stewart, necessitated by the fact that Hughes ignored the conventional grooming practices most people observe, such as cutting hair and toenails). Over the years, many Hughes observers had come to the conclusion that he never saw anyone but his aides. The log shows that on occasion Hughes met people from the outside world and conducted normal business.

Hughes executives routinely put out

misinformation for years, allegedly to protect their boss's interests, even in the early days, when Hughes was vital and active. Although the Mexican Files corroborate some of Summa's stories, these documents also contradict in critically important ways many of the claims made by Summa executives.

A few of the highlights of this remarkable set of documents:

- The Mexican Files seem to indicate that as late as mid-1975, Nadine Henley was in possession of a typewritten Hughes will she believed to be genuine, and the documents appear to indicate that she knew of a second, handwritten one. Nearly a year after Hughes's death, as we go to press, Summa has not produced a will.

- Hughes aides were obtaining drugs for him that internal memos refer to as "not on legal use."

- Hughes expressed an interest in talking to the Senate Watergate Committee, but Chester Davis firmly told him not to because of the possible consequences of letting Hughes—under the influence of drugs—ramble on about "political deals," as Davis put it.

- Hughes wanted to help his friend William Randolph Hearst by putting up part of the ransom money for Hearst's daughter Patricia when she was kidnaped by the Symbionese Liberation Army. Bill Gay and Davis emphatically opposed Hughes until he finally gave up his interest in the case.

- As Watergate neared its denouement with the resignation of Richard Nixon, Hughes dictated a memo to Davis saying he wanted him to destroy all "our files on our CIA relations," as well as "everything we have on Nixon, Ford, Laxalt and O'Callaghan." Paul Laxalt is a U. S. Senator from Nevada and Mike O'Callaghan is the current governor of Nevada.

- On January 1, 1974, Hughes's cash reserve was \$230,000,000—that's readily available spending money, giving some indication of the magnitude of the world of Howard Hughes.

- Hughes once ordered his attorney, Davis, to "put 90 detectives on Greenspun's tail alone, to be followed 24 hrs a day." Hank Greenspun, publisher of the *Las Vegas Sun*, was printing stories Hughes didn't care for.

THE MEXICAN FILES

Chester—Pse [sic] send a personal note from me to Mr. Ludwig (just orral [sic]—not written—through Mr. Ludwig's chief representative—but with no other man present—) as follows: "It has been a pleasure to do business with you."

—HANDWRITTEN MEMO FROM HOWARD HUGHES TO CHESTER DAVIS

APRIL 5, 1976, ACAPULCO PRINCESS HOTEL, THE 20TH-FLOOR PENTHOUSE SUITE: Howard Hughes was dying. He was on

oxygen and doctors had already looked at him and made it clear that he was long overdue in getting to a hospital's intensive-care unit. One of his aides, Gordon Margulis, was later quoted by James Phelan in his book *Howard Hughes: The Hidden Years* as saying, "It was plain that we'd have to move Hughes somewhere and that meant we'd have to clean him up so he wouldn't look so dreadful."

A jet ambulance was chartered to fly Hughes to Methodist Hospital in Houston. His doctors, who had rarely treated him in the past, would be aboard, along with Holmes. For more than a decade, Holmes and other aides had shuttled Hughes from the top floor of one hotel to the top floor of another, from Las Vegas to Nassau to Nicaragua to Vancouver, back to Nicaragua, to London and to the Bahamas, before ending up in Mexico. These moves had always been made with the utmost secrecy, to shield Hughes from public view and throw up a smoke screen of confusion around his activities and lifestyle. Nobody was to know for sure exactly where Hughes was, what he was doing, why he had moved. The ideal situation among his aides was one in which no one outside the close-knit little group knew anything. One of the reasons for the extraordinarily tight security was to prevent the press, the public and the Government from discovering Hughes's condition, which could have caused an upheaval in the management of his multibillion-dollar empire. And over the years, his people had developed security precautions as methodical and obsessive as those of some small, elite, tactical insurgency group.

The entourage invariably left nothing behind, not a trace of what had gone on in those floors of hotels they'd rented, nothing even the cleverest analyst could turn into a lead about what Hughes was up to. According to a highly placed intelligence source, after their departure from one foreign country some years before, a squad of trained government investigators descended on the raft of Hughes suites, sealed them off and went over them with every tool at their disposal to see if there were some shred of evidence that Hughes had been there. They were unable to find so much as a single human fingerprint in the entire set of suites. Someone had meticulously swept clean and wiped down the entire hotel floor, inch by inch.

So it was no wonder that now, even as he lay dying, some serious measures were being taken to ensure that no one knew anything of their activities in Mexico. For example, security consciousness had become so much a part of the aides' lives that the first step, when it became apparent that Hughes had to be taken to the



JOHN
DEMPSEY

"Well, maybe you can, Lenny, but I can't meditate like this. . . ."

hospital, was to register him under an assumed name.

Gordon Margulis, the Hughes functionary charged with such tasks as seeing that Hughes ate, lifted Hughes onto a stretcher on the morning of April fifth. According to the autopsy report (the contents of which, though not part of the Mexican Files, we were able to obtain), Hughes weighed 92.4 pounds, the normal weight of a ten-year-old boy. Meanwhile, the 20th floor of the Acapulco Princess was in complete pandemonium.

The scene was this: Columnist Jack Anderson had alerted the Mexican government that Hughes's name had been forged on the entry visa used to get him into Mexico. The Mexican authorities were in the very process of preparing their search warrant for Hughes's penthouse at the Acapulco Princess. The aides—particularly any of them responsible for the forgery—had to get out of there with the utmost speed or possibly face jail. But first a decade of Hughes's files—a virtual mountain of paper—had to be destroyed. There was no time to box it in transfer cases. The loss of those documents was grave but not so serious as the loss everyone would sustain if an outsider were to see them. The papers were the key to unraveling the truth about the last ten or fifteen years of Hughes's life, which his aides and executives had worked so hard to conceal. They were documentary evidence, not just a man's word or hearsay. Even when Margulis and another aide, Mell Stewart, deeply disturbed by the neglect that eventually killed Hughes, broke the vow of secrecy and told writer Phelan their poignant story of Hughes's life, Hughes executives were able to wave them off, saying that they had "told us of all sorts of dire things that are in the book. But I don't think we will pay much attention to them."

This new offhand denial of even the word of two longtime insiders would not stand up if the files that were on the 20th floor of the Princess ever got out. They not only detailed the financial wheeling and dealing that was the Hughes empire's bread and butter, they also documented that many of the strange things people had been saying about him over the years were true. Yes, he had fingernails inches long. Yes, he let his hair grow for years at a stretch. Neither did he shave, though he retained a barber. Hughes was out of control by that point and the Mexican Files clearly show it. Not only was he on drugs and in a constantly befuddled, dazed state in which it took him hours to eat a simple meal of chicken and dessert, but also he frequently did virtually nothing but sit and stare at a movie or television screen, the sound blaring to compensate for his bad hearing—sometimes so loudly his aides

had to rent the floor below his penthouse to keep other hotel guests from complaining. Floods of memos—sometimes as many as a dozen a day on the same subject—indicate that he at least had the intention of getting some business done. Yet nothing seems to have come of most of those plans and schemes. There is also some evidence that his wishes and orders were ignored. He wanted, for example, to change the name Summa. In 1972, without consulting Hughes, Gay named Hughes's major holding company (the former ToolCo) Summa. Hughes didn't like the word Summa at all and wanted his own name included in the title. Several memos and notes contained in the Mexican Files show his executives, for some unfathomable reason, simply ignoring his pleas for a different company name. "Do you see any reason why we cannot change the name Summa to HRH Properties at the end of this year?" he dictated in 1974. Another series of dictated orders and responses contains this: "Can we change the Summa name now?" The response to that from Davis is a handwritten "yes," but nothing was done. At the bottom of Hughes's query is the note, "Don't spend any more money on name Summa." A February 24, 1974, list of matters to be handled from Hughes reads, "1. How soon could HRH change the name Summa to a new name containing his name? Will not conflict with the new Hughes Tool Company?" Somehow, with all this, the name to this day remains Summa. This seems to suggest a fairly clear answer to the question: Was Hughes in control of his empire? At one point, he was shocked to learn that he did not own the Silver Slipper, when for years he had thought he had purchased that casino.

Even though Hughes had so little control that he couldn't name his own company and didn't know the full range of his company holdings, the press was successfully fed the story that Howard was a normal, functioning executive who worked like a horse and simply liked his privacy. The press, by and large, was happy to accept that story.

Though it is now widely known that Hughes was barely competent most of the time and critically ill part of the time, even as late as December 1975 he still had periods in which he exhibited his great ambition and a desire to do something more exciting than sit in front of a television set. Johnny Holmes told a grand jury, for example, that Hughes wanted to pilot a plane again for his 70th birthday—December 24, 1975—and that elaborate preparations were being made to carry out his wish. It sounds impossible that Hughes could have piloted a plane a scant four months before his death, but the Mexican Files bear out Holmes's sworn testimony. Jack Real,

Hughes's technical advisor, was charged with the task of getting Hughes's approval for the mechanics of the flight, the type of aircraft, the pilot who would take Hughes up, and so on.

Holmes's testimony had to do with the fact that there were plans for an airborne birthday party for Hughes, at which his old friends would be gathered for a nostalgic flight. There is no evidence of this in the Mexican Files nor of his physical condition during the month of December, though Holmes told the grand jury that at that point, Hughes weighed about 135 pounds, which means he would have had to lose 43 pounds in less than four months.

In any case, the characterizations of Hughes as robust and healthy were routinely accepted by the press. *Time*, as we pointed out in Part One, had described his jaunty departure from Las Vegas in 1970 this way:

"Hughes pulled an old sweater over the white shirt that he wore open at the neck, donned a fedora and walked to the rear of the penthouse. . . . [He] eased his tall, thin frame through a long-unused fire door and walked the nine stories down an interior fire escape to the hotel parking lot." Nevertheless, recently, with no mention of its revision of history, *Time* changed its story to read: "He was lying face up on the stretcher"—exactly what we had reported months earlier. The Mexican Files corroborate the fact that Hughes was not about to sashay down even one flight of stairs. As early as 1970, his weight was in the 90s (although, before his death, he did manage to gain back some weight). The point is that a convincing case can be made that Hughes was, as early as 1970, legally incompetent to handle his own affairs.

In spite of Hughes's deteriorated condition, his executives and aides maintained that all was well. It was easy to do this as long as there was no evidence to the contrary. But the suites at the Acapulco Princess contained thousands of pages documenting the pitiful condition Hughes was in—and a good deal more.

With this kind of information floating around—Hughes aides' making up to \$110,000 a year and scoring dope for one of the world's richest men—there was no question that someone would have to stay behind and clean up after Hughes departed for Houston. Rumors were one thing; documentary evidence was another.

For this reason, it was standard operating procedure to keep a shredding machine in the Hughes suites. Before Hughes's ambulance was even rolling on April fifth, that machine was going around the clock, eagerly gobbling up everything in sight. The shredding continued for

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artful bunny



phoenix' jennifer edl creates more than a sensation

"THE SECRET of life is in art," said Oscar Wilde, and Phoenix-based Bunny Jennifer Edl has parlayed cottontailing and creative ceramic sculpting into a lifestyle that's too good to be kept secret. The small nude sculptures you see here were to be part of a one-woman exhibition of her work at a gallery in nearby Scottsdale. "This bondage series has more whimsy than others I've done—like my series based on Marvel Comics characters." And does the



"These latest pieces are a kind of satire on the whole bondage trip. I'm trying to show the innocence of the whole situation." If you say so, Jennifer.

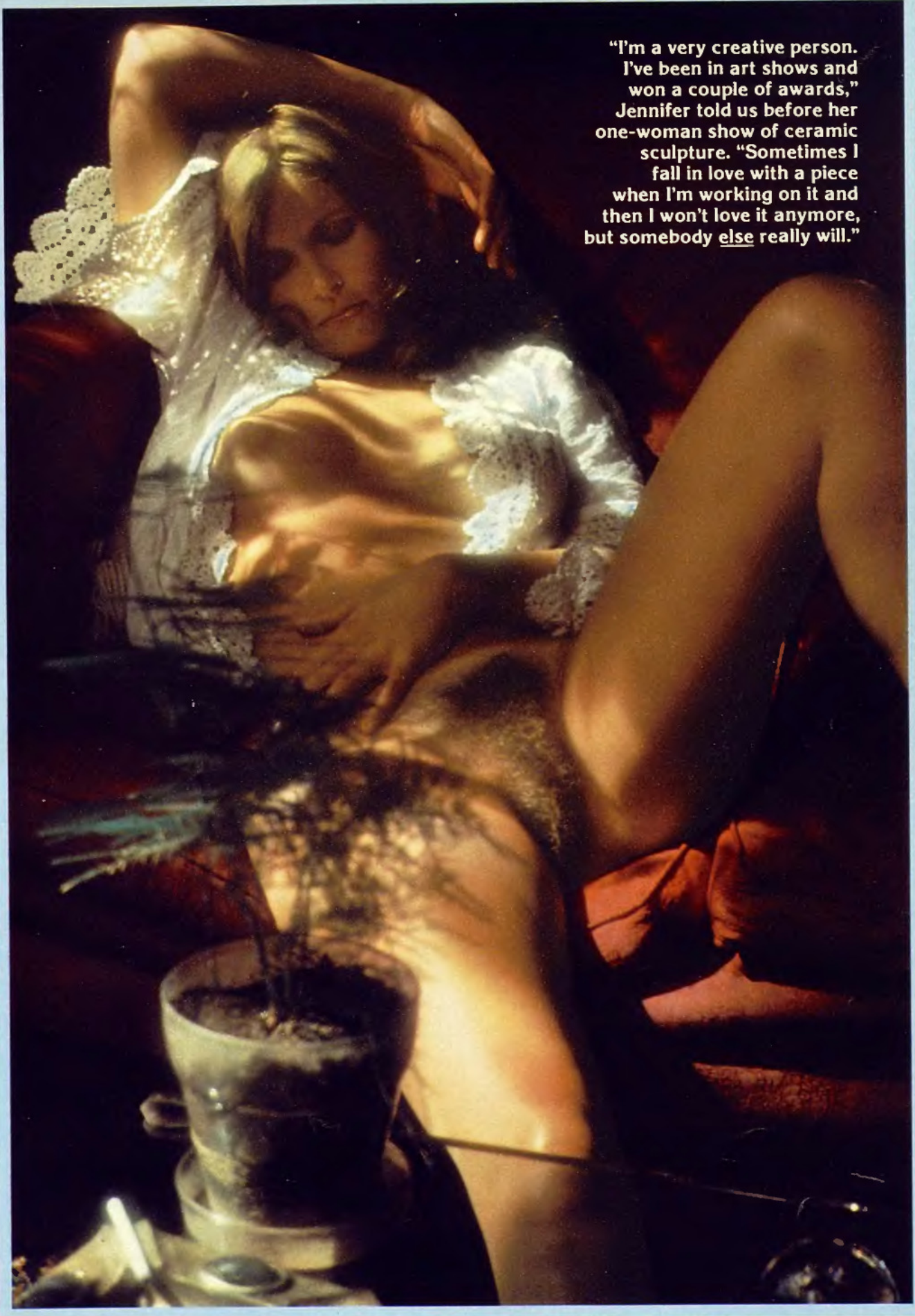




subject matter reflect the artist's inner person? "There are," she says with a hint of mystery, "a lot of people who don't admit that such a thing exists." Jennifer, a six-year veteran of the Phoenix Club (readers got an early view of her charms in our October feature "Bunnies of '76"), also admits to passions for creative cookery ("I gain ten pounds every Christmas") and sewing soft sculptures—she once did a life-size nude that was shown in a



gallery. How does an aspiring artist like Jennifer end up in the sunny Southwest? "It was just a fluke," she says. "I'd started out as a Bunny at Lake Geneva and felt I needed an adventure in my life. The artistic community in Phoenix is growing and there are lots of good artists in Arizona." Jennifer got her fine-arts degree from Arizona State after majoring in drawing, painting, water color and, finally, design. "Artists usually don't make it until they're 30," she says. "I'm just starting



"I'm a very creative person.
I've been in art shows and
won a couple of awards,"
Jennifer told us before her
one-woman show of ceramic
sculpture. "Sometimes I
fall in love with a piece
when I'm working on it and
then I won't love it anymore,
but somebody else really will."



out, but I sold quite a few pieces last winter. What I'd like to do," adds the 5'10½" sculptress, "is help take ceramics out of the crafts category and put it into fine arts." And although she is normally even-tempered, her blue eyes flash when she talks about the future. "I've always wanted to be a famous artist," she says firmly. "I don't care about financial success, but I'd like to have one paragraph about me in an art-history book." We'd bet that one picture of her would cause quite a stir.

"Give me something to do and
I just do it. I've always
wanted to be a famous artist."



HOWARD HUGHES

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"More than 30 Hughes wills were logged in . . . none with the stamp of approval of Hughes's Summa Corporation."

nearly two days, as bags of the world's most valuable confetti were manufactured and carted off. But even the diligent little machine couldn't swallow a decade of paper so quickly. It finally overheated and expired. Before the aides could decide what the next step was in ensuring the security they were conditioned to maintain, a group of Mexican lawmen showed up in the hotel lobby armed with a search warrant and asked one of the aides, who was stationed at the elevators, to take them to the penthouse. The aide stalled. He knew what was upstairs. But faced with the police, he had to do something. Finally, he called upstairs on the house phone, but the *federales* realized he was passing the message—in code—that the worst had happened, that the police were going to take over the Hughes suites. The authorities at that point dispensed with the formalities and rushed to the 20th floor and arrested three aides, Clarence Waldron, Eric Bundy and Clyde Crowe, on suspicion that one of them had forged Hughes's signature on his visa. That was just 40 hours after Hughes was reported to have died. On April ninth, the authorities photographed the suites and their contents. And on April tenth, they removed everything, including the files, to the police department. And the dam burst. The flood of information that comes out of the Mexican Files answers some very important questions. But for every one it answers, it raises ten more.

THE WILL

Evidently, Nadine believes the will she has is the true will.

—MEMO TO HOWARD HUGHES OUTLINING AN AIDE'S CONVERSATION WITH NADINE HENLEY

It was inevitable. Immediately after Hughes's death was reported, pranksters flooded the mails to the Las Vegas probate court with his "wills." Hughes was barely in the ground before the estate was involved in the battle of information and misinformation that had always plagued it during Hughes's lifetime. Most of the wills were immediately dismissed as not worthy of any serious attention. One, for example, left \$10,000,000 to Clifford Irving and \$5,000,000 to Edith Irving. Newspapers around the country enjoyed the fun, but Nevada officials cursed the duty of arriving at some approximation of the truth about Hughes's last order for the disposition of his multibillion-dollar estate.

The official stance was that the state was going to tolerate no nonsense concerning Hughes's will. Anyone caught adding to the state's troubles would be prosecuted. Privately, however, officials admitted that Howard Hughes was about to do to the American court system in death what he had done throughout his life: tie it up for years. "Lawyers who aren't even born yet are going to get rich off the fight over Hughes's estate," one of the more pessimistic court officials complained, seeing his 1976 Christmas holidays go up in smoke as even the preliminary proceedings dragged on into the new year.

The preliminary proceedings at that point were focused on the so-called Mormon will, so named because it mysteriously appeared at Mormon Church headquarters in Salt Lake City and left enormous sums to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormon Church). Among its many peculiarities was the fact that it named as a beneficiary one Melvin Dumar, a service-station operator in Utah. Dumar said that in the desert one wintry night he had picked up a man who claimed to be Howard Hughes. Dumar gave the man a quarter. The central problem with that will, which on the surface could have been dismissed along with the others, was that some of the world's leading handwriting experts wrote reports on it—some of them running to 40 and 50 pages—saying that it appeared to be Hughes's handwriting. Harold Rhoden, the attorney for its executor, Noah Dietrich, had an obligation to push it on through the courts to see if, indeed, it were the real Hughes will. (Dietrich was Hughes's top executive for 32 years, credited by some with virtually building Hughes's multibillion-dollar empire. He and Hughes had a falling out in 1957.) Recently, Dumar's thumbprint was found on the envelope in which the will was delivered, and Rhoden got him to admit that he had left the will at the Mormon Church. Dumar still maintains that he had nothing to do with forging the will and the handwriting experts still say it looks like Hughes's handwriting. But the will's chances are slim. Rhoden, who pilots his own airplane, made this analogy in a recent interview with us: "I get the feeling that I'm in an airplane and the wings have come off, the tail has come off, the cockpit is in flames and I'm two inches away from the ground—and I think I'm

in trouble. I haven't actually been hurt yet. But I do think it is, shall we say, imminent." So the Mormon will seems likely to go the way of all the others. And there are plenty of others.

By the end of 1976, more than 30 Hughes wills were logged in, oddly, none of them with the stamp of approval of Hughes's own Summa Corporation. Summa let word out that it was conducting a massive search for Hughes's will, employing investigators in several countries to comb through bank records. Internally, Summa employees would sift through the miles of paper and tons of belongings that had survived Hughes. Summa did not reveal the fact that Bill Gay, now the president of Summa—what insiders call the maximum leader or the prime minister—had secretly hired Peter Hurkos, a world-famous psychic who is employed by police departments around the world to help locate missing persons, to locate a Hughes will.

Among Hughes insiders, a wide variety of unlikely sounding rumors—which were taken seriously by many Hughes executives—was developing. Howard left his will in the possession of a man in Switzerland, one source said; Howard left his will in a safe-deposit box, another said. The box had two keyholders, Hughes (under an assumed name even Hughes executives didn't know) and a Hollywood actress who has never been publicly linked to Hughes. The actress and Hughes, the story went, had maintained a long, serious affair and had kept up communication even after Hughes went into hiding. So it goes.

Also odd was the fact that no will mentioned the normal things most wills mention. For example, Hughes must have had some personal effects. Didn't he have something—maybe a memento of his Flying Boat or his around-the-world flight—that he cared about?

In any case, the scramble was on and the stakes went far beyond his billions of dollars. They included control of all the records of Summa and Hughes activity going back to the Twenties. What if someone with no loyalty to the current Hughes regime were declared legal owner of Hughes's records and decided to track down where Hughes's money had gone over the years? When, some years ago, the IRS and Congress tried to investigate where Hughes's money was going, they admitted that it was one of the most confusing, demanding jobs they'd ever had, so circuitous and convoluted were the ways in which hundreds of millions of dollars were being moved, apparently in a deliberate attempt to baffle investigators. The question is, Why? What was going on that required that kind of secrecy? Was it just more Hughes paranoia? Possibly. But one

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SWEATING GOLD

AT THE TOP OF THE SPORTS MONEY MOUNTAIN, ALL THE SUPERSTARS ARE MILLIONAIRES. HERE'S PLAYBOY'S LIST OF THE MEN IN THE GOLDEN JOCKS

article **By JAY ROSENSTEIN**

FOR BETTER OR WORSE, the era of big-dollar sports contracts for superstars promises to continue. Football players are now free to play out their options without suffering from the inhibitions of the Rozelle rule; baseball players for the first time have the same rights because of an arbitrator's ruling; hence, sports clubs will be paying more money to keep or attract the top talent. Another certainty is the complicated, arcane input of lawyers and accountants working with clubs and players' agents to embellish contracts.

As everyone has learned, today's superstars are often paid more money in special deals than in straight salary. In Catfish Hunter's five-year contract with the New York Yankees, his \$150,000 annual salary represents only about one fourth of the money promised by the club. Deferred bonuses, salary and life insurance increased the package to over \$3,000,000. But agents disagree over the benefits of such a contract.

Some players' representatives, such as Irwin Weiner, negotiate for up-front money. As long as the maximum tax imposed by the IRS is only 50 percent, Weiner sees no reason for athletes in the top bracket to defer their money. Weiner, who represents top basketball (continued on page 112)



IT'S ROUGH OUT THERE

*gearing up for foul weather
and rugged going*

attire By DAVID PLATT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. FREDERICK SMITH / PRODUCED BY HOLLIS WAYNE



Now that's a hell of a way to treat a lady—taking off in a shiny zip-front jacket, by Beged-Or, about \$70; twill slacks, by Bob Stock for Crossroads, \$32.50; boat-neck sweater, by Courage for Eagle, \$25; plaid shirt, by Bravado for Aetna, \$17; and boots, by Verde Padded Boots, about \$38. (Her boudoirwear by Christian Dior and Kayser-Roth.)



She thinks he's dashing—and that's just what's on this chap's mind. Who's going to stop him in that Dacran polyester/cotton pull-over jacket with vertical stripe, by Peters Sportswear, about \$25; cotton canvas jeans, by Big Smith, about \$17; canvas belt, by New Man, \$15; and a pair of leather boots with raised heels and sales, by Italia Bootwear, about \$45.



It may be a rainy night in Georgia—or wherever Mr. Lucky, here, is—but he's definitely not going to end up all wet after slipping into a rubberized-cotton hooded rain poncho, by Al B. Arden for Valstar, about \$120; and a pair of leather work boots with rubber soles, by Roots Natural Footwear, \$46. (Her undies by Christian Dior and Kayser-Roth.)



Ah, the call of the open road! Or is there someone at the back door? Either way, this fellow's moving in a great-looking cotton poplin jacket, \$125, matching overalls, \$250, and a cotton madras shirt, \$35, all by Bert Pulitzer; plus a pair of rubber slip-on boots, by Ralph Lauren for Polo, about \$25. (Her camisole and panties by Lady Lynne Lingerie.)

SWEATING GOLD

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"Fifteen quality baseball players turned free agents in 1976; only one failed to sign at least a million-dollar contract."

talent such as Walt Frazier, Julius Erving and George McGinnis, argues against deferred compensation, because the team has the athlete's money. Hence, it earns no interest and depreciates in value.

Agent Ed Keating will take deferred money under two strict conditions: The club must be secure financially and the deferred money must earn compound interest to keep its value at the same dollar level or better. Keating became a celebrity of sorts when he negotiated the signing of Larry Csonka, Paul Warfield and Jim Kiick with the World Football League three years ago. He says it is a philosophical decision: "Do you accept an offer of \$150,000 now or a \$225,000 deal with \$125,000 of it deferred? Usually, I'll take the cash and work with it myself. That's the financial management we can offer a player."

One who believes in deferred compensation is Boston agent Bob Woolf. Of the more than 1000 contracts he has negotiated, he estimates that 50 percent involve deferred money. He assumes that inflation is figured into the market value of the contract. Moreover, he says, some clubs will compound interest for the player. Woolf worries most about turning large sums of money loose to the "get-rich-quick guys" who flock around susceptible athletes. For a client such as John Havlicek, who can chew gum and handle his own affairs, Woolf did not arrange for deferred compensation.

Loans are another part of the negotiation game. Athletes ask for loans from the club to make major investments or to embark on business ventures. Another purpose is to use the club's money to invest in tax-free bonds. An athlete in a high tax bracket can write off half of the six percent interest on a loan and invest the loan money at ten percent. He nets nearly seven percent from that arrangement.

Unlike loans, which benefit a player, offers that include an insurance policy are frowned upon by most agents. Says Woolf: "It's for the ego of an athlete so he can say he's got a \$1,000,000 contract. It's also good from the club's point of view, because insurance is in lieu of cash." Keating agrees: "There's nothing wrong with being paid cash. You can buy your own insurance."

BASEBALL

Nowhere was the skill of the agent, lawyer and accountant better tested in 1976 than in our so-called national pas-

time. The structure of professional baseball changed drastically, and the result was a harvest of plenty for those players in the right place at the right time.

Keep in mind that before the 1975 arbitration ruling—which gave pitcher Andy Messersmith and all other players the right to play out their options and then sign with any other team—the average baseball player's salary was \$48,000. Then consider that of the 15 quality players who became free agents in 1976, only one failed to sign (by a scant \$45,000) at least a million-dollar contract.

(Under an agreement between management and players, there will be one more round of free-agent bidding following the 1977 season for players who choose to let their current contracts lapse. After this year, only those players with at least six years' service will be able to play out their options.)

Thirteen of the 15 lucky free agents will have a greater annual salary than the player who two years earlier had singlehandedly set the standard for free agents, Catfish Hunter. But none of their contracts can match Hunter's in total benefits.

Jim Hunter. A free agent in 1974 because of a violated contract with the Oakland A's, Catfish signed a \$3,500,000 deal to pitch for five years with the New York Yankees. In addition to his \$150,000 annual salary, Hunter received \$1,000,000 as the face value of a life-insurance policy and a deferred bonus of \$1,750,000, to be spread over 15 years, beginning after the contract period ends in 1979.

The deferred payments limited Hunter's ready cash, so last year he filmed a fat-cheeked television commercial for Red Man chewing tobacco, for which he received a quick \$7500. Catfish says he actually needed the money. He also says he had to borrow \$50,000 from Planter's National Bank in Hertford, North Carolina, to pay his 1975 taxes. This is what one lawyer called a problem of "liquidity balance" in Hunter's contract. He over-extended himself with investments and ran out of spending money.

Reggie Jackson. The prime catch of the 1976 free agents, Jackson now joins his former A's teammate on the Yankees. The Yanks are paying the heavy hitter (91 R.B.I.s in 1976) \$2,900,000 for the rendezvous. Jackson will receive \$2,000,000 in salary over five years and a bonus of \$900,000—some of both deferred for up to ten years. Reggie passed up an extra

\$1,000,000 offered by the Montreal Expos in order to play for the Yankees. One reason: to be close to his other employer, ABC Sports, whom he serves as a commentator. Another reason: One company suggested naming a candy bar after him—the ultimate accolade in the land of the Baby Ruth—if he played in New York City. No doubt Jackson also expects to improve on the land deals and automobile franchises set up in his prior life on the West Coast.

Wayne Garland. Unaccustomed to this tax bracket, Garland is the first player to achieve superstar status *because* he played out his option. The Baltimore Orioles paid this surprising pitcher a mere \$23,000 to win 20 games last year. The Cleveland Indians thought he was worth \$2,150,000—they will pay him \$215,000 annually for ten years.

Joe Rudi. The California Angels' star left fielder signed for five years for \$2,090,000. He'll receive a salary of \$200,000 for each of the first three years, then \$240,000 for the fourth and \$250,000 for the fifth. The Angels also gave him a \$1,000,000 bonus.

Gary Matthews. Agent Ed Keating chose deferred compensation with compound interest in negotiating the deal for outfielder Matthews with the Atlanta Braves. Matthews will be paid only (only?) \$100,000 a year for five years, but he also receives a \$125,000 bonus; a \$250,000 investment account; \$200,000 to pay Keating; an off-season job for five years at \$50,000 a year; and, after Matthews retires, he gets deferred payments of \$450,000, compounded quarterly at five-percent interest, payable over 15 years. With the interest protecting Matthews' flank against inflation, his package will be worth more than \$2,000,000.

Tom Seaver. Although the New York Mets' star pitcher doesn't have the million-dollar package of the 15 leading free agents, he has the distinction of being baseball's highest paid player who was not a free agent. Seaver opted to sign again with the New York Mets rather than play out his option in 1976. He has a three-year contract at a base salary of \$230,000 a year, with several incentive clauses, such as an extra \$5000 for each pitching start after he reaches 19 wins in a season. A poor year can diminish the value of the contract.

FOOTBALL

Professional football, with 43-man teams, has a history of low-paid players. But millions of dollars in television money and short-lived league rivalries changed all that, raising the average 1976 salary in the N.F.L. to \$42,000. Now, the opportunity to play out an option (without having to worry about market-deflating compensation rules) has given

(continued on page 238)



"Well, for once I didn't surprise you in bed."



fiction By JUDITH JOHNSON SHERWIN

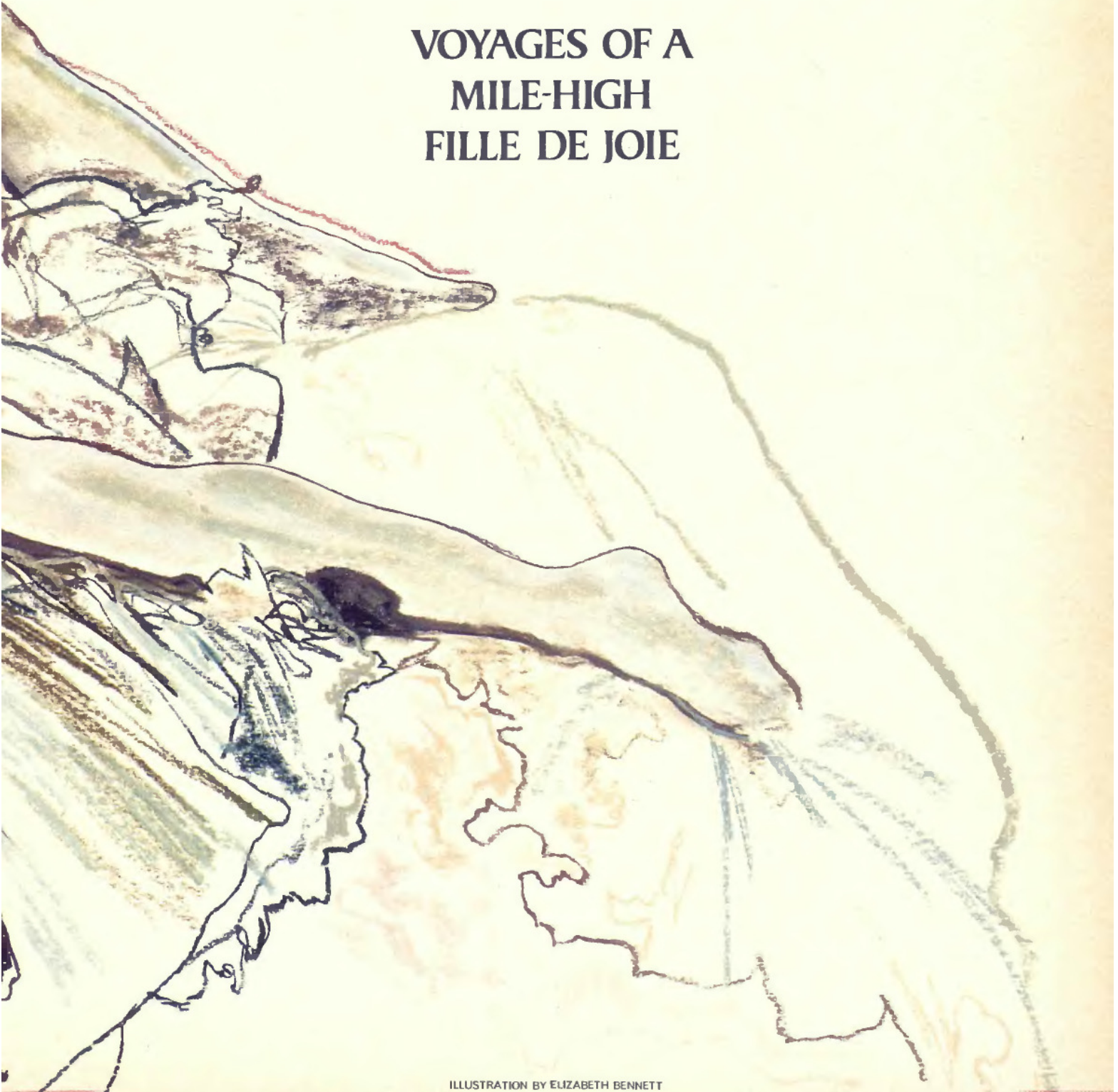
CAN A WOMAN a little less than a mile high find happiness with a little white mouse? Over and over again, through all the changes of season, I have asked myself that question. And each day, and each year, and each new region of the earth's anatomy gives a different answer.

When he first was brought under my father's roof, after having been washed ashore in the detritus of some picayune

maritime disaster, no more than two inches high and quivering with such terror as only the most delicate of ivory dolls might know, I thought him as pretty a toy as a young girl could ask. No other child of my acquaintance could boast of having an entire miniature man of her own, alive, to play dollhouse with. Such a perfect little ivory treasure he was, with his torn velvet knee *(continued on page 210)*

he scaled our giant nipples and explored our nether worlds until he drooped and could no longer submit to our loving bondage

VOYAGES OF A
MILE-HIGH
FILLE DE JOIE





*april's lisa sohm wants
very much to be someone.
she's got a helluva start*

AMBITIOUS MISS



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

If you've been reading *PLAYBOY* regularly like a good fellow, then you already know Lisa Sohm. In February, she appeared in our *Playmate Preview* pictorial, which gave an early look at some of the girls in contention for Playmatehood. That she made it comes as no surprise to us—Lisa's a very, very ambitious young lady. She wants to be a fashion model, a *high-fashion* model, a desire probably fostered by her mother, who herself was a professional model and fashion coordinator employed by several modeling schools. Just to give you an idea of Lisa's goal—when we asked her who in the whole world she admired most, her answer was Lauren Hutton. Already a familiar face in San Diego, where she's done some local commercials, Lisa just moved to the Big Apple, the big time as far as professional modeling goes. "It's exhilarating to be





"I've wanted to be a Playmate for a couple of years," says Lisa. "I adore this kind of modeling because I feel good about my body."

in New York," she says. "Why? Because it's the most exciting place in the world. You can feel it in the air, in the pace, in the people. It is New York, you know?" Sounds a bit like *Miss Deeds Goes to Town*, doesn't it? But Lisa's no stranger to Gotham—she's already modeled in New York and London, two trips that gave rise to another of Lisa's abiding passions—travel. One of her aims is to make enough money to travel. "I'm not going to spend it all on clothes or this and that," she says. "I'm going to invest in land and maybe go on an African safari or bum around Europe." These are not idle pipe dreams, either—Lisa's no dreamer. By her own admission, she's levelheaded, strong, ambitious and independent. So independent, in fact, that there's no man in her life at the moment. She just doesn't have the time. "My career comes first," she says. "I'm independent and want to stay that way for a while. Sooner or later, I'll need a close relationship with a man who's ambitious, someone I can depend on and share things with. If the right man comes along—fine. But I'm not actively searching for one at present." Guess we'll just have to take a rain check.



*"I'm always running around
the house nude and I love
to make love in unusual
places, mostly outdoors.
If it happens, it just
happens. You know."*









"Something I read somewhere really says what I truly feel about love and sex: 'Trying to bring pleasure to someone because of the pleasure you feel in that person's pleasure is perhaps the most beautiful demonstration of love.'"





MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Lisa Johnson



*"I really dig making
love in a Jacuzzi,"
says Lisa. "It's a
terrific sensation—
all that bubbly water
cascading over
your body."*

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

From the outset, the blind date was a fiasco and it was intensified by the fact that the fellow was too insensitive and ego-ridden to realize it. The moment of truth came in the supper club as he clutched the girl's thigh and whispered, "Baby, how's about our cutting out to my pad so I can slip you nine inches?"

There was a moment of silence, and then the girl said, "You know, I really don't think you could get it up three times in a row."

Perhaps you've heard about the loner who gave up his solitary vice for Lent—except, of course, on Palm Sunday.



A rural couple had made sacrifices to save money to send their only son to college. Once there, he began to grow long sideburns, a mustache and a goatee. When his hirsute adornments were luxuriant enough to satisfy him, he had his photograph taken and mailed it home with a note that read: "Fascinating, no? Don't I perhaps look like a count?"

"You stupid kid!" his father wrote back. "Here we are, spending a fortune on your education, and you can't even spell!"

*Sighed the queen to a sheep-tending vassal,
Ere she sneaked her way back to the castle:
"Both my mouth and my quim
Will perform at your whim;
And, besides, handsome vassal, my ass'll!"*

Two kinky types were comparing notes. "What's up?" asked one. "I haven't seen you lurking around the playground lately."

"Oh, I've been spending my time in one of the parks across town," was the grinning reply, "where there's the most delightful little girl!"

"What age?" breathed the first.

"She's seven," leered the other, "but she has the body of a five-year-old!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *semen* as knock-up drops.

My attorney has set up an ironclad marital financial arrangement for me," bragged a woman at the bridge session. "My old fool of a husband can't dispose of his money without my consent, and when he dies, I'll get it all under his last will and testicles."

"You mean testament, don't you?" asked her partner.

"No, I mean testicles," laughed the woman. "Even when he's dead, I'll still have the old guy by the balls!"

Several fathers were talking about their kids and one of them said, "I've got five sons—enough for a basketball team."

"I've got six boys myself," another boasted. "They could make a hockey team."

"Nine here, all boys," said a third. "A baseball team."

They all turned to the little fellow who had been sitting quietly in a corner. "How many children do you have?" asked one.

"Eighteen daughters," the man replied. "A golf course."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sound of an orgy* as the din of iniquity.

*An eccentric old bag named Revere
Had tattoos that were mostly unclear.
When she chose, though, to spread,
There was one such that said,
"In his cups, guys, old Kilroy was here!"*

You've grown some, Cousin Kitty," mused the youth at the family reunion, "and they sure look nice!"

A cannibal complained to a colleague that he had had a bad case of indigestion after eating a Franciscan missionary. "How did you cook him?" asked the second cannibal.

"I boiled him."

"That was your mistake. You should never boil Franciscans. They're friars."



During the young man's first day at the nudist camp, he suddenly found himself sporting an erection. Thinking quickly, he grabbed a banana peel from a nearby trash basket, sheathed the fractious organ and stood there as if nothing had happened as a well-endowed young lady camper bounced toward him. "Hey, there, stud," smiled the girl as she noticed his predicament, "would you like to put that thing in a split?"

"I'll have sex with you," the new waitress told the tavern proprietor, "only if you'll guarantee that lights will flash and bells will ring!"

So he screwed her on top of the pinball machine.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



*"Can't you get it through your heads?
That part of my life is over!"*

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 92)

pull up on my case if I thought it would affect them guys. But because I get executed, they're not going to get executed. They're going to meet whatever fate awaits them. I attempted suicide twice. How much do I owe 'em?

PLAYBOY: If you had the other condemned men in mind when you attempted suicide, that's very noble. But don't you think you've compromised your wish to die "with dignity and grace" by trying to sneak out softly on drugs?

GILMORE: That's a possibility. But also, I was anxious to get it over. You know I'm an impatient guy. I'm impatient about this, too. I don't like layin' around in here till the 17th, and I thought that if I did commit suicide, then all these other death-row guys that are cryin' about, screamin' about, them bein' killed because I'm bein' killed, they wouldn't have anything to talk about.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you made your executioners feel they're just collaborating in your suicide?

GILMORE: I don't really care what they feel. I haven't made them feel anything. They can feel what they want. When they get done, they can go drink some beer and talk about it.

PLAYBOY: You don't give a shit.

GILMORE: Man, how could I? They can drink beer and talk about it and then go deer hunting next season and shoot something else.

PLAYBOY: So you do feel there's a big distinction between you and the other condemned men.

GILMORE: It's pretty obvious, isn't it? I accept the sentence. I figure if a sucker don't wanna get himself capital punished, he shouldn't get the death penalty put on him. I mean, any damn fool that's stupid enough to get sentenced to death, what the hell's he got to snivel about afterward? I'd like to put out this open letter and maybe plan some kind of legal counterattack against these assholes.

PLAYBOY: Why are they assholes just because they want to stay alive and beat the cases against them?

GILMORE: Because they're buttin' in on my life. I mean, I did kill those two guys, and what the hell, was anybody bein' unfair to me, the judge, society or anybody else? No. And now the people that're tryin' to stop it are buttin' in on my life, and they have no right to do that. I think it's a sin to butt in on somebody's life.

PLAYBOY: Coming from you, that's an odd statement. Didn't you butt in on Jensen and Bushnell?

GILMORE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: You say you accept your sentence, but you seem to deny that it's just, maybe because you refuse to show contrition. In all your statements and

remarks, we detect no hint of remorse that you took two men's lives away from them and their families. Why?

GILMORE: Because it's a private and personal thing. I'm not saying I don't feel bad about it, but I ain't gonna tell you how bad I feel about it, and I ain't gonna ask you to forgive me, and I ain't gonna ask the priest, either. It's something I'm willing to give my life for, and I'm willing to meet whatever consequences or whatever is coming to me for it.

PLAYBOY: By that answer, you indicate that there really is remorse.

GILMORE: Man, I know what I did and I know it was wrong and unreasonable and totally senseless.

PLAYBOY: You're sorry—but it's personal. Is refusing to say you're sorry in public some kind of point of pride?

GILMORE: No. It's a personal thing, goddamn it.

*"[My executioners]
can drink beer and
then go deer hunting
next season and shoot
something else."*

PLAYBOY: You're saying now that the killings were wrong, unreasonable, senseless. But not long ago, you said, "If you kill somebody and get away with it, that's cool." Did you mean that?

GILMORE: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Well, if you hadn't shot yourself in the hand and been caught for those killings, do you think they would have stayed cool in your mind?

GILMORE: I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't it have bothered you to realize what you'd done?

GILMORE: It did bother me. But I could've, ah, well, I w-wouldn't have turned myself in or anything.

PLAYBOY: Maybe we don't understand what you mean by cool.

GILMORE: Lookit, if you do something wrong, you're supposed to try to get away with it. And if you do get away with it, that's cool.

PLAYBOY: What's cool? You just finished saying that the killings bothered you.

GILMORE: Ahhh, man, Jeess, I don't mean that you've done something real cool by murdering somebody. I don't mean cool like Fonzie's cool. But if you do it, man, try to get away with it. I think in any frame of reference, if you do something wrong I think you, ah, you know, expect

y-yourself to try to get away with it.

PLAYBOY: Somehow we get the feeling that your last thought before the bullets strike will be, "I got away with it!" Maybe capital punishment for you is the ultimate escape. The eternal recidivist won't be going back to jail.

GILMORE: Yeah, that's one way of lookin' at it.

PLAYBOY: If you'd merely robbed Jensen and Bushnell, instead of killing them, you'd be looking at another ten or twenty years. That's a fate worse than death in your terms, isn't it?

GILMORE: Lookit, man, I told you that robbing them didn't have anything to do with it. We're creatures of habit, and my habit was to do things like that. I don't like what I did. I thought about it, I-I, I've realized that eventually somehow it'd come back to me, maybe not in this life but sometime. You always meet yourself. And I figured, well, when the time comes, I'll just accept it.

PLAYBOY: Accept what? Meeting Jensen and Bushnell in the next life?

GILMORE: If that happens, I'll just—well, they got a right to be mad. I'm not gonna, ah, run from them. I'm . . . they got a right to be goddamn mad. I mean, you can't escape from some things. You can't escape from anything, really.

PLAYBOY: At your trial, the prosecutor said you had learned one lesson from your last armed-robbery conviction in Oregon: Don't leave any witnesses.

GILMORE: That's his thing for the jury. That's his words to the jury. That's the way he tries to impress them.

PLAYBOY: Was getting rid of the witnesses part of the motive?

GILMORE: Man, they didn't know me. They would've been able to give a description of me, but I've robbed people before and got away with it.

PLAYBOY: Oh? When?

GILMORE: When I was out on escape in '72, I did a couple of things.

PLAYBOY: Not big enough to travel very far on, apparently.

GILMORE: Well, I got \$18,000 from a Safeway store once, when I was 18.

PLAYBOY: Have you scored anywhere near that since?

GILMORE: No.

PLAYBOY: So you were a better robber as a kid than you've been as a man.

GILMORE: Yeah, I was a more successful thief then.

PLAYBOY: So the prosecutor was off course, as you'd say.

GILMORE: Completely.

PLAYBOY: Gibbs says you told him that the idea of killing Jensen came to you because you were with April, and by involving her in a murder, you'd have something to hold over Nicole.

GILMORE: Gibbs said that?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

(continued on page 174)

THE HITE REPORT: WHAT DO WOMEN REALLY WANT?

playboy and the author of the traumatizing best seller
talk about female orgasm — the fantasy and the facts

article By BARBARA NELLIS "I MASTURBATE with my fingers on my clitoris, and other fingers pinching, pulling, scratching across the surface of my nipples. It is necessary to maintain moisture on the clitoris. Sometimes I rub up and down, sometimes in circles. And my legs are sometimes together and sometimes apart. It is especially exciting to hold my hand still and get the friction by movement of the body against the stationary finger. I also like to see and feel my breasts in motion. Usually I stand in front of a full-length mirror."

•
"I prefer to wear blue jeans that are so tight the seam presses against the tip of the clitoris. Otherwise, I use my fingers to provide gentle press-release pressure to the top of the



clitoris. My legs are usually together and I move very little. I can even do it in public without being observed."

"Orgasm is a feeling of warmth, first, all over me. In fact, my general mood and the atmosphere around me before sexual activity begins are a great part of the build-up of this warm or excited feeling. After the general warmth comes tension in my legs—particularly my thighs—my abdomen and, of course, my breasts and genitals. My clitoris feels very tingly. I feel very strong just before orgasm and my insides seem to be alive and powerful. The moistness, heat and strength are all very satisfying. Sometimes my buttocks and pelvis feel the need to be very frenzied and move a lot, and sometimes I feel more like pushing strongly against something with my pelvis and legs. The orgasm itself reminds me of a dam breaking. I can feel contractions inside me and a very liquid sensation. The best part is the continuing waves of build-up and release during multiple orgasms."

"Massages like licking and sucking are great because they involve a constant breaking of contact, which keeps the sensation from being too monotonous. Every time the tongue touches, it is a new and pleasurable sensation, which eventually leads to orgasm. Any great change in position would be distracting, but the slight breaks and expectations are exciting."

Those quotes, all first-person accounts of sexual behavior, make up the heart of *The Hite Report*, Shere Hite's nationwide study of female sexuality. The book found its way onto most best-seller lists and Hite has been interviewed, reviewed and in some cases dismissed by just about everyone in the media. Why all the fuss? We've had the Kinsey Report, three books by Masters and Johnson, two by Alex Comfort and Morton Hunt's survey of sex in the Seventies. The topic has been strip-mined. So what, exactly, does *The Hite Report* have to offer that the others don't?

Kinsey gave us statistics. Masters and Johnson came along and gave us a working model of the efficient lovemaker—the person who has orgasms during intercourse. Alex Comfort provided us with customizing hints—how to do it differently. And Morton Hunt did an update, trying to compare old data with the changing times.

Hite does not really believe in statistics or norms. Her book consists of the subjective accounts of more than 3000 women. The *Report* is a confessional wherein the reader learns the dark secrets of female sexuality, those things that partners seldom tell each other. Men who

read the study are astonished at the diversity of sexual response. No two women are alike, no one is average and, in sex, nothing is normal.

Hite's most revolutionary contribution to sex study is her redefinition of orgasm. She treats the term as a verb, active, not passive. The man does not give the woman her orgasm: It is something she works toward herself. And once she accepts the responsibility, it becomes clear that intercourse as we know it is not the most efficient way to achieve it. Hite's study shows that only 30 percent of the women interviewed have orgasms regularly during intercourse. Laying siege to the sacredness of intercourse is an act just this side of inciting riot. Critics attacked the findings of *The Hite Report*, charging that the sample was biased, that the kind of woman who is so obsessed with the quality of her orgasms that she would take the time to answer a 57-item questionnaire on the topic has to be unusual and/or weird. The *Report* is biased and that may be its strength. The women who answered the questionnaire were articulate and outspoken. Their answers may seem to be on the fringe, but that fringe might be lying next to you in bed. We don't get our partners from central casting. A record of anyone's relationships would be biased and eccentric. One woman confessed that she had to relearn how to orgasm with each new partner. That exemplifies Hite's notion of sex—there is no single model, there is only what happens between partners.

To get to the source of all this controversy, we decided to interview the author. We started with the statistic that has drawn the most fire—that 30 percent figure. The women hadn't said that they didn't enjoy intercourse, mind you. But it made men suspicious, anyway. Men have learned (or come to accept) that a woman's pleasure is, or should be, an important part of sexual contact. Why do women still have so much trouble having orgasms during intercourse?

HITE: The assumption is faulty because intercourse per se does not provide enough clitoral stimulation for most women to orgasm. Women *can* orgasm during intercourse by simultaneous manual stimulation of the clitoris if they want, but the problem here has always been the idea that men should be able to give women orgasms—that women must be provided for here as everywhere else. And increased knowledge about clitoral stimulation has meant, in most cases, just another area men are supposed to attend to. My study shows an interesting statistic: Ninety-five percent of the women who did masturbate said they always, or almost always, orgasm from it. But masturbation makes them feel guilty. Most of the respondents still see masturbation as

secondary sex—what you do when you're alone or when your intercourse hasn't been satisfactory. Although 70 percent of the respondents do not orgasm from intercourse, they *prefer* it to masturbation because of the closeness, the intimacy that goes along with sharing sex with another person. Now if women could stimulate themselves manually during intercourse—which does not mean excluding men from participation—they would be able to have all the things they like about intercourse and achieve orgasm. Another point: When women felate men, it is rare that either party takes offense when the man reaches in to guide the woman, to show her the best spots or the best rhythms. Why should the same behavior by the female partner cause such suspicion? Most women don't go to pieces when men touch themselves.

NELLIS: Do the women in the study blame themselves or their partners for the anger and disappointment they feel about their sex lives?

HITE: There were different feelings expressed. One kind said sex is OK but I'm not. A small group—made up for the most part of women in the movement—was critical of men or society. Another group blamed men, but in a different way. These women said if men could go longer during intercourse, women would orgasm. But they didn't say what longer was. Still another group said that duration wasn't important as much as the quality of the contact during intercourse. NELLIS: What do these responses tell you about how women see themselves as sexual beings?

HITE: It says to me that women are trying to fit into an archaic model of sex. They have an idea that their sex lives should resemble the sex discussed by the media, by men and by other women. The definition of sex is intercourse. This is very damaging to both men and women and doesn't leave a lot of room for creativity, or experimentation, or alternative forms of sexual satisfaction. And if men and women see intercourse as the only *real* sex, it means that no matter how satisfying or how interesting anything else they do together is, it's all foreplay without intercourse. I'm suggesting we call sex something else and it should include everything from kissing to sitting close together. Whatever someone feels is physical contact.

NELLIS: Your sample has been criticized for not being representative of the general population. Who, exactly, are the women who responded to the questionnaire?

HITE: I have repeatedly said that the work was never intended as a survey, therefore criticisms of the "sample" seem beside the point to me. I *did* make a big effort to get the questionnaire widely

(concluded on page 136)

"CARTE BLANCHE"

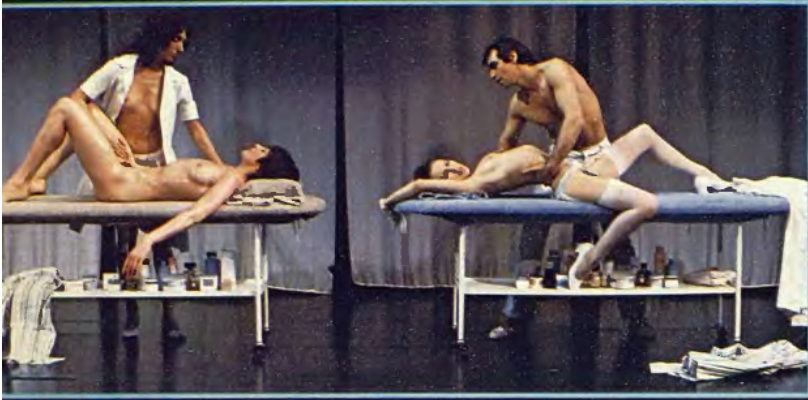
From the people who brought you the let-it-all-hang-out
"oh! calcutta!"—a show that lets it all hang out even further

Kenneth (*Oh! Calcutta!*) Tynan has done it again: put together a ballet-in-the-buff extravaganza called *Carte Blanche*. This one, which opened last fall at London's Phoenix Theater, is likely to follow its predecessor on the showboat to America. (For Tynan's comments on the production, see *Theater* in *Playboy After Hours*.)



The goings on in *Carte Blanche* include *Serpent* (left), a *ménage à trois au naturel*; *Alice in Wonderland* (below left), the tale of an all-American girl whose puritanical beau eschews oral sex until everyone and his dog, literally, has done it to her; and *Masks*, the glittering opener featuring the show's entire cast.





In *Mr. and Mrs. Emberry* (top left), a couple's marriage is, rather mysteriously, saved by a pair of house-calling masseuses; *Rochester's Revels* (above) showcases an earl (of Rochester, naturally) as a period piece who amuses himself with a fable on that hardy topic, who has the biggest cock? *Bike Bang's* quintet (left) gets it off on motorcycles.





An old lady and a young one switch identities through a process of putting on and taking off (clothes, wigs, teeth) in *Double Act* (top right). *Afternoon* (right) is an undraped pas de deux, and the finale (below) brings all the Carte Blanche performers back on stage at the Phoenix, where the show understandably is pocking 'em in.



HITE REPORT

(continued from page 132)

"The sexual revolution is overrated. A lot of older people are having good sex because they've had more experience."

distributed. I put notices in a lot of diverse places—church bulletins, the N.O.W. newsletter, university women's groups, older-women's groups, *Brides* magazine, *The Village Voice*, *Ms.*, *Made-moiselle*, and the full questionnaire ran in *Oui* magazine. I received answers from 3019 women. They came from all age groups, geographical backgrounds, religions and occupations.

NELLIS: Did you get different responses from, say, the readers of *Brides* and the readers of the N.O.W. newsletter?

HITE: Yes and no. The greatest difference was between a group of radical lesbians and the female readers of *Oui* magazine. But for the most part, the information about how women come to orgasm physically and how they feel about their bodies was similar. The difference was in how the women felt about their feelings. Lower-class women were still more bound by stereotypes, as were the women who hadn't been involved in the women's movement. Women who had been exposed to the women's movement were blaming *themselves* less for their sexual problems, although many of them felt that they were unusual because they needed clitoral stimulation.

NELLIS: How did you get involved in this study in the first place?

HITE: I got interested in the women's movement in 1971, about the time that Masters and Johnson's second book, *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, came out. I spent a lot of time with feminists debating that book. Did it reflect our sexual experiences? A lot of it didn't. So I began to distribute the first version of the questionnaire. I wound up with four versions, because I kept improving the questions based on the kinds of answers I was getting from the women. Those answers were so interesting and so exciting that I began to be convinced that I should do a book and get the information out to as many people as possible.

NELLIS: Did you find that media coverage of sexual research had any effect on what women seemed to know about themselves or one another?

HITE: Masters and Johnson uncovered one important piece of information that got a lot of press. Women need clitoral stimulation to orgasm. But they said that women should be able to get enough indirect clitoral stimulation from thrusting during intercourse to achieve orgasm. Further, Masters and Johnson very carefully chose for their original sample only those women with a history

of orgasms from intercourse, and then generalized from this small sample to the rest of the population. In fact, no one before my study had ever asked women directly whether or not they orgasm from intercourse. And my study shows that most women don't.

NELLIS: Do you think of your study as a good way to disseminate information to the general public? After all, we seem to have had a deluge of information in the past ten years, some of it useful but some of it faulty, and some of it deliberately incendiary.

HITE: But that's the whole point. There has been a deluge, but there hasn't been much real information. Sex has been described graphically, like a game plan or a series of events. That implies that there is a mechanical process for people to follow and any interruption results in problems. Many of the women in my study report that they feel something called vaginal ache—the need to be filled, the desire for penetration. Many of the same women describe the moment of penetration as thrilling and extremely important to them. So the fear that learning about how women orgasm from women themselves will somehow destroy sexual relations between the sexes is a myth and has been emphasized in those negative reviews my study has received.

NELLIS: Speaking of myths, can you give us an example of the type that the study has destroyed?

HITE: It turns out that a number of women get still or rigid during actual orgasm. They don't thrash around wildly, for the most part. Men usually think if a woman gets still, what he's doing isn't working, so he goes on to something else at what just might be the crucial moment. If a woman doesn't feel free to say, "Keep doing what you're already doing," which most women don't, she loses her moment.

NELLIS: Do you think younger people, who seem more at ease talking about sex, are having better sex than middle-aged or older people?

HITE: I think the sexual revolution is overrated. A lot of older people are having good sex because they've had more experience. Also, some older men are slower, which is good for women, and often older men connect sex with feelings more often than younger men do.

NELLIS: How does this fit into the statistics about the 30 percent of the women in your study who orgasm from intercourse?

HITE: I don't think that the 30 percent

represents women who are somehow anatomically or emotionally different. I think those women were able to be more assertive about getting what they need and most of them were getting direct clitoral stimulation during intercourse, usually through contact with the man's pubic area.

NELLIS: What about the women who report that they don't orgasm at all?

HITE: Sex therapists generally agree that the best way for women who aren't orgasmic to learn is to masturbate. A vibrator can be a good aid. But women who can't orgasm from masturbation may have some very real problems about touching themselves or allowing themselves to have pleasure. The study showed that those women feel very bad about it but don't feel they can discuss it with anyone. The trouble with most sex therapy is that often its goal is to teach women how to orgasm during intercourse, a goal that often is never reached. They should be teaching women how to get comfortable with masturbation and clitoral stimulation.

NELLIS: One reoccurring criticism of your research has been to link the low statistics of orgasm during intercourse and the high statistics of orgasm during masturbation to a pro-lesbian position on your part. Are you trying to tell women that they will have better sex alone or with other women than with men?

HITE: There are a whole lot of points to make on this subject. In essence, the book is arguing for a genderless definition of sex in physical relations, and for sex that wouldn't always be genital but would be physical. But the men who have taken the absence of orgasm in women to mean that women don't like intercourse are absolutely wrong. Women are looking for an equal role in sex. And they define a lot of physical activity as sexual—like holding, kissing, cuddling, fondling, and so on. Yelling lesbian has happened before. Men have often defined the desire for change by women as a form of rejection. Not so.

NELLIS: How can women bring about the right atmosphere for the kind of sexual attention they want?

HITE: I hope that the information in my *Report* will become part of a general conversation on the meaning of sex in our society—which will lead to losing the definition of sex as we now know it and creating a more individual and humane spectrum of possibilities. Then people wouldn't automatically go to bed with the old definitions or the old expectations. The communication would take place before embarking on sex. Then women wouldn't have to stand up in the middle of things and say, "Wait a minute!"





"You're the high priest . . . are they angry or what?"



MY WEEKEND OF FLASHY ORGASMS

article

By **DAN GREENBURG**

on a visit to sandstone, our fearless investigator is rubbed the right way

IN HAITI, by day or by night, I could never escape the sound of voodoo drums. At Sandstone, by day or by night, I could never escape the sound of people having flashy orgasms. Having been to both places and heard both sounds, I am here to tell you that the drums were neither as prevalent nor as noisy as the orgasms.

Sandstone, in case you hadn't heard, was an idyllic mountaintop retreat in Topanga, California, just north of Los Angeles, where few, if any, clothes were worn, where neither sexual nor toilet functions went on behind closed doors (primarily because at Sandstone there *weren't* many doors, closed or otherwise) and where it was thought a fine thing to have one close Primary sexual relationship and several what they called Satellite ones. (Despite its dearth of doors,



Sandstone just closed, possibly forever.)

I had planned at this point to tell you how the nasty old editors at PLAYBOY, knowing how shy I am, dragged me kicking and screaming to the gates of Sandstone and threw me inside. It would have been a blue-eyed, bald-faced lie. As a matter of fact, I think it's high time I made a confession to you: Every article I've written in these pages in which I have personally investigated some area of tacky sex, such as going to an orgy or answering kinky sex ads has been not, as I've suggested, the fiendish scheme of sadistic editors but an idea thought up by your correspondent himself. I just thought you ought to know that.

Oh, the shyness and the fright I described in those articles were absolutely genuine; you needn't worry about that. But I did feel it was time I dropped the pretense that researching such stories is a job akin to mining anthracite.

Very well, then. With this new bond of frankness and trust between us, perhaps we are better equipped to share an adventure as intimate as Sandstone.

As our story opens, we find shy but eager Greenburg arriving at Sandstone late on the afternoon of Friday, July 2, 1976, after a scenic but chilling drive through tricky mountain passes, for a weekend of patriotic Bicentennial fun. With me in the car is an equally shy, if not as eager Primary whom I shall call Judy, largely because that is her name. Judy has made it abundantly clear to me that she intends neither to bed down with anyone at Sandstone but this reporter nor to wear anything scantier than a bikini, yet, should it become absolutely necessary, she stands willing to observe others doing whatever they feel they must.

We park the car and walk up the hill from the parking lot to the main building, where we are to be interviewed to determine our suitability as Sandstone guests. As our story progresses and you begin to get an idea of how intimate people get with each other at Sandstone, you will perhaps see the wisdom of any process designed to weed out, say, advanced ringworm cases and necrophiliacs.

In the courtyard of the main building is a pond filled with rocks and moss and giant Japanese goldfish. A plashing fountain in the pond provides the only audible sound so far. Beyond the main building can be seen the Pacific Ocean, covered with a layer of cottony clouds. Sandstone is well above the clouds.

We enter the main building and find ourselves in a large living room with a high ceiling, several sofa seating areas, a fireplace and sliding glass doors that open onto an elevated deck. Stained-glass windows adjoining the sliding glass doors prove upon close examination to be il-

lustrations of couples in the most popular coital positions interspersed with idealized close-ups of the male and female sex organs.

A clothed gentleman and a naked woman with pendulous breasts beckon us to sit down, share a glass of fruit juice and fill out entry forms. As Judy and I are drinking our fruit juice and filling out our forms, we see another couple enter, greet the clothed man and the naked woman and also begin filling out forms. Although the two appear quite intimate, the gentleman misspells his Primary's name on her entry card.

At length, Judy and I are ushered into a small office adjoining the living room. Our interviewer is a darkly attractive and petite young woman named Pam, who used to be assistant *couture* buyer at Saks Fifth Avenue and who is now manager of the Sandstone Club, which is Sandstone's social section. The other two parts of Sandstone are the Community—the resident "family" of about two-dozen staff members—and the Center, which is the educational division of Sandstone and which sponsors seminars and workshops with such bouncy titles as "Open Relationships, Advanced," "Bioenergy for Fun and Prophet," "Fear of Rejection," "Being Bisexual," "Massage for Lovers and Friends," "Developing Chutzpah: Assertiveness Training" and "Pathways to Sensuality," in which "alternate styles of tumescing are demonstrated."

In the interview, we learn that Sandstone was founded in 1967 by engineer John Williamson and his wife, Barbara, was closed and reopened a couple of times, following a massive forest fire in 1970 and a gigantic legal battle with the Los Angeles Board of Supervisors, who couldn't bear the thought of all those naked folks up there having so much fun together. Sandstone was finally taken over in 1973 by Paul Paige, an attractive young marriage counselor, Gestalt therapist and ex-Marine. For the next three years, Sandstone enjoyed legal and financial health. It attracted an impressive number of physicians, psychologists, professors and horny people, including *Joy of Sex* author Dr. Alex Comfort, writer Gay Talese, TV personality Orson Bean and former *New York Times* cultural editor Max Lerner.

Pam warns us that the following are *verboten* at Sandstone: booze, illegal drugs, children under 18, pets and hostile or abusive behavior. Fortunately, we have brought none of these in with us, with the possible exception of a smallish flask filled with, I forget now, either vodka, gerbils or sarcasm. Pam further warns us of some of the outdoor dangers at Sandstone—rattlesnakes and tarantulas—but it's the indoor ones that I personally find more threatening, like blundering into

breaches of sexual protocol or encountering ensemble sexual rejection.

Pam says that although sexual activity can and does take place in any part of Sandstone, most of it is centered in the two rooms on the main building's lower floor: The Playroom is an immense room lined with king-sized mattresses and water beds—couples interested in one-on-one sex predominate in the Playroom. Those with a penchant for multiple couplings tend to hang out more in the smaller, split-leveled Ballroom next door.

If we should find ourselves in the Ballroom and be intrigued with the notion of participating in the activities of any ongoing group, Pam explains, the protocol is to touch one of the participants of the group lightly on the arm. He or she will thereupon either wave us away or pull us into the group.

Pam says that most men, when they first come to Sandstone, experience two phenomena: one, what Sandstone regulars refer to as the kid-in-the-candy-store syndrome, or what I call The Heartbreak of Satyriasis, and two, impotence. Neither of these, says Pam consolingly, lasts very long—usually no longer than a month. Women, says Pam, tend at first to find it difficult to refuse any man who wants to do it with them—what Sandstone regulars call mercy-fucking. The other noteworthy term that Pam uses and that we will hear a lot during our weekend stay is down-the-hill—Sandstone members' mildly patronizing term for the rest of the world outside Sandstone.

The main events this weekend are an all-day seminar-workshop called "The Sandstone Experience" and a special Saturday-night party, whence most sexual activity of a scheduled nature takes place. Attending the seminar-workshop is a matter of taking a short interview and paying an enrollment fee. Attending the Saturday-night party is a matter of getting a personal invitation after one is looked over and deemed suitable. It is not clear to us at this point what makes one suitable, it is only clear that not to be found suitable is going to be rather unpleasant should it occur.

Although Judy informs Pam of her reluctance to either copulate with strangers or to disrobe, Pam does not seem to be dismayed. She concludes our interview, which we appear to have passed, and tells us that we can now pay our fees of \$50 per person per day (or \$200 for two days) if we wish, and even if we don't wish. And then, she ushers us to the Pong Room, so named because it is adjacent to the outdoor ping-pong table, where we shall be spending Friday and Saturday nights. The Pong Room is one of the only two private guest rooms with doors at Sandstone, other guests being obliged

(continued on page 226)



"Really, Senator, I'll never get this report typed for the Morals Subcommittee unless you let me get on with it."

THE GIRLS OF THE NEW SOUTH

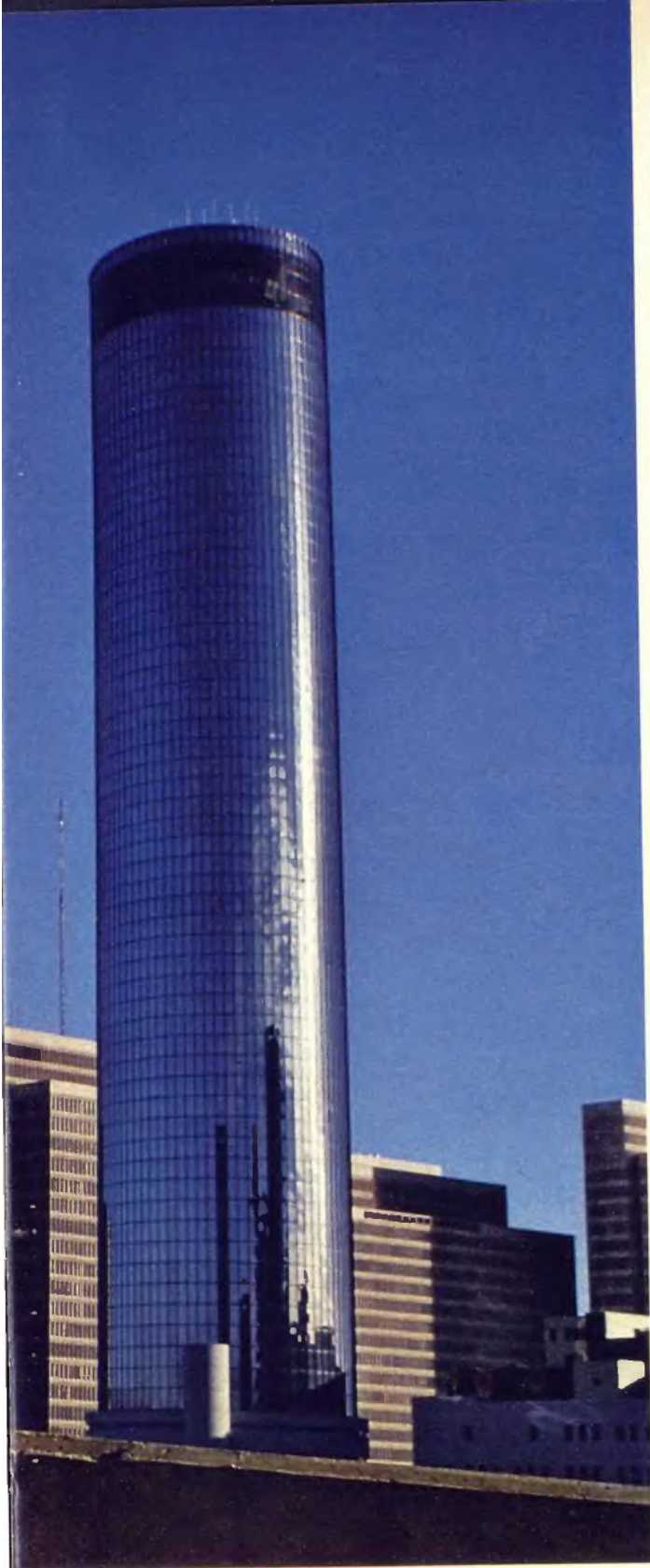
*rhett butler never
had it so good*



By **PETER ROSS RANGE** ARE YOU READY, GENTLEMEN? We're about to reveal the best-kept secret in sexual America. Which is: Southern women are more liberal, more relaxed, more, uh, willing. Behind that mythic facade of the untouchable Southern belle, the crinolined china doll on the pedestal of chivalry, the virginal child bride, are the real women of the New South—the freest and friendliest females this side of Marina del Rey.

There is nothing new about beautiful Southern women; what with the passing of pellagra and the boll weevil, they're the oldest thing about the New South. What we didn't know is how liberated they have become. Listen to Ron Hudspeth, an *Atlanta Journal* sports columnist who travels frequently to all the major-league cities of the country:

"It's a big myth that Southern women are more conservative. I've found the women in New York and other Northern cities more uptight. They have a protective outer shell. But here, you can meet girls in an elevator or on the street. If you spoke to a girl that way in the North, she'd be scared to death." (text continued on page 188)



That impressive structure rearing into the skyline behind Julia Kemp (above) is Atlanta's new Peachtree Plaza Hotel in Peachtree Center, prime girl-watching territory; Julia's an aspiring actress whose ambition is to appear in a film opposite (who else?) Burt Reynolds. Equally impressive architecture is possessed by another Georgian, Gerri Smith (top right), who measures a well-rounded 44-23-36. Gerri's hostess at a local night spot. Andrea Lambrou (right) hangs her hat in Marietta, Georgia; though she claims to be "very independent," she likes a man to be "overruling."



Floridian Sandra Ellis (above) hires out as cook/crew on pleasure boats, earning money toward her lifetime goal: owning her own charter-boat business. "In six more months, I should have my captain's license," she told us. Marietta, Georgia's Donna Percival (left) wants to be an actress. "That's this week's ambition, anyway."



Both Angela Clarke (above right), who lives just outside Atlanta, and Heather Smirnes (right) of Memphis are gung-ho about athletics. Angela rides motorcycles, skis, digs football, baseball and track; Heather's into scuba diving, basketball, ice skating and bicycling. Asked about their preferences in men, they gave identical, traditional-Southern answers: "I like a man who treats me like a lady."



Amanda Childers (top left) credits her upbringing in a large, hard-working family with making her "a warm, loving person. We're what you'd call back-home folks." Amanda works as assistant manager of a boutique in Alexandria, Louisiana. Redhead Nancy Bergeran (left), a Marrero, Louisiana, salesgirl, claims she "stopped counting freckles after 2000." Any volunteers to continue the audit?



Rhonda's not exactly the most common of names, but it's shared by the Southern beauties above and at right. Rhonda La Canillas (above) moved from her native Massachusetts down to New Orleans, where she's worked as a waitress. Rhonda Shear (right), a senior at Loyola University in New Orleans, has been Miss Louisiana in both the Miss U.S.A. and Miss World pageants.





New Orleans native Deonna Lang (above) has been in three movies (*J.D.'s Revenge*, *The Savage Bees*, *The Minstrel Man*) and wants "to be a great entertainer." If she makes it, she says, she'd like to sponsor a nationwide talent search: "There's a great need in this country to reach out to others." Another New Orleans delight, Elvera Toma (left), is a special representative for a cosmetics firm.



Relaxing on the front-porch swing is a good old American pastime, here updated by Genie Bellar (top right), a farmer's daughter from the countryside north of Nashville. Genie's a professional model, which happens to be the career aspired to by Atlantan Barbara Hawthorne (right), a transplant from Columbus, Ohio. To keep that shape, Barbara jogs.



You say Cathy White (top left) brings out the beast in you? Well, that figures. Cathy is—would you believe?—a zookeeper of Memphis' Overton Park Zoo. On the side, she runs a small plant-rental business. We met Jacquelyn deVier (left) of Alexandria, Virginia, while scouting for our earlier *Girls of Washington* pictorial. Jackie's a student who aspires to being a flight attendant.



Memphis computer programmer Gail Stonton (above) has a hobby on which she hopes to turn a profit: raising Afghan hounds. "I could have 20,000 animals around me and still want more," she told us. Jeanne Schmitt of Atlanta (left) isn't shy about stating what she wants: "I like a man who knows how to hold a woman, touch a woman and love a woman." Line forms to the right, guys.



"Life is strange. Ten minutes ago, you were just another ass in the crowd!"

DO MARTIANS EXIST? Why is it so good to make love in France? Shall I revamp Greek dialectics? Isn't it time to laugh at the craze for the occult that is now so fashionable?

Fontenelle considered and answered such questions before he was 30 and continued to write his lively, skeptical essays for the next 70 years. He did much to win general acceptance for the study of astronomy and the scientific method.

Letters of Gallantry—108 of them in all—was published under the nom de plume Le Chevalier d'Her and limned, with a touch of malice, the fine points of genteel courtship in rococo France. It enjoyed moderate success, especially among Francophiles outside France, but Voltaire disapproved when he discovered that the letters were imaginary and so dismissed them as "utterly impertinent, leaving a bad taste in the mouth."

To Mademoiselle de N—

on the choice of costume for her portrait

It's been three days now, *mademoiselle*, that I have strained the question upon which you have done me the honor to ask my advice, & I can only think of clothes that will enhance you—or, rather, of clothes that *you* will enhance. I must confess, however, that some will suit you better than others. I am not of the opinion that you should be painted as an amazon, you are too sweet; nor am I of the opinion that you should be painted as a shepherdess, you are too proud. I have imagined a costume that has none of the inconveniences of the others: You ought to be painted as an Iroquois girl. If you don't know what they wear, inform yourself; they will tell you. It's true that that sort of costume is hard to keep on & that very few women would appear to their advantage in it; but don't worry, it's just your sort of thing. It is sexy & also very simple, two things that are hard to find in the same costume. The Iroquois girls know very well what is what. I have a fanciful idea of what may ornament the picture. You know that Iroquois girls, like their husbands, will cheerfully eat human flesh; well, it wouldn't be amiss to set before you a dozen or two hearts that you can playfully nibble at—that would be consistent with your Iroquois temper & your character. So there, *mademoiselle*, is all that I can imagine that is both sexy & suitable. I will admit that I'm very pleased with my original suggestion, & so will you when you think about it.

To Madame de N—

an account of the extraordinary masquerade he enjoyed with her daughter, Mademoiselle de N—

No doubt, *madame*, it is thanks to Mademoiselle de N— that we had such

great fun this carnival season. You will agree once I give you a little narration of what happened on Mardi gras. We had in mind a rather pretty masquerade. Our plan was to go about as a crowd of Sir Launcelots, & *mademoiselle* your daughter had obtained permission from *madame* her aunt to masquerade appropriately. We had a thrilling pleasure in the mere idea of dressing up like those madmen of old who darted everywhere to mend evil & like those scrupulous damosels who rode straddleback behind them in the wake of their adventures. We consulted all the ancient tapestries for period costumes, & for 10 or 12 days we talked of nothing else. One day one put on the air of a Sir Tristram, the next one adopted the air of a Sir Gawain. Nothing was more entertaining than the trouble we took over our Gothic pageant. Finally, it was Mardi gras, the day of days for our masquerade. We assembled that evening at Madame de —'s to dress up. I took Sir Palamedes' helm, & the Messrs. de — did likewise with some other knight-errant. Mademoiselle de N— never looked more lovely as when she was costumed as Guinevere. Truth to tell, she is a timeless beauty: She was very charming in her great-(great)grandmoth-

er's plumage. We were ready to go out full of joy & were easily disposed to paint the town red. We promised ourselves a thousand pleasures for that night. Thereupon, Mademoiselle de N— tells us with a playful air (which I'll attempt to convey, if you don't know it already): "You'll think me crazy, & so I am, perhaps, but if you trust me, let's all get undressed, & instead of going to the ball, let's go to bed. I've already seen too many parties of this sort, where so much pleasure is expected & none had, where the idea is fun but the fact flat." At first, everybody shouted her down; but after a moment's reflection, we saw she was right, after all, & at once everyone started to throw off a piece of costume—anyway, this was so bizarre that we got undressed with some vehemence, knowing that this was better than any ball. God knows how we laughed at our wasted expenditure & at our aborted pageant. Our hilarity took us well into the night & we parted about five in the morning; that is to say, as late as we dared. This, *madame*, was the greatest fun we had during the carnival. From now on, we will allow all our future plans to be upset by *mademoiselle* your daughter.

—Translated by Paco Taylor



BRAD HOLLAND

HOWARD HUGHES

(continued from page 106)

"What does it mean that Nadine Henley apparently not only had one will but knew of another, handwritten one?"

memo in the Mexican Files seems to hint that there was genuine concern about keeping certain matters hidden for reasons that went beyond Hughes's whims. When the IRS targeted the Bahamian banks for a major investigation aimed at uncovering the millions from organized crime, rich businessmen, celebrities, commodities traders—people with fortunes they wanted removed from the United States surreptitiously—one of Hughes's aides typed up a "Reminder" to Hughes:

Chester called and wants to discuss the accounts at Castle Bank and Trust [in Nassau]. He thinks these will be under investigation sooner than anticipated and there is no need to ask for trouble. He thinks that there are other people dealing there who could also bring an investigation down on us by association.

Hughes had been one of the country's grandest long-distance runners when it came to sprinting away from investigations of any kind, so this was routine business for Davis, Hughes's main attorney. But now Hughes was dead. The running days were over. It was finally time to stand and fight it out. Summa management was facing a new experience: a showdown with the American Government when Summa did not hold all the cards. There was a very wild and dangerous card out there and it probably began with the misleading words "Being of sound mind and body. . . ."

As we go to press, the courtroom battles over the authenticity of the Mormon will continue, already at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars in legal fees. Summa maintains the will is a fraud, and after its own proclaimed massive search for a will, it has failed to come forth with one it endorses. This may be one of the strangest twists in the whole Howard Hughes story, because as recently as the summer of 1975, an aide sent this memo to Hughes:

Re: Your Will

While we were in Las Vegas, Nadine sent you a note. You told me that the note was about your will and that Nadine thought you should review it. You instructed me to tell Nadine that you were aware that your will should be updated but that you could not spend the time necessary at that time.

Evidently Nadine believes the will she has is the true will and she must have been given instructions in the past by you to keep it secure. If the handwritten will is the real will, it could be that you had it updated later to the one Nadine has.

At any rate, wouldn't it be prudent to have Nadine send you *the one she has* [emphasis added] under sealed cover and then have whoever holds the handwritten one sent to you in the same method. You alone can then compare one with the other and make whatever changes you deem necessary in your best interest.

It would appear from this memo that Nadine Henley knew of the existence of two wills, one in her possession and one in the possession of a person the author of the memo does not seem to be able to identify. One will is holographic and the impression given in this memo is that the other is not. Hughes responded to the memo. At the bottom of the page, one of the aides wrote, "Will get down to constructing new will as soon as possible. Will use West and Mintz to draft it." Milton West and Seymour Mintz were two Hughes attorneys.

The questions raised by this memo are fascinating. What does it mean that Henley apparently not only had one will but knew of another, handwritten one and that now, a year after Hughes's death, Summa is still refusing to admit this? What possible content could these two wills have that would keep Summa quiet all this time? Did Hughes "get down" to it and draft a new will in the last months of his life, as he said he would?

THE LOGS

Thursday

10 August 1972

1:30 AM B/R.

3:15 " Chair

Inst:

He doesn't want to be permitted to sleep in the bathroom anymore.

—FROM THE LOG OF HOWARD HUGHES'S DAY-TO-DAY ACTIVITIES

Depositions were taken last December in the case of the Mormon will. One of the people deposed was Johnny Holmes. Asked if there happened to be any logs or records of Hughes's activities

from 1966 to 1970, Holmes denied under oath that he knew of any such records.

We had been told months earlier that there were logs kept and then routinely destroyed after a certain time. We have further been told by a highly placed Government source that there are years of logs that still exist. Some of them survived the shredding purge. Even though it was previously denied, Summa insiders now admit that Holmes and other aides kept detailed logs. We were able to obtain a copy of one fragment covering 11 months that was brought out of Mexico.

If there were no logs kept from 1966 to 1970, there was an abrupt change in practice by 1971. Buried in the Mexican Files is an account of Hughes's activities, sometimes detailed to the nearest five minutes, from 10:45 A.M., Sunday, October 31, 1971, through 4:40 P.M., Sunday, October 1, 1972. One day is marked "No record was kept for this day," and one page covering several days was wiped out by a faulty run through the photocopier. Otherwise, the log is intact for that period.

In some religions, it is forbidden to speak the name of God. In the Hughes empire, it was all but forbidden to write the name Howard Hughes. He was known as He, Him, The Stockholder, HRH and The Boss. In this entire 11-month log, not once is his name entered.

Interestingly, Summa executives, because of all the security surrounding them, have led people to the conclusion that anything they say is meant to mislead. But the Mexican Files, especially the log, indicate that some of the events previously questioned by journalists actually happened the way Hughes's officers said they did. For example, the ToolCo meeting already mentioned: Hughes's appearance was so bad most of the time that normally Mell Stewart, his barber, would be called in just before Hughes saw anyone. The entry for one morning reads, in part (note: we have reproduced the logs—as closely as column width allows—as they were typed, including inconsistencies):

Sept. 25, 72

Monday

3:45 AM Mell Stewart in.
5:30 " Mell out. (Light trim on beard only)
5:40 " Mr. D. Sedlmayr & J. C. Ivey in for signature. Witnessed by C. Waldron & G. Francom. Raymond Holliday & Mickey West were in the livingroom.

(continued on page 193)

PLAYBOY MUSIC '77

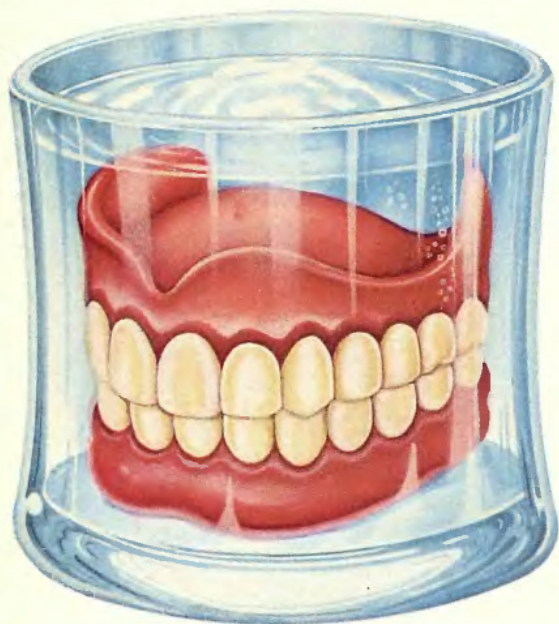
*saints and sinners
losers and winners*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD SMITH

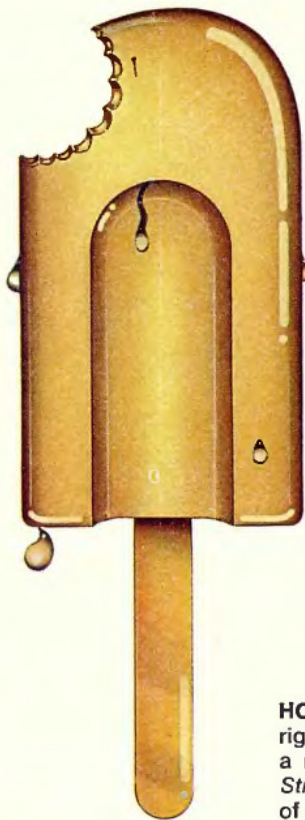
HITS, HYPES & HEAVIES '76

juicy pix, brickbats
and a kudo or two



TEETH OF THE STARS....It'll never be the same, somehow, to see Richie Havens sing without framing his voice in those shining empty gums, but in '76 he got himself a complete set of dentures. And the big Tooth News from across the Atlantic was that Keith Richard would never again display his pointy black wonders—he had 'em capped. It would have been a banner year for oral hygiene but for Dylan. If you can hear us, Bob: Get them cleaned.

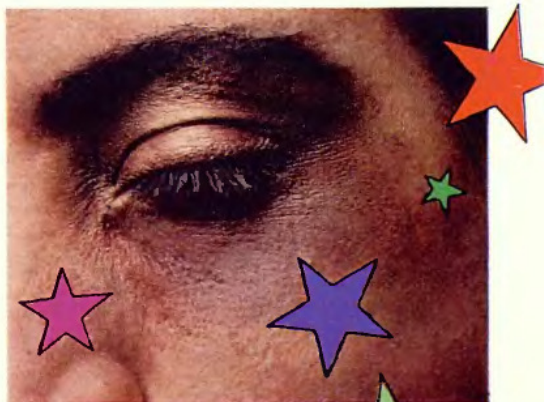
DON'T YOU GO BREAKIN' MY HEART. ...DON'T YOU GO WEARIN' MY DRESS...After his smash single last summer with Kiki Dee, not pictured with him here, soccer enthusiast Elton John forthrightly revealed that he's gay, sorta. We really didn't care one way or another, and Bernie Taupin (pictured with him here accepting their Music Poll awards last year from The Man) reportedly didn't mind, either. It seems that only Mr. Blackwell took it seriously, voting Elton on to his Ten Worst Dressed Women List.



THE FIRST ANNUAL GOLDEN ICE CREAM BAR AWARD...and a free month at the Fat Farm of his choice to Elvis Presley, the original rebel rouser, for amusing us all with his chronic weight problems—brought on by his burning love for ten Eskimo Pies a day. And especially for splitting his pants in front of 60,000 fans in January '76 in Pontiac, Michigan. Adding ever to the legend, he also went house hunting in Vail, wearing a ski mask and jump suit to maintain his secret identity. Say, pardner, who was that fat masked man?

HOT WHACKS: Every night seemed to be all right for fighting in '76. Bette Midler slapped a radio exec who didn't like her version of *Strangers in the Night*. Martha Velez, protégée of reggae star Bob Marley, reportedly gave her drummer a fistful of Rasta vibrations amid rumors that her whole band was being canned, and Fabian Forte (remember *Tiger*?) made his comeback in the lightweight division by flinging a wine bottle at his mother-in-law, missing, and hitting his wife, instead. Peace and love.

IS THIS REALLY THE HOUSE OF ATREUS? OR, A SALUTE TO GREGG ALLMAN...for really paying his dues in '76. Not only did he add fatherhood to his burdens as the acknowledged inheritor of rock-'n'-roll Doom; while the hipper-than-thou bleeding hearts were putting him down for testimony at a Georgia cocaine trial that left his buddy and sometime keeper Scooter Herring facing a cool 75 years for providing him with half a gram, Gregg was facing a bust of his own. And found guilty—of driving a car with expired license plates. No wonder he's hiding out in California—could you face that? And there are people who don't think it's tough and lonely at the top.



EARS OF THE STARS! THEIR SECRETS REVEALED!

we listen to them, but
who do they listen to?

PATTI SMITH 1. *Fra Angelico*, by Alan Hovhaness. 2. *Radio Ethiopia* (her latest album). 3. *Spirits Rejoice*, by Albert Ayler. 4. Pablo Casals playing Beethoven's *Sonata for Piano and Cello*, Opus 17. What? No Ultimate Spinach or MC5? Is this the high priestess of three-chord rock?



SIR GEORG SOLTI 1. *Four Sacred Pieces*, by Verdi, Giulini conducting. 2. A selection of popular classics for children (listening with his daughter). 3. *Symphony No. 9*, by Schubert, Von Karajan conducting. 4. Shelly Berman's monolog on flying. (Solti was about to catch a plane for Europe.)



TOOTS HIBBERT, of Toots & the Maytals
1. Ray Charles.
2. Otis Redding.
3. Jackie Wilson.
4. Mahalia Jackson.
5. Sam Cooke. Basic. And no particular records—everything by all of them. When we called, his manager said, "This is what Toots grew up listening to, and still does."



LINDA RONSTADT 1. *Reggae Got Soul*, by Toots & the Maytals. 2. *Natty Dread*, by Bob Marley & the Wailers. 3. *Norman Granz Jam Sessions*, by Charlie Parker. 4. *Funky Kingston*, by Toots & the Maytals. Linda got soul, but will we still love her tomorrow in dreadlocks?



FRANK ZAPPA 1. *Newlyweds*, by The Orchids. 2. *Zoot Allures* (his new album). 3. *Philosophy of the World*, by The Shags. 4. *String Quartet No. 2*, by Elliott Carter. The Call Any Vegetable King is known for his...



uh... eclecticism, so why should he be any different at home?



HOT KISSES: You're 15 and you want to be just like your favorite rock-'n'-roll star, so what to do? Buy a drum kit and drive your parents nuts? Take cocaine and marry Cher? Charles Allen, the 15-year-old in question, had Gene Simmons of Kiss as his hero, and Simmons' thing was fire-eating, an act Charles caught on the tube one night. Result: burns requiring skin grafts and plastic surgery. Thank God that he didn't like Alice Cooper and see him do the bit with the guillotine.

HOT MAHLER: Meanwhile, over in the classics, Gustav Mahler had quite a year for a fellow who died in 1911. The New York Philharmonic (which he used to conduct) had a roaring success by playing all ten of his symphonies in a month, and recordings of his sprawling music continued aplenty. Tenor Luciano Pavarotti, the king of the high Cs, was emphatically alive, turning up on the cover of *Newsweek* and monopolizing the *Billboard* classical charts (at one point he had six records in the top 40). "God has kissed his vocal cords," wrote one critic.



BEATLEMANIA REDUX.... In a time-warp blast of prolonged *déjà vu*, the Beatles were back together in '76 whether they liked it or not—with six albums simultaneously on the charts and two re-release hit singles. But despite flurries of reunion rumors, vinyl remained mightier than the flesh. Oh, we love you, yeah, yeah, yeah.



ROLL ON, ROLLING THUNDER.... After touring the country with The Rolling Thunder Revue, Bob Dylan brought it all back home to... television—for his first network special. At tour's end, he was ensconced in his new Xanadu-by-the-Beach, leaving at Thanksgiving to guest at The Band's Last Waltz. Where has the tour left gypsy violinist Scarlet Rivera? She can stop fiddling around in the unemployment line. A major label has signed her and her jazz/rock/classical group.

HOT WAX

In 1976, record companies resurrected the Julie London Principle—that attractive flesh on album covers peddles product—and added the corollary that flesh bare, or close to it, peddles even more. Is the burning question now: Which label will be the first to go “pink”?



Robert Palmer's blue-eyed soul turns on all the ladies at his concerts ("The Michael Caine of the British rhythm-and-blues set," gushed one female critic). To supply a little something for the boys, his second album, *Pressure Drop*, featured the tightest tush of the year.

It took Stevie Wonder two years to finish *Songs in the Key of Life*. One week before its release, Motown Records decided to let Playmate Azizi Johari tell the world the good news in this ad. Some folks hoped Motown would never release the album and be forced to run more shots like this every week for a year.



A&M describes Hummingbird as "the crème de la crème of British studio musicians." So what more is being said with this scene on *We Can't Go On Meeting like This*? How classy la crème can be?



A few years ago, she was with the Vienna Folk Opera. Now Donna Summer is the First Lady of Love and her albums are enough to melt your stylus. Hot wax!

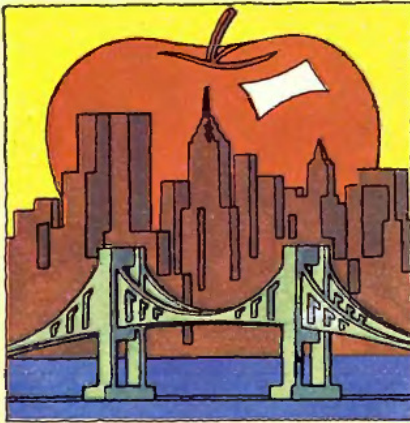
Salsoul Records first did this shot of Playmate Ellen Michaels (March 1972) as a poster and it went through four printings and got featured in *Screw*. Figuring they had a hit, they put it on the cover of a pair of Salsoul Orchestra albums that sold their ass off. They sure figured right.



BEST LOCAL BANDS

the superstars and shoe salesmen of tomorrow

By Ken Barner



THIS ONE'S GOING OUT to all you rock-'n'-rollers across the country. To those who cringe at the sound of disco—and can no longer stand being trapped in vast stadium crowds while fans above throw cherry bombs on fans below, even if those tiny superstars up there onstage are The Rolling Stones.

So what do you do? Stay home and play *Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out!* and talk endlessly about the death of rock 'n' roll? Watch Helen Reddy really get down with Wolfman Jack on *Midnight Special*? Say screw it all and get into Beethoven?

No—you can support your local band.

Small clubs and bars have always been the best places to get blown away by rock 'n' roll—and these days in practically any major city you can find

high-spirited, hard-rocking bands, complete unknowns to national audiences, playing in clubs, bars and roadhouses to devoted local followings, blasting out music exhilarating enough to make many a big-time act sound positively arthritic. There are so many, in fact, that it's practically a movement—and may be on its way to becoming a major musical phenomenon. As an informal and opinionated guide, here's a city-by-city survey of some of the nation's most interesting local talent.

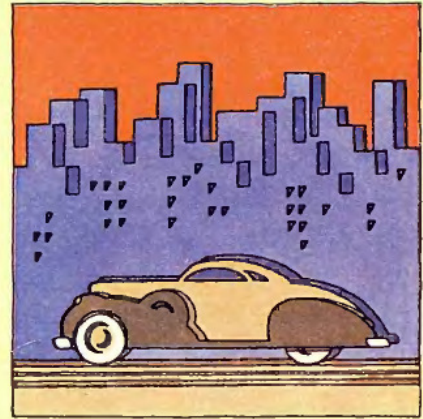
NEW YORK

If there is a New Wave, this is where it hit first. With the city's built-in



instinct for media overkill, New York bands have been highly publicized. Several, including the much-praised Television, the Ramones, Blondie, Mink DeVille and the frequently brilliant Dictators, have recently signed major-label recording contracts, which removes them from true grass-roots consideration here. Unsigned at press-time but worth watching:

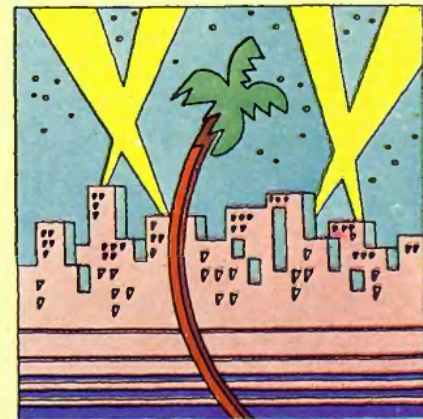
The Planets are flashy hard rockers with a pop undercurrent that's appealing. Leader Binky Phillips wields a flamboyant guitar and a satiric wit (often aimed directly at his audience—the wit, not the guitar) as they perform the occasional well-chosen Sixties cover version (Young Rascals and Easybeats)



and their own energetic Who-influenced originals.

Mumps, fronted by lead singer Lance Loud (of *American Family* TV notoriety), are currently attracting raves—but we should remember this is New York. Cult figure Rob DuPrey on guitar balances the effete pop inclinations of Loud and keyboardist/composer Kristian Hoffmann with a slashing hard-rock approach and moves to match. Intricate lyrics distinguish Mumps' often-infectious originals (flavored with attractive cover versions).

Tuff Darts are the stars of Atlantic Records' *Live at CBGB's* anthology, which captured in-person performances at the New York rock hot spot by a number of mostly forgettable bands. Tuff Darts' tight, uncompromising riff-rock, (continued on page 206)



THE YEAR IN MUSIC

in which the multimillion-dollar party rolled on, dylan appeared on the cover of "tv guide," stevie's album finally came out—and so did david bowie, among others

Record companies go gold.



WELL, IT CAME AND WENT—1976, that is—without one rock-'n'-roll version of the American Revolution. In a stunning exhibition of mass forbearance, the music industry passed up the opportunity to pair Barry White and Barry Manilow for a contrapuntal reading of *The Federalist Papers* (over an uplifting disco track, of course), and missed out on the inevitable big Bicentennial bucks. Which, however, shouldn't be taken as an indication

superpunk rising.



TOP TWENTY TUNES

PLAYBOY'S TOP TWENTY.... The editors fill a jukebox with their own singles favorites from 1976.

- 1**
THE RUBBERBAND MAN—Spinners
(Thom Bell, L. Creed, T. Bell)
Atlantic 3355
- 2**
RHIANNON (Will You Ever Win)—Fleetwood Mac
(Fleetwood Mac and Keith Olson), Nicka
Reprise 1345 (Warner Bros.)
- 3**
LOVE HANGOVER—Diana Ross
(Hal Davis), P. Sawyer, M. McLeod
Motown 1392
- 4**
STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS—Paul Simon
(P. Simon, Phil Ramone), P. Simon
Columbia 3-10332
- 5**
BOOGIE FEVER—The Sylvers
(Freddie Perren), K. St. Lewis, F. Perren
Capitol 4179
- 6**
BLINDED BY THE LIGHT—Manfred Mann's Earth Band
(Manfred Mann and the Earth Band), B. Springsteen
Warner Bros. 8252
- 7**
SHANNON—Henry Gross
(Terry Cashman, Tommy West), H. Gross
Lifesong 45002
- 8**
TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT (Gonna Be Alright)—Rod Stewart
(Tom Dowd), R. Stewart
Warner Bros. 8262
- 9**
MOZAMBIQUE—Bob Dylan
(Don DeVito), B. Dylan, J. Levy
Columbia 3-10298
- 10**
DON'T GO BREAKING MY HEART—Elton John & Kiki Dee
(Gus Dudgeon), A. Orson, C. Blanche
Rocket Pig—40585 (MCA)
- 11**
AFTERNOON DELIGHT—Starland Vocal Band
(Milton Okun), B. Danoff
Windsong 10588 (RCA)
- 12**
GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE—The Beatles
(George Martin), J. Lennon, P. McCartney
Capitol 4274
- 13**
THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN—Thin Lizzy
(John Alcock), Lynott
Mercury 73786 (Phonogram)
- 14**
SUSIE CINCINNATI—The Beach Boys
(Brian Wilson), Al Jardine
Reprise/Brother 1375 (Warner Bros.)
- 15**
LOWDOWN—Boyz n the City
(Joe Wissert), B. Scaggs, O. Falch
Columbia 3-10367
- 16**
SWEET DREAMS—Emmylou Harris
(Brian Ahern), Don Gibson
Reprise 1371 (Warner Bros.)
(Acuff-Rose, BMI)
- 17**
MUSKRAT LOVE—Captain & Tennille
(The Captain & Toni Tennille), W. A. Ramsey
A&M 1870
- 18**
NIGHT MOVES—Bob Seger
(B. Seger, Punch Andrews), B. Seger
Capitol 4369
- 19**
FLY LIKE AN EAGLE—Steve Miller
(S. Miller), S. Miller
Capitol 4372
- 20**
CRAZY—Linda Ronstadt
(Peter Asher), Willie Nelson
Asylum 45361 (Tree, BMI)

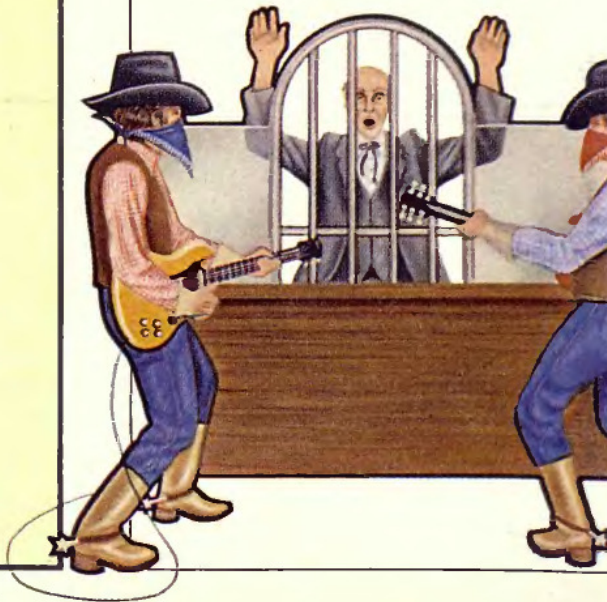


Jelling blue-eyed soul.

that the record companies have lost their grip on the bottom line. Quite the contrary: The industry celebrated the Bicentennial in the best way it knows how—by making money.

It did it partly on the premise that since people bought Greatest Hits collections in 1975, give them twice as (continued on page 200)

The Outlaws rampage all the way to the bank.



THE PLAYBOY MUSIC HALL OF FAME



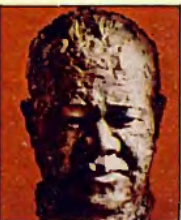
DAVE BRUBECK



FRANK SINATRA



LOUIS ARMSTRONG



RAY CHARLES



JOHN COLTRANE



RINGO STARR

In spite of "Saturday Night's" handsome offer of \$3200—and another one promising \$50,000,000 for a one-night stand—the Beatles stayed apart last year. But by electing Ringo, our readers have managed a reunion of sorts—in our Hall of Fame. The rest of the Fab Four got here first, but that seems appropriate, since Ringo, though the oldest, was the last one to become a Beatle. It's probably no accident that Ringo's first post-Beatle gold single was "It Don't Come Easy." As a kid, he was so sickly and had so many operations that it seemed uncertain whether he'd live to see 13. As a Beatle, he was early on the fave-rave of the American fans, partly because at first the other three all looked alike to us—but he also took the most lumps from technically minded critics. And as an ex-Beatle, his solo career got the slowest start—though it now includes three gold singles, two gold albums, parts in several movies and his own record label. So Ringo's "beaucoups of blues" seems to be over. Maybe he hasn't pursued Faustian heights like some of his mates, but maybe he got somewhere else a long time ago and sang us the message on "Sgt. Pepper" in that bittersweet puppy-dog baritone . . . "I get by with a little help from my friends. . ."

BENNY GOODMAN



DUKE ELLINGTON



ELLA FITZGERALD



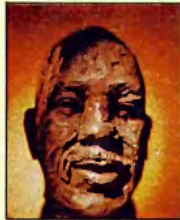
COUNT BASIE



HERB ALPERT



WES MONTGOMERY



MILES DAVIS



BOB DYLAN



JOHN LENNON



PAUL MCCARTNEY



MICK JAGGER



JIM MORRISON



JIMI HENDRIX



JANIS JOPLIN



ELVIS PRESLEY



GEORGE HARRISON



ERIC CLAPTON



DUANE ALLMAN



ELTON JOHN



STEVIE WONDER



POLL WINNERS

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

GORDON LIGHTFOOT
male vocalist, composer



LINDA RONSTADT female vocalist

ROY CLARK picker

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

EARTH, WIND & FIRE group



PHOEBE SNOW female vocalist

STEVIE WONDER male vocalist, composer

JAZZ

PHOEBE SNOW female vocalist



STANLEY CLARKE bass

LIONEL HAMPTON vibes

GEORGE BENSON guitar

DOC SEVERINSEN brass

EDGAR WINTER woodwinds

BUDDY RICH percussion

LOU RAWLS male vocalist

CHICK COREA keyboards, composer & group (return to forever)

POP/ROCK

PAUL McCARTNEY male vocalist, bass

FLEETWOOD MAC group

KEITH MOON drums

PETER FRAMPTON guitar



STEVIE WONDER composer

ELTON JOHN keyboards

LINDA RONSTADT female vocalist



modern living **By NORMAN EISENBERG**

Almost seven years ago, Virginia Knauer, advisor for consumer affairs to the President, criticized the tape-recorder industry for spawning formats that she claimed were confusing the public. The lady implied that unless the industry did something to simplify matters, the Government might step in. The most eloquent comment on this salvo that I could elicit at the time from any responsible industry VIP came from the head of Super-scope, Joe Tushinsky: "I don't think she knows what she's talking about."

It may be coincidence or something like the evolving technical sophistication espoused by the likes of Buckminster Fuller, but in a very short time, the American public has developed the kind of savvy about tape recording that, aside from demonstrating that the people often are ahead of their leaders (in this as in many other areas), indicates an ability to separate the grit from the granola—or, more to the

THE NEW SHAPE OF TAPE

THE COMPLEAT TAPENIK NEVER HEARD IT SO GOOD



Stacked at left, bottom to top: Model CT-F8282 stereo cassette tape deck with a transparent door that lets you easily check tape movement, by Pioneer, \$400. Sony's EL-7 is its new "Elcaset" deck, which plays $\frac{1}{4}$ " tape at 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ ips, features automatic sequential rewind and playback from a specific spot on the tape, \$899.95. Akai's GXC-570D stereo cassette tape deck has a three-head record/playback system mounted in a single holder, \$800. Proceeding right: Model A-2340SX four-channel open-reel tape deck allows the recordist to build tracks, one at a time, in perfect sync, by Teac, \$850. Below it is the Teac Model 2 mixer, \$350, and the MB 20-meter bridge, \$180, two devices that can be combined or used singly to aid in recording, overdubbing and storing choice sounds. In the foreground, a Rotel RD-20 stereo cassette deck with a light-up peak helps ensure low-distortion recording, \$370. The Auto/Reverse deck, by Dual, can play both sides of a cassette indefinitely or shut off and can record in both directions, \$500. The Dokorder 1140 features circuitry that makes multitrack recording easy, plus a cue-up function called Program Memory, which automatically brings you back to the beginning of the material and either stops or plays it again, depending on what you've programmed the Dokorder to do, about \$1300.

point, the open reel from the cartridge from the cassette. The results have been tallied and the verdict is plain for all to see: The popular choice is the cassette.

To be sure, the three formats are still with us, as they were when Mrs. Knauer sounded off. But the cartridge has fallen from whatever grace it enjoyed; its sales have sagged, disenchantment with its problems and poor audio response has become widespread; and there is no research-and-development effort being devoted to it by any known manufacturer.

Open-reel tape has gone off in the opposite direction. It no longer professes, as it did for nearly 20 years, to be a mass-consumer item with fascinating gadgetry and push-to-make-miracles attractiveness. Of course, it never really was that easy, and today it is even less so. The open-reel format is today much more of a highly refined tool and far less of the adult toy it was publicized to be for nearly a generation.

But the cassette—ah! As the cartridge began slipping into oblivion, and as open reel jumped its four (eight, sixteen, etc.) tracks into another dimension, the cassette simply took over.

The reason is not hard to discern: The cassette, while yielding nothing in the way of convenience, also has proved very viable in terms of upgrading and improvement. The first cassette recorder (the Norelco "Carry-Corder," made by Philips of Holland, vintage 1964) was a battery-operated portable, mono sound, lots of distortion by hi-fi standards, strictly a novelty gadget of primary appeal to those who wanted some kind of "sound on the run" device for interviews or dictation and the like. By 1967, the format had been upped to a stereo version housed in walnut, running off A.C. power, with distortion lowered. A few more audio insiders began taking notice, and—licensed by Philips—a handful of audio manufacturers began releasing a trickle of cassette machines. But the spaghetti really hit the fan in 1970, when Advent brought out the first cassette recorder that included both the Dolby B noise-reduction circuit and the option for using Du Pont's new supertape, known as chromium dioxide. The second version of this machine, the Model 201, powered by a rugged transport from Wollensak, really turned on the audio industry and before long the cassette roster became bigger. Just about everyone wanted in, and with good reason—the better-model cassette decks easily lived up to their advertising claims. You could make your own recordings that were virtually indistinguishable from the original, and with little more effort than pressing a button or two. At about this time, the first high-grade prerecorded cassettes began appearing and suddenly the whole cassette format was no longer a stepchild on the

audio scene but a front runner. It was a reliable recording medium and it also was another program source for enjoying stereo, even possibly threatening the long hegemony of disc recordings as a staple of "home entertainment." And when Nakamichi showed its Model 1000—with such professional features as three heads for tape/source monitoring, speed vernier control, built-in test facilities for head alignment, and so on—any lingering doubts about the coming of age of the cassette format were blown away.

By now, the cassette has developed its own diversity within the basic format. You can buy a unit to sling over your shoulder (viz., the Sony TC-153SD) that will record and play in stereo on batteries, in a vehicle or at home. If home use is all you care about, the choice is almost limitless. Many decks include the filip of "input mixing," whereby you can blend sounds from live performers on microphone with sounds being dubbed from other "line" sources, such as a tape played on another machine, a disc or a radio program. The switching option to select various kinds of tape, as well as to select the Dolby noise-reduction circuit, is practically standard on all the better models. Signal meters also are universally of the "peak reading" type, which are far more valuable to the home recordist than the "average level" meters normally found on professional open-reel decks; and you even have a choice of how to pop in the cassette—from the top (as on, for instance, the Harman Kardon HK2000) or from the front (viz., the Model CT-F8282, by Pioneer, which pioneered this alternate way of building a cassette machine). If you don't want to bother flipping a cassette when it runs out in one direction, there's a model by Dual that records in both directions at the press of a button and plays that way automatically.

Most cassette decks are "two-headed"—that is, they use a combined record/play head. For greater versatility, including direct off-the-tape monitoring while recording, there's a growing number of three-headed decks that use a separate-play head, including decks by Akai, Fisher, Hitachi, TEAC, Tandberg and Sony. Among high-end cassette decks, TEAC seems to be pushing to the limit with its Esoteric 860, which, at \$1600, includes both Dolby and DBX noise-reduction circuits, four inputs each for mikes and line, electronic cuing, four pan controls and other assorted goodies.

So where does this leave open reel? Pretty much in the realm of the pro or very advanced semipro tape activist who wants the ultimate in tape recording not so much because open reel sounds better but, rather, because it still offers options and versatility that cassettes lack. For instance, the Dokorder 1140 is a four-channel model that not only will record

in quadraphonic but also lets you use its "multi-syne" feature for perfectly synchronized add-on or multiple-track effects. So will the TEAC A-3340S, a close rival. These and other biggies handle 10½-inch (professional size) reels and will run at the pro speed of 15 inches per second. With that size reel at 7½ ips, you get double the running time of the 7-inch reel at 7½-ips speed, and you sacrifice very little in the way of response. There also are open-reel decks that record in half track, which puts relatively less signal on a greater portion of the tape—useful for an extra margin of signal headroom, in case you're making a mixed version of a previous tape or want to use the half-track version for dubbing onto other tapes. Most of the machines in this class cost upwards of \$1000 (Sony's TC-880-2 lists at \$2495) and, aside from cost, their complexity virtually demands a commitment on the owner's part.

So now that we have sorted it all out, let's complicate matters again with a brand-new kind of cassette that looks like an enlarged version of the familiar type but is incompatible with it. That is the Elcaset, which originated recently in Japan and which promises greater audio response and more features than conventional cassettes.

Demonstrated so far only to insiders at special shows, the Elcaset runs at 3¾-ips speed and it uses ¼-inch-wide tape. Vis-à-vis conventional cassettes, the slower speed and the wider tape combine to render, say its proponents, wider range response, lower distortion and better signal-to-noise ratio. The tape width also permits recording of a special control track—in addition to the normal sound tracks—to trigger sensors in the deck that will automatically select desired programs. The Elcaset housing itself can be supplied with a number of holes that, mating with other sensors in the deck, automatically adjust the machine for the kind of tape being used and for whether or not it is Dolbyized. The deck uses three heads, all separate, for erase, record and play; the transport action is more like that of open reel, with capstans and pinch rollers for smoother tape movement. So far, Sony has announced two models, the EL-5, priced at \$630, and the EL-7, at \$900; while Technics by Panasonic has entered the arena with its own version, the RS-7500US (approximately \$750); and interest in the new format has been expressed by such firms as TEAC and J.V.C.

If the Elcaset does catch on, it could further widen the gap between cassettes and open reel, forcing the latter into an even more sophisticated role than it now plays. As for conventional cassettes, they may become more of everyman's tape format than they are now.



31,000

FLAVORS

APPLETON COOLER

JELLY BEAN

GREEN MONSTER

MOCHA CHILL

LATIN LOVER

LOLLIPOP

TEU-TONIC

MOONSTONE

BLUE JADE

LIMONADA

SLOVOKOLA

PINEAPPLE SCHNAPPS

CHEER

MAN COLA

PINK PANTHER



drink
BY EMANUEL GREENBERG
**CORDIALLY
INVITING**

looking for flavor city? there's a whole new
generation of rainbow-hued liqueurs out there —
from pistachio to chocolate amaretto

THE POPULAR WISDOM has it that liqueurs were contrived by little old alchemists, slaving away over hot alembics in medieval monasteries, pursuing the secret of life. Actually, Columbus and his cohorts had as much to do with triggering the golden age of

liqueurs as any friar. It was their voyages of discovery that brought cheap sugar and a world of fragrant botanicals to the monks—who put these new ingredients to good use. In any case, both groups were part of a broader upheaval known as the Renaissance, which also sparked the Reformation and the industrial revolution.

The great gush of liqueurs we're seeing now is a consequence of another epochal stirring. The perceptive liquor-industry trade letter *Impact* has dubbed it "the culture of individuality"—hedonistic, experimental, constantly searching for new and sensuous experiences. In the realm of spirits, liqueurs (or cordials, the words are synonymous) seem to be the answer. They afford distillers the widest latitude for exercising ingenuity and artistry. Drawing on nature's largess—the fruits, seeds, peels, herbs, roots, barks and spices of the earth—and the wizardry of a computer technology, cordial makers have become virtuosos of the palate.

New or resurrected flavors include cranberry, cloudberry, rose, grape, pistachio, maple, apple, honey, coconut, green tea, lemon, lime, a peppery pimiento and an elixir of pear from Switzerland. Beguiling chocolate variations are a segment unto themselves: chocolate with banana, mint, raspberry, coffee, cherry, coconut, almond and a just-born Chocolate Amaretto. Sloe gin, coffees, peppermint schnapps and amaretto are among the current favorites, while cassia, strawberry, sambuca, tangerine and, for no apparent reason, blue curaçao are coming on—or coming back. Among the relatively recent manifestations are fruit-and-brandy and fruit-and-bourbon concoctions, bottled at a modest 42 proof, vodka cordials in a range of Jell-O-type flavors and some bona fide bourbon liqueurs.

If you dig mystery, you may be intrigued by such proprietary brands (made to secret formulas) as Aromas del Montserrat, Jägermeister, Slovaka, Bärenjäger, Abtei, Ng Ka Péy, Chocclair, Orangerio, Yukon Jack, Verana, Mandarine Napoléon, Tuaca, Cuarenta y Tres and Lemonique. In addition, you can choose from such long-playing classics as Bénédictine, benedictine and brandy, Chartreuse, Cointreau, Strega, Drambuie, Grand Marnier, Galliano, Sabra, Kahlúa, Tia Maria, Vielle Cure and Southern Comfort and its spin-offs—Southern Pride, Southern Society and Southern Host.

As yet, there is no satisfactory pineapple, tomato or grapefruit liqueur, but they're bound to come. And why not cantaloupe, kumquat, date, quince, mango, lichee, guava, pumpkin—or even a tangy celery or *gazpacho*-flavored liqueur to take as an aperitif? With the advances

in production and flavor extraction, the possibilities are limited only by the vision of producers and marketing pundits.

Cordial makers cling to old-fashioned terminology such as maceration, infusion and percolation, but the custom is to purchase natural essences and extracts from huge international flavor houses that scour the globe for their esoteric raw materials—and sell to all comers. This suggests that producers largely draw on the same flavor pool. Nevertheless, Europeans tend to do better with certain fruits, particularly cherry and strawberry, sambuca, amaretto and kummel. American minis and peppermint schnapps, cocoas and chocolate mixtures, banana, sloe gin, blackberry and anisette are superior, as a rule. Needless to say, there are always exceptions.

One of the problems that native producers must cope with, according to flavor technicians, is the corruption of the modern palate. Our perception of "natural" has been blunted by early exposure to such artificially zapped supermarket staples as banana cake mix, vanilla pudding, strawberry gelatin and cherry soda. Since Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms regulations severely inhibit the addition of artificial flavors, blenders often effect a quasi-imitation quality, using *natural* materials. It all has an *Alice in Wonderland* aura, but cordial makers are not amused. They contend that a judicious leavening of synthesized flavors would yield better-tasting cordials, but anything beyond 1000 parts per 1,000,000 must be labeled imitation or artificial—suicide in the American market. Imports are not as stringently regulated or inspected, and so have more flexibility. The French, incidentally, describe their artificially flavored liqueurs with the word *affecté*. Très cute.

Among the small minority who still infuse and percolate are *les religieux*—the monastery cordials, Chartreuse, Bénédictine, Vielle Cure and Izarra. However, only La Grande Chartreuse is created by a religious order, the Carthusian Fathers. The green (110 proof) and yellow (86 proof) are natural—no additives or coloring material of any kind; equally true of the rare, aged VEP Chartreuse and L'Elixir Végétal, the latter being a staggering 142 proof. In France, L'Elixir is used much as we use aspirin; a few drops on a cube of sugar against headaches or indisposition. It is not permitted into the U.S., since the FDA insists L'Elixir is a patent medicine—which requires registering the formula. Since the Carthusians have spent 371 years keeping it secret, even defying Napoleon's legions, this request stirs waves of hilarity in the vicinity of Grenoble, where it's made.

For centuries, liqueurs remained the

property of the geriatric set, presented in ridiculous, thimble-sized glasses, as the finale to a formal fete. The culture of individuality has changed all that, in little more than a decade. Liqueurs have gone into the shaker and mixing glass, inspiring such triumphs as the Harvey Wallbanger, the Sombbrero, the Godfather and a host of whimsies, including the Lollipop, the Jelly Bean, the Latin Lover, the Pink Panther and the Cherry Cola. Milk, cream, ice cream, fruit juices and sodas are popular mixers. Those wanting more authority toss in a jolt of vodka or whatever.

If it seems paradoxical that such a hoary, tradition-laden category should be so contemporary, chances are you haven't tried cordials lately. They're lighter, lower in proof and sweetness, easy to mix, easy to drink. The range of styles and flavors available today is beyond the wildest dreams of those ancient alchemist-sorcerers and offers the home bartender unlimited opportunity to design drinks that flatter his palate—and perhaps that of a special friend. We invite you to savor the cordial potions given below—then go on to roll your own. That's the real fascination of these enchanting modern elixirs.

JELLY BEAN

1 oz. anisette
1 oz. blackberry liqueur
Lemon slice

Pour over ice in old fashioned glass.
Garnish with lemon slice.

LOLLIPOP

¾ oz. triple sec
¾ oz. Chartreuse
¾ oz. kirsch
Dash maraschino liqueur

Stir with ice until well chilled. Strain into cocktail glass. Optional: Garnish with brandied cherry.

MOCHA CHILL

1 oz. Chocolate Amaretto
½ oz. Kahlúa
1 large scoop vanilla ice cream
¼ cup crushed ice

Buzz all ingredients in blender until just smooth. Serve in footed goblet or ice-cream-soda glass.

GREEN MONSTER

1 oz. pistachio liqueur
½ oz. white crème de cacao
½ oz. tequila

Combine all ingredients and pour over finely crushed ice in saucer champagne glass. Serve with short straws.

After-dinner flourish: Pour chilled pistachio liqueur into a chocolate-liqueur cup. Serve with or after coffee. Equally arresting with Amaretto di Saronno or

(concluded on page 187)

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

SONGBIRD ANNIE, WITH HER MANAGER, SOLLY, HAS BEEN SUMMONED TO THE MUSIC SCENE... A WORLD OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC MEN FEVERISHLY ENGINEERING VIBRANT NEW ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE LATEST CRAZE: DISCO-DANCE MUSIC. AND IF YOU WANT TO REALLY ENJOY THE NEW DISCO-DANCE MUSIC, DON'T GO TO A DISCO, AND DON'T DANCE. DO AS ANNIE'S FRIEND, WANDA, DOES. LISTEN AT HOME, BETWEEN THE SHEETS WITH YOUR FAVORITE, CUDDLY FRIEND.

THIS IS ANNIE!
I'M A SINGER, WANDA! I'M GOING TO A RECORDING STUDIO, WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO MAKE ONE OF THOSE DISCO RECORDS... YOU KNOW... LIKE THAT SEVENTEEN-MINUTE DONNA SUMMER LOVE RECORD—

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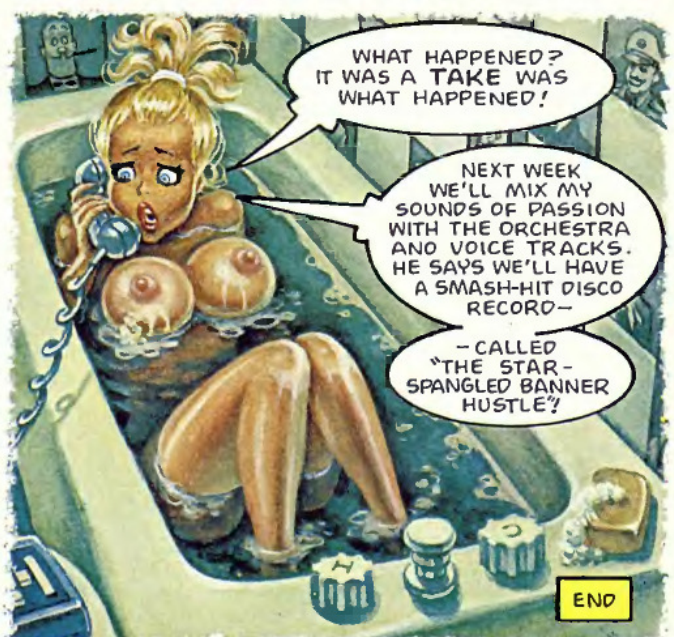
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DATSUN SAVES

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 130)

GILMORE: He's lying. That sorry son of a bitch just made that up.

PLAYBOY: It's an imaginative lie.

GILMORE: Give the fucker credit, then. He's got imagination.

PLAYBOY: You never told him anything like that?

GILMORE: No.

PLAYBOY: You told us that April knew nothing about your killing Jensen. But Brenda says she was scared to death when you stopped by her house after you left *Cuckoo's Nest*. She says April was almost incoherent with fear and sat staring into the corner of the room, babbling. . . .

GILMORE: Brenda's a dramatic woman.

PLAYBOY: OK, but she also says that April told her, "Gary really scares me." And when Brenda challenged you about it, you said, "April, tell Brenda that I didn't try to rape you or molest you or anything," and that April then said, "Oh, no, you know I didn't mean that, but it really scares me when you do that stuff, I really get afraid of you." And when Brenda asked her what stuff, she said she couldn't say.

GILMORE: Ah, shit. You got any more like that? I told you enough times already: April didn't know a goddamn thing. She wasn't involved. She was just shook up from seein' *Cuckoo's Nest*.

PLAYBOY: How about later, when you and April went to the motel? Didn't you try to get her into bed with you?

GILMORE: I'm not going to dignify that with an answer.

PLAYBOY: You wouldn't do that?

GILMORE: What do you think?

[In September, April, by then a patient at Timpanogos Community Mental Health Center, told doctors that Gilmore had "busted the side of my panties" trying to undress her.]

PLAYBOY: Your code of conduct seems very strict when it comes to sex. You even seem a little prudish.

GILMORE: Yeah, probably. Compared to today's standards. I've been locked up, see, while the sexual revolution revolted, or whatever, and I'm not exactly a youngster, not a spring chicken anymore. I'm 36, and I think I'm kind of oriented in the Fifties. Because the Fifties, that's the last time I really made any move of any kind, you know. Man, I was just about like any other kid growin' up in the Fifties. You found out what you could on your own and passed it on to your friends. You'd talk about broads, and exaggerate and lie, and embroider the fucking truth. If you copped a feel, man, you'd really done somethin', and if you swore around a broad, she acted shocked.

PLAYBOY: And you still respect those limits?

GILMORE: Well, one time when I was in about the seventh grade, this girl was standing on top of a table, decorating

the room for some fuckin' holiday, and I just stuck my hand up under her dress and took a good shot at her ass, and she went fuckin' insane, enraged, man. Nowadays, a girl would be flattered if you did that to her, I guess.

PLAYBOY: It still involves the use of force, though.

GILMORE: Yeah, maybe, if you want to look at it that way.

PLAYBOY: You find the use of force in sex objectionable?

GILMORE: Yeah, I do.

PLAYBOY: What other sexual behavior strikes you as objectionable?

GILMORE: Well, when you start bringin' in the wild animals. [Laughs] And I find them closet queens objectionable, because they don't have the courage of their convictions, and, ah, them real blatant, simperin', whimperin' sissies, well, they're bitter, lonely frustrated people. There's some pathos there. I don't know if objectionable is the word. I find that sad.

PLAYBOY: In prison, though, don't men

*"To make somebody
live a lessened
state of existence,
I think that could
be worse than
killin' 'em."*

who aren't homosexuals sometimes resort to each other for sex?

GILMORE: I don't think so, not by and large. If a guy's a faggot, he's a faggot. And if he's in the joint, it's gonna come out, and if he's on the street, it's gonna come out. Take these goddamn questions down to some gay bar. I don't know that much about it.

PLAYBOY: Can you tell us about your sexual encounters in prison?

GILMORE: I haven't had any.

PLAYBOY: Not in 19 years?

GILMORE: Not in 19 years.

PLAYBOY: This whole conversation upsets you. You are prudish.

GILMORE: Shit. Fuck. Guess I'm just a goddamn prude. Maybe it's because I'm Irish and kind of puritanistic.

PLAYBOY: You'd rather think about killing than sex.

GILMORE: Yeah, that's my Irishness. You know us Irish are crazy killers. Go to Northern Ireland and you'll see what I mean. You can't buy no PLAYBOYS up there, but you can goddamn sure get killed.

PLAYBOY: You're a man who could take two people's lives, attempt suicide, sink a hammer in a man's skull—yet when it

comes to sex, you say there are all sorts of things you could never do, right down to dating a buddy's sister. What are some other things you could never do?

GILMORE: Oh, I couldn't snitch on anybody. I couldn't rat on anybody. I don't think I could torture anybody.

PLAYBOY: Isn't forcing somebody to lie down on the floor and shooting him in the back of the head torture?

GILMORE: I'd say it was a very short torture.

PLAYBOY: But how could any crime be worse than taking a person's life?

GILMORE: Well, you could alter somebody's life so that the quality of it wouldn't be what it could've been. I mean, you could torture 'em, you could blind 'em, you could maim 'em, you could cripple 'em, you could fuck 'em up so badly that their life would be a misery for the rest of it. And for me, that's worse than killing somebody. Like, if you kill somebody, it's over for them. I-I believe in karma and reincarnation and shit like that, and if you kill somebody, it could be that you just assume their karmic debts. If you kill them, t-t-thr-thereby you might be relieving them of a debt. But I think to make somebody go on living in a lessened state of existence, I think that could be worse than killin' 'em.

Another thing, I think some forms of behavior modification, the irreversible forms, like lobotomies, and, ah, Prolixin, a drug that can have real damaging effects on a person—in fact, there may be people around who have been fucked up by it, badly, man—well, I won't say doin' that shit to a person is worse than murder, but you gotta give it some thought.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to take much Prolixin?

GILMORE: Man, they really fucked me over with that shit. A normal dose, as I understand it, is not to exceed two c.c.s a month. They were giving me 16 c.c.s a month. They damn near killed me with that shit.

PLAYBOY: How long did they give it to you?

GILMORE: About three months. Listen to that goddamn son of a bitch down there poundin'. How would you like to listen to that half the night?

PLAYBOY: Couldn't stand it.

GILMORE: Motherfuckers! Anyway, those prison psychiatrists will pull any shit to get those drugs into you. A lot of guys, they'd go to the shrinks and try to get some Seconal or yellow jackets so they could sleep or whatever. And the shrinks would trick 'em into tryin' this dangerous experimental shit they always had ready. "Hey, man, let me lay this new trip on ya!" The bastards. I didn't get it that way. I got it forcibly. I was handcuffed to a bed and they shot me with the shit.

PLAYBOY: They'd just come in and shoot it into you?

GILMORE: Yeah, twice a week. They were fuckin' me up bad with it. My mother came to see me and she couldn't stand it. She started cryin'. My little brother



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Gaylen—and he was dyin' at the time, he only lived a few months longer—he came down and raised all kinds of shit with the warden, and we got lawyers, and finally it stopped.

PLAYBOY: How long were you chained to your rack?

GILMORE: Well, I was chained down on four or five separate occasions. The longest was for two weeks. It wasn't chains. It was handcuffs, one on each hand, and leg cuffs, one on each ankle, with rings going over the bed, and you there spread-eagle. The last couple of times I got chained down, I made 'em beat me up first. I just decided I'd fight instead of just takin' it. So I just started swingin' at 'em. I lost them fights, but I felt a little better. The first or second time, they were knockin' me out with some goddamn thing, and I'd wake up and be so pissed off that I'd start screamin', and they'd come in and knock me out with the needle again. Finally, the fuckin' doctor comes in, and I said, man, I'll play this cool. And I asked him, how 'bout lettin' me up, doc? And I said, when I was raisin' hell the other day, I wasn't myself. And he says, if you weren't yourself, who were you? So I says, come here a second, doc, and he kind of creeps over a step or two, and I coughed up a hunger and spit it right in his face.

PLAYBOY: What happened then?

GILMORE: Well, the two guards that were there punched me out. One of 'em choked me. He reached down with his thumb and forefinger and dug into my esophagus and pulled the pillow out from under my head and pushed it down tight over my nose and mouth. I thought the goddamn fool was gonna kill me. His lip was twitchin', man, and he had a real sadistic look on his face. He said, "I just don't like you, Gilmore," only he said it a lot meaner.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like the old Dr. Fell syndrome.

GILMORE: Well, man, they had reason to dislike me. I gave 'em plenty reason.

PLAYBOY: And they expressed their dislike with Prolixin, with beatings and chokings? Or were they trying to cope with someone who was becoming unmanageable?

GILMORE: I can't answer that properly, because my thoughts are ahead of my verbal ability at the moment. They've just brought me some cold food on a goddamn paper plate. I mean, I think I'm entitled to a goddamn tray. They say that they don't take anything away from you until you've abused the privilege. Last night they gave me a tray. This morning they gave me a tray. Now at noon they tell me I have to eat off paper plates. And I've never done anything with the trays. It's that inconsistent policy that gets to you. Fuck! Excuse me a minute. *[Falls silent for several minutes]* OK. Let's go.

PLAYBOY: OK, what else was done to you by the psychiatrists—because you couldn't

be handled, because they didn't like you—for whatever reason? Were you given electric-shock treatments?

GILMORE: Yeah, a series of six. I'll tell you why I received them: I got drunk and tore up a cell while I was in the hole.

PLAYBOY: Did any prison doctor ever discuss psychosurgery?

GILMORE: No. I'm hip to all the behavior-modification techniques. There are all kinds, and I'm just naturally adverse to anything like that. But I never was threatened with psychosurgery.

PLAYBOY: Why was none of this brought out at your trial?

GILMORE: 'Cause my attorneys said it was no defense.

PLAYBOY: But with the kind of heavy therapy you were given in Oregon, there must be some reason to believe that you were out of control. . . .

GILMORE: Aw, man . . . there was just no defense. I killed those guys.

PLAYBOY: At your trial, though, you expressed your shock and amazement that the defense rested without calling a single witness. You seemed surprised. . . .

GILMORE: Surprised, yes, because the two lawyers defending me didn't let me know

*"[Prison officials]
are charged with
being honest, I'm not. . . .
It's my prerogative
to fuck up, 'cause
I'm the crook."*

there would be nothing, not even a meager defense. I went into the trial thinking I had a good insanity defense, but the doctors didn't concur. The bastards would only talk to me under conditions that were impossible and, well, adverse to me. They'd talk to me with a posse of about 40 patients sitting in the room, like group therapy, man, and I wouldn't talk to 'em under those conditions, and I just blew my whole defense away. It wasn't fair to me, but, fuck—I accept it.

PLAYBOY: There was no psychiatrist who might have helped you?

GILMORE: Not according to my lawyers.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been seen by a psychiatrist who seemed to be trying to help you?

GILMORE: I don't know. There's one here . . . but he seems a little too enthusiastic for me. I talked to him before my trial, and, you know, he's one of the ones who start calling you Gary right away, and . . . you know, man, kind of seems like a backslapper or something.

PLAYBOY: So you don't trust him?

GILMORE: Trust him? You serious?

PLAYBOY: You've had shock. You've had Prolixin. You've spent four years in the hole. Guards and cops have kicked out all but two of your teeth. And even with all this, they couldn't handle you in Oregon and had to send you to the heaviest prison in the country, Marion—the new Alcatraz. Was that because you always chose to do your time the hard way? Or are there aspects of your behavior that are beyond your control?

GILMORE: *[Laughing]* I gotta pick A or B, huh? Multiple choice? *[Laughs]* Ah, man, I'm just a fuck-up. I just get in trouble. Damn. I guess it's just my habit to wind up in the worst kind of shit. Lookit, man, they got so many rules in these goddamn places . . . it's s-so damn easy to. . . . Look, I just can't abide by all these goddamned rules, man. Once I-I went for so long as a year without even gettin' one write-up in Oregon, completely stayin' out of trouble. I guess I can do it if I want to, but you know, after you get known as a troublemaker, ah, it's so easy to keep gettin' in trouble, 'cause all them guards, man, like, they put your picture on the hot list up in the fuckin' guards' lounge, and it's "watch this guy," and "suspected of doing this and that," all the time, man. And some guards take a personal dislike to you, and you can feel it, you can see it in the way they look at you, how they antagonize you in little ways that'll make you blow up, you know, and you can get a lot of write-ups that way. You get frustrated because you're in a s-situation where you're always wrong . . . and never right. Because you're the prisoner. And they got the hammer.

PLAYBOY: Then why not keep your head down and not call attention to yourself?

GILMORE: Because once you get a lot of write-ups, there's no way you can be inconspicuous, and in Oregon, I must have had at least 70. They get after your case, man, and out of that 70, at least four or five must have been bum beefs.

PLAYBOY: Did we hear you right, four or five out of 70? Isn't that about as much justice as anyone can expect, inside jail or out of it?

GILMORE: They're charged with being honest, I'm not. It's their duty to be honest and fair. They aren't supposed to bum-rap me. It's my prerogative to fuck up if I want, 'cause I'm the crook.

PLAYBOY: Is that the same philosophy you subscribed to when you went home to Provo?

GILMORE: Fuck you.

PLAYBOY: No, seriously, think about it. The whole country has heard you say that you want to accept your death sentence with dignity and grace. So why couldn't you muster a little dignity and grace when you went back to Provo, where there were people who loved you, instead of frightening them by doing everything you could to show that you were a confirmed, habitual, highly



"Aw, heck, Joan! Voices or no voices, everyone gets it on Saturday night!"

dangerous criminal who was going to get himself and probably everybody else in bad trouble as soon as he could?

GILMORE: You're tryin' to bring me a little bit of anger, right? A little bit of anger here so you can X-ray me better, and maybe get me to react a little more spontaneously, perhaps. That it?

PLAYBOY: Here's just one example: Brenda introduces you to a girl, and the girl goes out with you, and the next night she's busy, so you smash the windshield of her car.

GILMORE: All right. I broke the girl's windshield. It was a chickenshit thing to do. I had no real reason. I felt bad about it and still do. She was a nice chick. I guess I just wasn't her type.

PLAYBOY: Another example, then: You're hardly home when you decide to take off for Idaho Falls. Vern pleads—he doesn't want you to lose your parole. But you take off anyway, and hitchhike, and wind up in a car with a "fruiter," as you would say, and he makes some kind of move toward you, or says the wrong thing, and you come close to killing the man. Why couldn't you restrain yourself just a little? Wasn't that a completely inappropriate response to what was, after all, merely an annoying sexual gesture?

GILMORE: I don't really think that was an inappropriately strong reaction to that kind of shit. But, OK, here's your answer. I didn't hitchhike. I stole a car down the street from Vern's. I never told anybody about that. I left the car in Idaho Falls, because I was gettin' leery about drivin' it any longer, afraid of gettin' stopped. So this guy in a bar offered me a ride. And when he started that shit, I just unloaded on him. Apparently, he was pretty well known to the cops. Because when they stopped us, when I was tryin' to get him to the hospital, hopin' I could just leave him there and walk away, the cops just held me overnight and the next day let me go. So I figured they knew what was happenin'.

PLAYBOY: We're trying to understand your capacity to control yourself. . . .

GILMORE: I can control myself pretty well. . . .

PLAYBOY: Pretty well?

GILMORE: Well, you try and live under these fuckin' situations. Let's see you put up with it for three fuckin' days. Can you hear that loud, fuckin', goddamn noise? Jesus!

PLAYBOY: But there were situations on the outside in which you could have controlled yourself.

GILMORE: I wasn't used to livin' on the fuckin' outside, man. You're locked up for 12 and a half years and, ah . . . go out and, ah . . . expect to im-immediately adjust to the shit. You're thinkin', Jees, there's a subconscious thing that, ah . . . governs the way you act, and you know you shouldn't. [Long pause]

PLAYBOY: But did you have the capacity—

GILMORE: Look, man, I mean, I'm not wrong over every goddamn thing, you know. Every fuckin' thing that comes up. Sometimes things are other people's faults. What are you arguing with me about it for?

PLAYBOY: We'd just like to know—

GILMORE: You think I have the answers for everything? You ask me a question and then you're not satisfied with my fuckin' answer, man. I'm not the goddamn almanac, you know.

PLAYBOY: Let's go at it a different way. You told us the story of how Nicole pulled a gun on you the day before you killed Jensen. And you told how the loss of her resulted in a seething rage that you could release only through killing two strangers. Another way of looking at it might be that it wasn't rage at all—it was just humiliation. You couldn't stand the idea that a little 20-year-old girl could back down Gary Gilmore with a tiny .22.

GILMORE: It was a magnum, motherfucker. [Laughs] You get shot with a .22 magnum

"Aw, man, join the writ club. You can appeal a thing like this for years, and you'll still go down in the end."

and it'll put a hole in you like a .45. I told you that I didn't think the gun was loaded. As a matter of fact, man, I just stood there for about three or four minutes and told her to go ahead and shoot me if she wanted to. She told me to get away from her car. I wasn't gonna get away from it until I felt like it. I didn't think the goddamn gun was loaded. Fuck!

PLAYBOY: Do you think Nicole would have had the nerve to pull it if it wasn't?

GILMORE: Goddamn right she would've. If she wanted to. She finally put it in her purse, and I didn't go over and do anything to her then, either.

PLAYBOY: Well, if you could restrain yourself then, why take it out on two innocent—

GILMORE: I don't know, man. I don't know. Just the habit of violence, maybe.

PLAYBOY: You always speak of "habit" when we get around to talking of your crimes. Could this be a sly way of saying you're a junkie, a trouble junkie? Could it be that the impulsiveness of your behavior is not an impulse toward crime but an impulse toward punishment?

GILMORE: I've thought of that. Maybe it's true. There's a term, institutionalized. Nobody wants to admit, n-nobody admits to being institutionalized. It means being so used to prison that no other way of life is possible anymore. It's a terrible thing to believe about yourself. But lock a motherfucker up for half his life and, well . . . it would have to breed some kind of habit. Perhaps a habit of return.

PLAYBOY: Which might explain why you shot yourself in the hand. . . .

GILMORE: That was a goddamn accident! Nobody believes that, huh?

PLAYBOY: It's like something out of *Macbeth* to shoot the murderous hand.

GILMORE: I told you I took precautions not to get caught.

PLAYBOY: Like calling Brenda. . . .

GILMORE: I didn't know Brenda was going to betray me.

PLAYBOY: No? What else could she do? You had everybody who knew you terrified.

GILMORE: OK, think what you want, say what you want, print what you want after I'm dead. I just ain't gonna go for this psychological bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Why not, if it's based on the wish to understand?

GILMORE: I'll answer that after I have a little coffee. [Silence] Shit.

PLAYBOY: You OK?

GILMORE: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain the fact that the first thing on your mind after you were arrested for the Bushnell murder was getting through to Brenda and telling her, "Be sure and tell Mom"?

GILMORE: I'm gonna answer that right now. It was Brenda's idea. I agreed, reluctantly. She insisted. She seemed eager.

PLAYBOY: Whether it's "psychological bullshit" or not, it's difficult to believe the murders didn't have something to do with how you were treated as a child.

GILMORE: I swear to God that I cannot recall—and I have a terrific memory—I cannot recall my mom ever hitting me, or even spanking me. She always loved and believed in me. Fuck what everybody in the family says. I have a beautiful mother. [Louder] I have a beautiful mother. I repeated that because of all the goddamn noise in the background.

PLAYBOY: Then why not make things easier for your mother by at least expressing some remorse, or fighting for your life. . . .

GILMORE: Aw, man, join the writ club. You can appeal a thing like this for years, and you'll still go down in the end. Even if I got the goddamn case thrown out, they'd just convict me on the other and I'd be right back in this miserable son of a bitch again. Look, man, I'm not dumb. I know I could have taken a stance of utter remorse, and started readin' the Bible, and started preachin', and with the money I had there for a while, the publicity I was gettin', I could've



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hired Clarence Darrow, if he were around [Laughs]. or Melvin Belli . . . but I'm just sick and tired. I'm leadin' a bad life this time around and, ah, if I did get out, I-I would probably get back in trouble even right now. I'm the same goddamn person. What I'm saying is, well, man, I just don't want to go through it all again. I don't want to mess with the law anymore.

(EVENING, JANUARY 14)

GILMORE: What are the ethics involved if I reneged on the donation of my eyes to the Lions Club? I mean, they get eyes all the time, don't they? Christ! I got a letter last night from a man, he's 90 years old and he wants my eyes. I hate to refuse somebody a thing like that, but I think it would be better to give them to somebody younger. A man 90 years old ain't gonna live a hell of a lot longer, and there are young blind people in the world. You think my ethics are OK here?

PLAYBOY: Absolutely.

GILMORE: The Lions Club Eye Bank is a good institution, I guess, but I'd just rather give 'em to an individual, maybe a young person. And then I got this letter from a doctor, and inside was a newspaper clipping, says, "EFFORT BEGINS TO GET CORNEA FOR OGDENITE." And this guy's only 20. I don't want to be harsh about it, but it seems better to give 'em to the young guy. I think I'll just get the lawyers to call that doctor and, ah, just tell him simply: "You got 'em! Gary Gilmore." Or maybe we can give him one eye and give one to another. I don't know.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you've been giving these matters lots of thought.

GILMORE: Whatever's fair, man. I mean, why not? Maybe there's something else somebody could use. I don't think the heart will be usable. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Your attitude is pretty amazing. You've got only 72 hours to live.

GILMORE: You get right down to it, don't you? [Laughs] But, see, the one big advantage I got is that I know when I'm gonna die. That way, I can take care of everything beforehand. So I've made all the arrangements to have this and that taken care of. The pituitary's goin' to a cousin—they can't transplant it, but they'll use it in their research and give you credit. And I was just told today that the liver and kidney are easily salvageable. And I was truly and really deeply glad to hear about that, man. I mean, what the fuck, I'm in good shape. I haven't wasted my body with smokin' and drinkin', I ain't even messed with that many women. Now, if I could just have a little serenity to answer my mail.

PLAYBOY: You're getting lots of mail?

GILMORE: It fell off to 50 or 75 letters a day for a while, but now it's up to 1000 a day. [Laughs] I guess I've got about 7000 letters so far. [At the time of his

death, Gilmore had received more than 40,000 letters at Utah State Prison.] One rural oaf in Georgia even sent me a hunk of rope. There's a god-awful lotta mail from Christians. Did you know that every person in Texas is a stom-down, knuckles-to-the-ground Bible back? Well, that's OK—everybody in New York is nuts, too. It balances out. Lots of this mail is from young tomatoes. I'll read a sample: "Dearest Gary, I admire you very much. I think you are a very brave man to want to die. I adore, love and respect and worship you very much. . . . I hate to see such a very handsome man die. . . . You're so manly, very masculine, sexy, very appealing. [Laughs] Good luck in the other world."

PLAYBOY: How about mail from people you've known?

GILMORE: There's a lot from people who think they knew me. Two different guys asked me are you the Gary Gilmore I was in the Marines with? And one guy says, if you're the Gary Gilmore I know, you won't go through with it. And if they televise it, I'm kicking the tube out. I wrote to him and said, don't kick the tube out on my account. Then I got a letter from a woman who said her son's name is Gary Gilmore, and he's an evangelist. I've never run across a Gary Gilmore. I was hopin' I was the only one.

PLAYBOY: Are there many who keep writing?

GILMORE: This one chick keeps writin', and she's in love, and I thought about her a lot, but I figured I have enough problems. She writes: "How's my wild pony with those wild eyes?" [Laughs] I got three letters from her today. Christ, oh, ah, man—it's a good thing I'm not in California. These kids'd wear me out. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Do young kids appeal to you, particularly?

GILMORE: Why you ask that?

PLAYBOY: Because of the story you told Nicole in one of your letters about the young boy you were in love with. . . .

GILMORE: Where'd you get that? That letter wasn't in the bunch the goddamn D.A. had. That wasn't in the ones the newspaper published.

PLAYBOY: No, it got delivered to Nicole's mother by mistake.

GILMORE: Holy shit. Nothin's sacred, huh?

PLAYBOY: When you write letters that pass through censors, Gary, you can't assume they're sacred.

GILMORE: So all them bastards probably read that, too, huh?

PLAYBOY: It's a good idea to assume they did.

GILMORE: Well, shit, there wasn't anything to it, except I did love that boy. I was in the state hospital in Oregon trying to beat an armed-robbery beef and this 13-year-old boy came in, 'cause he couldn't get along at home. He was really pretty, like a girl, but I never gave him much

thought until it became apparent that he really liked me. I was 23 then. I'd be sittin' down and he would come up and sit beside me and put his arm around me. It was just natural to him, a show of friendship. He didn't have a dad, there was just him, his mother and a younger brother in the family. One time he came up to me in the locker room and asked if he could read this *PLAYBOY* I had. I said sure, for a kiss. Man, he was dumfounded! His eyes got big as silver dollars and his mouth dropped wide open. He said, "No!" and it was really pretty, and I fell in love on the spot. He thought it over then and decided he wanted to read that magazine pretty bad, 'cause he gave me, or rather let me take, a very tender little kiss on the lips. I used to watch him down at the swimming pool. He was one of the most beautiful people I've ever seen, and I don't think I've ever seen a prettier butt. Anyhow, I-I used to kiss him now and then, and we got to be pretty good friends. I was just struck by his youth, beauty and naïveté.

PLAYBOY: And then one of you was sent elsewhere?

GILMORE: Then one of us was sent elsewhere.

PLAYBOY: After the life you've led, what do you think explains the country's fascination with you?

GILMORE: Jeess, I don't know. I guess it's that I'm going first. I think that's the heart of it. Then there's the romantic thing. . . .

PLAYBOY: Between you and Nicole?

GILMORE: Right. And then I'm sorta young, I guess. It is amazing, though. A black guard here who tells me shit says they're makin' lots a dough on Gary Gilmore T-shirts in California, with the *Newsweek* cover on 'em, you know, sayin' DEATH WISH. Did you see that picture of me in *Time*, near one of Mr. Ford? Is that his name—Gerald Ford? [Laughs] It's weird getting used to seein' your picture all over the place. That picture in the Provo paper ruined me. I don't look good when I look up. I look better when I look down a little bit. I'm not really a very photogenic person.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you at all to be attracting such attention? Maybe you saw that old movie—*Angels with Dirty Faces*. Jimmy Cagney is on death row, and the padre comes by and tells him, if you go out like a man, the kids are going to be inspired by it and do all kinds of stupid things to show the world they're as tough as you are. But if you go out like a sniveling rat, it will turn them away from a life of crime. Cagney, of course, does the right thing and goes out like a sniveling rat.

GILMORE: Hang on a minute, my chow's here. [Silence] OK. I'm back. In answer to your question: Sick minds will find encouragement, no matter what. If I start wondering and worrying about



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things like that, then I'm gonna have to start wonderin' and worryin' about every goddamn thing. I mean, I just can't be responsible for every son of a bitch in the world. I think we taught ourselves things that we've earned and deserved. From past lives. Just by being what we are. And, man, if you go around worryin' about other people, and how you're gonna affect them, well, then, you're interfering in their lives. I mean, what the fuck, man, I don't have the right to even start thinking that way.

PLAYBOY: Then why do you bother to stay up all night answering letters from obviously weird and unhealthy people who are attracted to you simply because you want to die?

GILMORE: Not all of 'em, man. I get letters from people who understand all this in a beautiful way. Very concisely. They read all the shit that gets into the newspapers and they take out just the truth. Some of 'em really understand. They don't want publicity, like that surgeon who wants the eyes. Transplanting eyes, man—that's an act of genius. It takes a genius to do it. And this doctor, he don't want no attention. He just wants eyes.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think so many people write to you?

GILMORE: Well, at first I was amazed. I mean, nobody came to my trial, you know? Couldn't have been more than 20 people there the day I was sentenced. And when I first started seeing things in the paper, I wasn't surprised—a little bit, you know, but after a while, it dawned on me, man, that my name was known around the world. And that really did surprise the shit out of me. I told Nicole, I said, listen, man, things like money can go to a person's head. So can fame. You gotta keep everything in perspective. But I didn't need to tell her that: it was something she already knew. **PLAYBOY:** It's a strange kind of fame, though, isn't it? It's important to remember that if you'd only robbed those men, and been sent back to prison for life, or if you'd fought your sentence and appealed, you'd be a nobody.

GILMORE: You think I'm concerned about the publicity, man? I try my best not to let it have any effect, and it doesn't really have any goddamn effect. It doesn't do that much for me to read my goddamn name in the paper. I mean, Jesus. I'm just in here for murder—what the hell is there to feel so good about?

(MORNING, JANUARY 15)

GILMORE: [Left alone for a moment in the maximum-security superintendent's office, Gilmore whips open every desk drawer, browses the shelves, pockets two pens, some paper clips, a pair of shoelaces.] My greatest caper to date is these goddamn shoelaces. They're really somethin', man. [Laughs] You should see these babies—I mean, they're both black, and maybe a

little plastic's worn off on the ends, but I don't think they're gonna break that easily. I know I am proud of these shoelaces. For a man in my circumstance, they're handy to have.

PLAYBOY: Your ability to swim through the prison, to smuggle in pills, to make two serious suicide attempts, to snatch a radio for a while, to shake down the superintendent's office—these talents must take all the years you've spent in prison to acquire.

GILMORE: You just do things, you know. You don't wait to sneak around and be furtive. You just seize the moment. You take your own shoelaces out and put 'em in the drawer, and then you put the new ones on. New shoelaces—it ain't a bad feeling.

PLAYBOY: You've said before that you can defeat fear by banishing its symptoms. It's getting close now—48 hours. What are the symptoms?

GILMORE: Symptoms? Well, some people, the symptom of fear might be that their minds kind of stop. Some people, it might be an overabundance of adrenaline, like if you were runnin' from something, and the more you ran, man, the more it would feed the fear. It might be the hair rising on the nape of your neck. Knees knock, teeth chatter. I don't know.

PLAYBOY: What symptoms do you feel?

GILMORE: I didn't say I was scared, did I?

PLAYBOY: No. But are you feeling fear?

GILMORE: Fear's negative. Why feel it? You could damn near call it a sin if you let it run your life.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, you're not acting out of fear now, but do you *feel* it?

GILMORE: I guess I'm lucky. It hasn't come in. I don't think it will come in Monday morning—I haven't felt it yet. You know, a true man, a true b-brave man, a true man, ah . . . a truly brave man is somebody who feels fear and goes out and does what he's supposed to do in spite of that. I don't feel that fear, see, so you couldn't really say I'm that fuckin' brave. I ain't fightin' against fear and, ah, overcomin' it. I don't know about Monday mornin'.

PLAYBOY: Most people, under the circumstances, would count not feeling fear as bravery.

GILMORE: I don't. I don't. I don't . . . say I'm courageous or brave. I'm, well, not even sure I understand the meaning of those words.

PLAYBOY: You can control your mind, perhaps. But doesn't a body that knows it's going to die protest in some way?

GILMORE: I eat good. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Seriously?

GILMORE: Yeah, I also sleep good.

PLAYBOY: How about your nerves?

GILMORE: How about 'em? They're relayin' all messages to my brain. Aren't the nerves the ones that do that? [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Well, one thing that is observable is that things do upset you pretty



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easily. Your moods change.

GILMORE: I've always been moody.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything about your life that feels undone and makes you want to hang on?

GILMORE: I'd like to have another go at that miserable bastard of a dentist who fucked me up in Oregon. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You really wouldn't want to give life another try?

GILMORE: Oh, I'd love it. I wish they'd let me go right now. I'd go get a gun and get Nicole out of that, ah . . . hospital. Then I'd pistol-whip these idiot A.C.L.U. lawyers. . . .

PLAYBOY: Same old Dr. Fell.

GILMORE: Well, you asked. And, yeah! Yeah, of course. Why not? If I went up there to the hospital and just asked for her, and got insistent, well, shit—you asked. I got carried away here. I forget what the hell. . . .

PLAYBOY: We were talking about hanging on to life.

GILMORE: Or accepting fate. Man, we all gotta accept our fate. You think you can evade yours? Does anybody? Sooner or later, you're gonna meet yourself.

PLAYBOY: But when you talk about getting a gun and rescuing Nicole. . . .

GILMORE: Man, they got her in a new ward where they got the men and women sleeping together. And I don't like that at all, man, because they got nuts in there. They got unlocked rooms, and one dude that sits out there in the corridor, and he could fall asleep any time. And they got goddamn nuts in there who could rape you. I want Nicole out of there. I want her out of that goddamn place. And I know there ain't nothin' I can do. The Salt Lake police have got all kinds of our letters. The fuckin' shrinks have got all kinds of our letters. The words we've meant for us alone are the property of newspapers that take copyrights out on 'em. The warden won't let Nicole come to the execution, or else some goddamn psych doctor won't. And now they tell me today I can't even record a cassette to send her. I ain't askin' 'em for another goddamn thing. I just want it to get over.

PLAYBOY: The frustration you're feeling isn't yours alone.

GILMORE: I don't understand that.

PLAYBOY: Take Ida and Vern, for instance. They don't want to see you shot.

GILMORE: I'm not crazy about the idea myself.

PLAYBOY: Yes, of course, but you're willing to accept it. They're not. Now that the uncertainty is over, it's just going to be a painful time for everyone.

GILMORE: Man, ah . . . I-I'm not in pain.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but others are.

GILMORE: It's no big deal.

PLAYBOY: All right, whatever you say.

GILMORE: I don't want anything. I'd like to see Nicole. I'd like to stand. I don't want the goddamn hood. I just want a little quiet. I don't think I'll even come

out tomorrow night. I don't want the papers to say, well, we really treated him great on his last night. He got to see his uncle and his lawyers.

PLAYBOY: You've still got 48 hours to live—why not live them?

GILMORE: I just see the fuckin' futility in asking for anything. It makes 'em happy when you ask for somethin', 'cause then they can say, "Well, let me get back to you on that one." And they never get back. And there ain't no time left anymore. Cocksuckers! They've put two of them fools out there guarding me, and all they do is talk to each other and play cards. . . .

PLAYBOY: When you get an execution date, you get a death watch. That's what you're undergoing right now.

GILMORE: Well, OK, then, OK, man. But, man, it's so fuckin' noisy. If I could have some quiet during these last hours. I stayed up till three last night answering letters, you know. Fuck! People are decent enough to write you a fuckin' letter, least you can do. . . . I answer about 50 of 'em a day. I've been givin' away autographed Bibles, too. Is that blasphemous? [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: From the way your mail's run-

*"Don't ask me any
questions after you
put that hood on me,
'cause I ain't
answerin' 'em."*

ning, you could probably sell them.

GILMORE: Oh, hey, man, I've got somethin' that'll make a mint. Listen to this: Get ahold of John Cameron Swayze right now, and get a Timex wrist watch here. And have John Cameron Swayze come runnin' out there after I fall over, he can be wearin' a stethoscope, he can put it on my heart and say, "Well, that stopped," and then he can put the stethoscope on the Timex [Laughs] and say, "She's still runnin', folks."

(EVENING, JANUARY 15)

PLAYBOY: You seem depressed.

GILMORE: Ah, man, I think sitting down and wearing a hood is a morbid, macabre thing. I never wore a hood before. Why should I start wearing one now?

PLAYBOY: You think it's more manly to do it your way?

GILMORE: No. I just want to look them fuckers in the eye when they shoot me.

PLAYBOY: Maybe the warden is worried that you'd move or flinch at the last minute.

GILMORE: I won't budge. I would assume those marksmen they got would prefer a

moving target. But I'm not gonna satisfy the bastards.

PLAYBOY: Can't blame you for that.

GILMORE: I asked the fucker, are you going to ask me if I have anything to say, any last words, like? And, ah, yeah, he looked like he hadn't thought about that one. And I said, well, are you gonna do it before or after you put the fuckin' hood on me? And he says, well-I-I-I, and you know, that fucker had never given it any thought. [Laughs] So I told him, well, look, no use thinkin' on it there, warden, 'cause I'm tellin' ya: Don't ask me any questions after you put that hood on me, 'cause I ain't answerin' 'em. I told him I can't help what you impose on me, bein' seated and hooded, but I need to keep dignity, no matter what.

PLAYBOY: Did he say what the hood would be like?

GILMORE: Fuck, I didn't ask him. A hood's a hood. Listen to them miserable sons a bitches back there. [Loud noises in background] They're tryin' to get the door closed, is what they're tryin' to do. Jesus!

PLAYBOY: Have you always been this sensitive to noise?

GILMORE: Man, noises bother everybody. Almost everybody in here's got earplugs, big things that cover your whole ears. They can put 'em on and listen to the radios, tune out on this shit. But where I'm at, there isn't anything . . . I have to listen to this shit, ah . . . an awful lot of noises, man. I can put up with it. I've put up with it for 19 years. But right now, particularly, I would like some serenity, some quiet, and I think I'm entitled to that fuckin' much.

PLAYBOY: Are you getting any sleep?

GILMORE: I do about 1000 jumping jacks at night and, man, I do sit-ups, I do 50 push-ups, I chin myself, I run up and down this little four-cell corridor where they got me, and it's still a motherfucker to sleep with the lights on all the time and these two fools starin' in on me, and bullshittin', and carryin' on all night.

PLAYBOY: You don't like your guards? You sort of liked the last ones.

GILMORE: Ah, shit, they're pretty cool. I mean, they're men. If I gave 'em some shit, they would react. Some guys, you know, whether they're prison guards or not, they're still men.

PLAYBOY: Something still seems to be bothering you. We thought you'd be glad that the wait was almost over.

GILMORE: Of course.

PLAYBOY: Something else, then?

GILMORE: Ah, well, the warden came and talked to me while my brother Mike was here, and he told me he's not gonna allow you [interviewer Schiller] in the last night. And I told him, listen, man, you're doin' this personally, you're not being objective, you're bein' subjective because of the way I've talked around here and acted around here, and I said, now that's what you're doin' to Larry, he came in

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here, and he tricked you, and now you're punishing me for that. And now this is exactly what he said, he said, "Who else can I punish?"

PLAYBOY: He actually said that?

GILMORE: Those were his exact words.

(MORNING, JANUARY 16)

PLAYBOY: Has the warden made up his mind about the hood?

GILMORE: I believe he's concerned that my standin' there and lookin' at the firing squad will unnerve 'em. He's worried about them guys gettin' nervous. But listen, he did say this—emphatically. He said they usually come to your cell, put a hood on you there, and you wear the hood from the time you leave your cell till you're dead. He said he wouldn't put the hood on me until after I'm in the chair. I want the son of a bitch to keep his word on that much, at least.

PLAYBOY: With only 24 hours to go, it's unlikely he'll change his mind.

GILMORE: Man, you don't know wardens.

(NOON, JANUARY 16)

GILMORE: The father just came in and said a Mass. Gave me a sip of the weakest wine I ever drank in my life. Then they told me I couldn't have a cassette to say goodbye to Nicole. They said, hey, there's still a chance you'll get your phone call. Shit! Lieutenant Fagan says, "My hands are tied," and I says, "Well, how does it feel to walk around with your hands tied? Why don't you change? Have you ever thought about feeling like a man, instead of a sleazy son of a bitch?" Then I find out that there's still some kind of goddamn appeal being heard in Federal court here by some fumblin', bumblin' judge who wants to get famous off me. I'm afraid he'll decide to *ponder* it for a day, and that'll mean another 30-day wait for me.

PLAYBOY: You're pretty much alone in your wish to see it happen tomorrow morning, you know.

GILMORE: Well, I'll just hang myself to-night if they stay it.

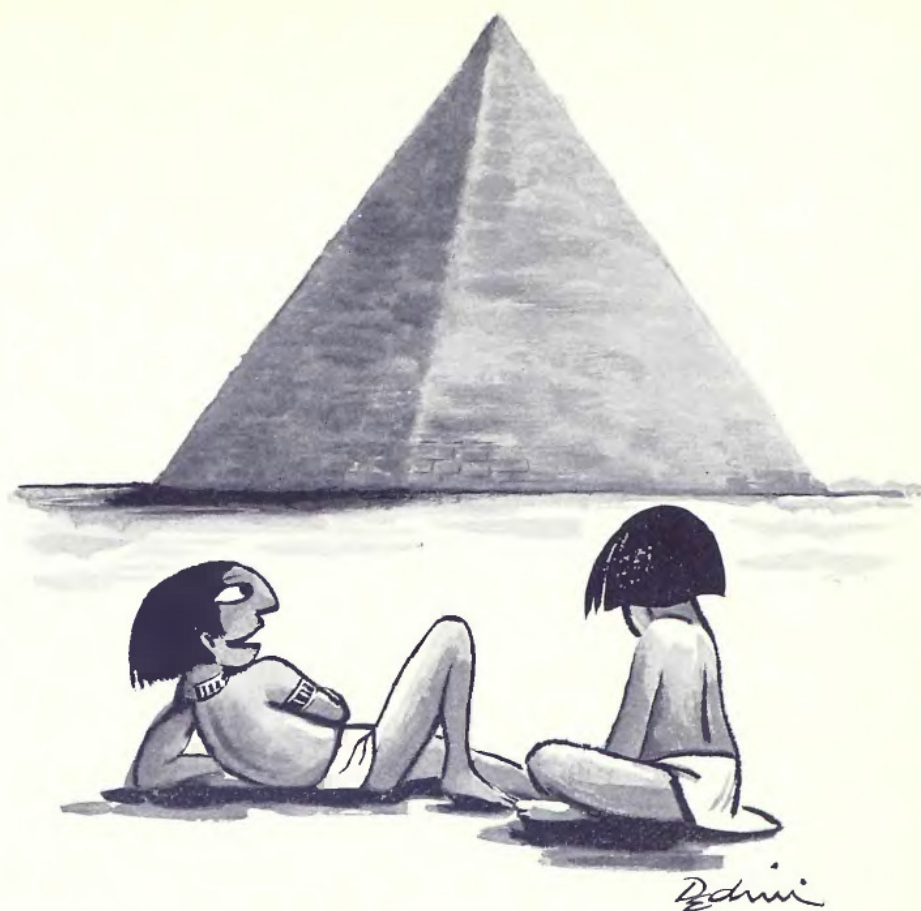
PLAYBOY: The shoelaces!

GILMORE: You guessed it. They're gonna have to watch me constantly, continuously. 'Cause I'm not gonna fuck around with them anymore.

PLAYBOY: How are you feeling, now that the time is drawing short?

GILMORE: I tell you, I don't feel any different now than ever. Maybe I will in the morning. But I've talked to people who know more than I do, and people who know less, and I listen to all of 'em. And the only fuckin' thing I know about death, the only real feeling I have about it is that it'll be familiar. I don't think it'll be a harsh, unkind thing, because I think things that are harsh and unkind are here on earth, and they're temporary—all this passes.

PLAYBOY: Are they treating you all right? Are they loosening up at all?



"For a while there, I thought we'd never get the damn thing finished."

GILMORE: Ah, yesterday I blew up and cussed out one of 'em, and today again the same. I like to cuss 'em out, you know. And I put it to 'em on a personal basis, too. You know, if you're gonna fight with somebody or say something to 'em or call 'em names, make it personal. Take it a step further than just a frivolous insult. I don't just do it on a whim to amuse myself or something.

PLAYBOY: When we spoke yesterday on the phone, you said you were planning to do some writing.

GILMORE: No, man, it's too goddamn noisy, and these assholes are starin' in on me, so I just write thank-you notes to the people who've sent me letters.

PLAYBOY: Doing any reading?

GILMORE: No, ah . . . I don't read anymore. Shit. [Sighs] I've read all I'm gonna read.

PLAYBOY: Do you draw anymore?

GILMORE: No.

PLAYBOY: You said you were going to draw a self-portrait.

GILMORE: No. Don't have a mirror.

PLAYBOY: I guess you don't have much of anything in there.

GILMORE: I've got myself.

PLAYBOY: You're certainly . . . well, remarkably composed. [Pause]

GILMORE: Hey, lookit, man, am I missing

something here? I mean, have I-I, am I bein' kinda rude? You guys are a little upset about this, I guess. Goddamn. That's what bothers me. That's just the one thing that bothers me, when I see somebody . . . like when my brother Mike came by, and I seen his eyes get red. And, shit . . . I'm not . . . I wasn't unaware of that. I'm not, well, quite that egocentric. I mean, I'm capable of discerning somebody else's feelings. I understand that other people might have thoughts for me . . . and . . . I hope you don't think I'm tryin' to be rude. The fact is, well, I know your thoughts. I shouldn't say that. How can you know another person's thoughts? But I can sense some of your feelings, even through this wall, these windows, this fuckin' situation. I wish I could dissuade you from any troubling thoughts. Actually, I'm very fortunate. I'm dying and I know when. I've been given time to make arrangements for different things. Some people can't . . . they leave things undone. Think of Jensen and Bushnell.

(1:02 A.M., JANUARY 17)

[Gilmore telephoned from the office of Lieutenant Fagan, the maximum-security chief. He had spent the evening hours dancing, singing and talking with a few

relatives and other visitors, and he had drunk a little whiskey they smuggled into him. His last request for a pizza and a six-pack of beer was denied by the prison authorities, so he hadn't eaten since morning. His mood was cheerful as he clowned around, wearing Fagan's hat, and his voice was a little slurred.]

GILMORE: I just heard on the radio that it's all over. That appeal they were arguin' before Judge Ritter—I guess they lost out. So now there's no way anybody can butt in.

PLAYBOY: We may not be talking again. Is there anything you'd like to add to all we've said?

GILMORE: Like what?

PLAYBOY: Like the one question you never quite answer: Have you ever killed anyone other than Jensen and Bushnell?

GILMORE: No.

PLAYBOY: No, for sure?

GILMORE: Nobody else.

PLAYBOY: We're still left with the feeling that something has to explain why suddenly you would choose to—

GILMORE: I was always capable of murder. There's a side of me that I don't like. I can become totally empty of feelings for others, unemotional—

VOICE: Hello?

GILMORE: Hello.

VOICE: Is this Mr. Fagan?

GILMORE: Who's this?

VOICE: This is the warden.

GILMORE: This is Mr. Gilmore. I'm makin' a phone call.

VOICE: OK. Thank you. Pardon me.

PLAYBOY: You there?

GILMORE: [Sigh] Yeah.

PLAYBOY: We still don't understand what goes on in a person's mind who decides to kill—

GILMORE: Hey, look. Listen. One time I was drivin' down the street in Portland. I was just fuckin' around, about half high, and I seen two guys walk out of a bar. I was just a youngster, man, 19, 20, something like that, and one of these dudes is a young *chicano* about my age and the other's about 40, an older dude. So I said, hey, you guys want to see some girls? Get in. And they got in the back. I had a '49 Chevrolet, two-door, you know, fastback? And they got in. And I drove out to Clackamas County, a very dark . . . now I'm tellin' you the truth. I ain't makin' this up. I'm not dramatizin', I'm going to be blasted out of my fuckin' boots in a few minutes, and I've already told you the goddamn truth, even if you don't believe me, and if it sounds like I'm tryin' to make up a story. . . .

PLAYBOY: No, there's no feeling of that. . . .

GILMORE: Goddamn. I swear to Jesus Christ on everything that's holy that I'm tellin' you the truth ver-fuckin'-ba'im. This is a strange story.

PLAYBOY: Go ahead.

GILMORE: So they got back there and I got to tellin' them about these broads, I was just embroiderin', how they had big tits and liked to fuck and had a party goin', and how I left the party to get some guys to bring out there because they were short on dudes, and these two were about half drunk when we drove out there. I drove out to a pitch-black road, and I stopped, and I had a bar about 16 inches long . . . just a minute. [Pause] Lieutenant Fagan walked in. He told me to take his hat off. OK. [Deep sigh] Jesus fuckin' Christ. OK. So-o-o-o, I got these guys in the car, and drove 'em down this pitch-black fuckin' road, it had gravel on it, you know, not a rough road, black, smooth, flat, chipped fuckin' concrete, that's how I remember it, and I reached down under the seat—I always kept a baseball bat or a pipe, you know . . . and I reached down under the seat . . . just a minute! . . . [Silence] Ritter just issued a stay.

PLAYBOY: What?

GILMORE: Ritter . . . just . . . issued . . . a . . . stay.

PLAYBOY: For how long?

GILMORE: [Off phone] For how long? For what reason? [Back on phone] Ritter issued a stay because of a taxpayers' lawsuit saying it's illegal to use taxpayers' money to shoot me. [Silence] Foul cocksuckers! That Ritter! I knew! A taxpayers' suit! I'll pay for it myself. I'll buy the bullets, rifles and pay the riflemen! Jesus fuckin' goddamn Christ. Man, I want it to be over!

PLAYBOY: There's a lot of thinking you've got to do before you make your next move. Maybe there's something worth saving. We've done a lot of talking. We've done—

GILMORE: I don't care about that!

PLAYBOY: I know, but maybe you should think about it.

GILMORE: Shit. I gotta listen to all this goddamn noise in this motherfucker. . . .

PLAYBOY: Maybe you're not meant to die. Maybe what you're going through now is a greater atonement. . . .

GILMORE: Goddamn, they gave me a sentence, and I'm willin'. . . .

PLAYBOY: You're not listening, are you?

GILMORE: Huh? I'm listenin'.

PLAYBOY: Let's just spend the next hour talking and see if. . . .

GILMORE: Aw, shit. Piss. Fagan wants to use the phone. I can't stay on here. I'll try and call back.

PLAYBOY: OK. We'll be here. Goodbye.

GILMORE: Goodbye.

[Gilmore did not call back.]

(JANUARY 17, PREDAWN HOURS)

[Gilmore stayed up the night, believing, and profoundly bitter over, the news that his execution had been stayed. He was determined to end his own life if the state refused to do it, so the death watch over him did not slacken or abate.]

PLAYBOY: This close to death, is there anything you feel you still must hide?

GILMORE: I'm gettin' pissed off at that kind of question. I've been honest with you.

PLAYBOY: What about—

GILMORE: Goddamn! I don't give a damn what anybody else says. I ain't bein' defensive about my mother. My mother is a hell of a woman. She did the very goddamn best she could and, man, she was always there, we always had somethin' to eat, we always had somebody to tuck us in. I ain't bein' defensive about her. I know she'd be here if she could, and if she was here, I could make her feel a lot better. She's got rheumatoid arthritis real bad, she's had it about four years, and she never says a word about it, never bitches about it at all. Up until she got sick, she worked as a busboy. A buswoman. Not a waitress, like *Time* or *Newsweek* or some-goddamn-body said. And she worked in that café until the boss finally told her, I'm gonna have to let you go. My dad was dead by then. He didn't take out any insurance or anything—and my mom, she didn't have any money. My brother Frank had to help out as best he could, tryin' to hold on to that beautiful house we had, with a nice swing-around driveway, where you drive up and it makes a circle . . . she wanted that. She wanted some things and she lost 'em. She tried to hang on, she tried to keep it together, but she lost 'em. And she never said nothin'. My dad should have taken out some insurance. He should have provided better. But she never bitched about it at all. I keep bein' asked if I love her, if she loves me, if she loved me when I was a baby. Yeah, goddamn it! Yes! I don't want to hear any more fuckin' bullshit that she was mean to me. She never hit me. She loved me and believed in me!

[Shortly after 7:12 A.M., six guards arrived at Gilmore's cell and informed him that his time was up: The Tenth Circuit Court in Denver had met in a special predawn session and overturned Judge Ritter's stay. He was ushered out of his cell and escorted to a waiting van that drove him and the execution party to the prison cannery, where the firing squad awaited. The witnesses Gilmore had invited came forward and exchanged parting words with him. Then the warden, standing a few feet from Gilmore's chair, read the execution order and asked the condemned man if he had anything to say. Gilmore looked past the warden to stare deep into the dark-gray-fabric curtain that concealed the five riflemen. He rolled his head back for a long moment and looked up at the ceiling. Then he leveled his gaze, looked back at the warden and spoke his last words:]

GILMORE: Let's do it.



CORDIALLY INVITING

(continued from page 168)

"Cordials are usually so brilliantly hued and voluptuously flavored that their fragrance is often overlooked."

Chocolate Amaretto, chocolate cherry, Cuarenta y Tres, Oranger, mandarin (or mandarino), crème de menthe, Galliano, Kahlúa, Irish Coffee Liqueur, Irish Mist, Glavya Scotch liqueur or Wild Turkey bourbon liqueur.

MOONSTONE

1½ ozs. Elixir Williams Pear Liqueur
½ oz. Williams pear brandy
Pour over ice in small old fashioned or roly-poly glass. Stir. Optional: Garnish with lemon slice.

CHERRY COLA

Lime wedge
2 ozs. cherry-and-fruit brandy
3 ozs. cola soda (or to taste), chilled
Squeeze lime over ice in highball glass; drop in rind. Add beverages; stir briefly.
Lime Cola: Substitute Freezetime for cherry-and-fruit brandy.

Lemon Cola: Substitute lemon wedge for lime wedge and Lemonique for cherry-and-fruit brandy.

Slovokola: Substitute Slovoka for cherry-and-fruit brandy.

TEU-TONIC

Lime wedge
2 ozs. Jägermeister
Tonic water, chilled
Squeeze lime into highball glass, over ice. Add rind. Add beverages; stir briefly.

LATIN LOVER

1½ ozs. Allegro Liqueur
1 oz. tequila
3 dashes grenadine
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Shake briskly with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

PINK PANTHER

1 oz. Chocclair
½ oz. crème de almond
½ oz. milk
Combine all ingredients. Pour over crushed ice in large cocktail or sherbet glass. Serve with straws.

BLUE JADE

1 oz. blue curaçao
1 oz. vodka

2 ozs. orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Fruit garnish

Pour over ice in tall glass. Stir well, to chill. Decorate with pineapple chunk, strawberry and mandarin-orange segment, on pick.

APPLETON COOLER

1 oz. Jamaica rum
½ oz. apricot liqueur
¼ oz. banana liqueur
3 to 4 ozs. pineapple juice
Mint sprig
Fill tall glass with ice cubes. Add spirits and juice. Garnish with mint sprig.

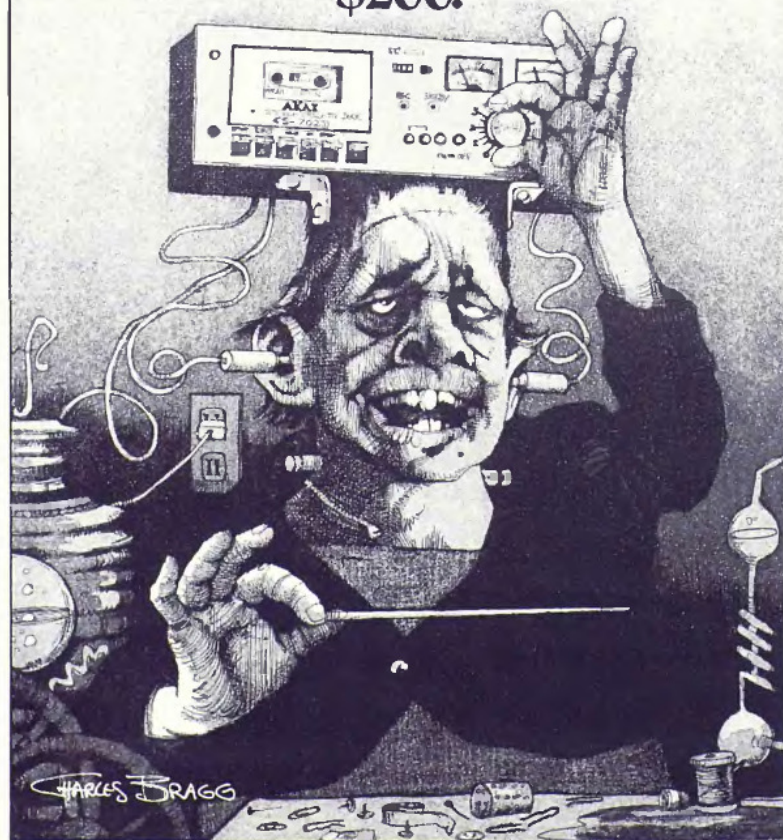
PINEAPPLE SCHNAPPS

2 ozs. peppermint schnapps
Pineapple juice, chilled
Club soda, optional
Lemon slice
Pour schnapps over ice in tall glass. Add juice to taste; stir. Top off with splash of soda, if you like, and garnish with lemon slice.

Cordials are usually so brilliantly hued and voluptuously flavored that their fragrance is often overlooked. There are few sensual delights that equal the redolent, ravishing aroma from a glass recently drained of its liqueur, as the last lingering droplets vaporize.



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GIRLS OF THE NEW SOUTH

(continued from page 142)

"Northern girls who move South say they open up to the good and easy pace."

Maybe it's those hot, humid nights. Maybe they're our Mediterraneans. Whatever the reason, Southern women are clearly more relaxed about their socializing and bed partners than their Northern counterparts. What better way to find out than to ask Yankee transplants? Over a drink or three at Pat O'Brien's, the bar and drinking garden in New Orleans, a Northern lady who moved South two years ago explained it: "Moralitywise, Southern women are very, very loose. They're more direct about what they want. There are no holds barred."

Or witness the ire of a cute, blonde dental hygienist from Indiana who now works in Atlanta: "Southern women are so aggressive! They spoil the men! With the ratio here, about four girls to every guy, the men know that if one girl says no, it takes only about five minutes to find another one who will say yes." Welcome to the New South.

PLAYBOY Staff Photographer David Chan met many Virginia girls during last year's shooting of our popular *Girls of Washington* pictorial (PLAYBOY, September 1976). Then he carried his lights and cameras to Atlanta, Nashville, Memphis and New Orleans for this look at the new ladies of the New South. "A lot of them come from smaller towns around the South," says Chan. "But you also meet many girls from the North who came down for a visit and decided to stay. They like the warm weather and easy atmosphere."

Southern boom towns such as Atlanta have attracted young people from all over the country. Moe Turcotte moved from Maine to Atlanta, where he is now catering manager at the posh West Paces Racquet Club off Peachtree Road. He says: "I've met more Maine girls here than I ever met in Maine. Hell, in New England, a girl walking down the street won't even talk to you. In Atlanta, that same girl will smile and talk and not feel bad about it."

Northern girls who move South say they slow down, shed their armor and open up to the good and easy pace. Stacy Ambrose, an assistant personnel manager, moved from her native New Jersey to New Orleans. She says, "I would never move back North. It's so relaxed here. When you walk into a *disco*, it's more romantic, a plantation atmosphere with a lot of wood. In the North, it's harsh, with all lights

and glass. Here I can let everything loose and be myself."

In case you haven't heard, Jimmy Carter has let it out that the South is the place to be these days. Kirkpatrick Sale warned us that the South would rise again in *Power Shift*, a book that noted the population drift (and resultant political shift) from the Northeast and Midwest into the Sun-belt states. In the first half of this decade, the South's head count went up 5,300,000, more than the country's three other regions combined. More and more companies have discovered the good life of free outdoor tennis, mild winters, cheap parking and those all-day smiles; hence, they have transferred headquarters to places like Atlanta and Houston. One executive told us, "Now that we're in Atlanta, all the field reps want to move to headquarters. When we were still in New York, a man would tell me his wife threatened divorce if he were transferred to headquarters."

Trekking after the sun has spurred the much-touted Southern business and real-estate boom of the past 15 years. That has generated a huge demand for young professionals—doctors, bankers and lawyers out of such university towns as Tuscaloosa, Athens and Baton Rouge—and young women in secretarial, teaching and nursing slots, not to mention hundreds of jobs in the new taverns and restaurants. More and more Southern women, too, are striking out into law and medicine professionally: There are currently 222 women in a student body of 742 at Emory University Law School in Atlanta. The striking number of women prominent in Jimmy Carter's Administration—Barbara Blum of Atlanta, Patt Derian of Mississippi and Betty Rainwater of Atlanta—will have a symbolic effect for other young Southern women.

All of this has made Atlanta into a young man's town. Most of Atlanta's political and business leadership is under 45, with an emphasis on developing youth. Maynard Jackson, the mayor, is 39; Richard Kattel, chairman and president of C&S National Bank, the city's largest (assets: three billion dollars), is 40. John Portman, the architect and developer, was only 39 when he opened Atlanta's stunning Hyatt Regency, with its 22-story atrium lobby and shaftless, space-bubble elevators, the style that has revolutionized hotel design in America. Portman's latest addition to the Atlanta skyline is the 73-story, 1100-room Peachtree Plaza, the world's tallest hotel.

Stroll down Peachtree Street on a springtime lunch hour and you'll get the message better than we can tell it. If you arrive by noon, you might cadge a spot on the concrete benches in the middle of Peachtree Center, the office-and-hotel complex John Portman has developed atop Peachtree Ridge—the heart of town. This is the prime girl-watching seat in the

city, since these office towers disgorge the most and the best of Atlanta's typewriter corps every day at lunch. While expense-account types head for the elegant, Danish-style Midnight Sun restaurant in the plaza below, the younger set lines up for wine and cheese carry-outs or hot dogs sold in the adjacent self-service café—another no-miss girl gathering spot at lunch time. By this time of year, they've begun showing shoulder (and sometimes much more) in the South, so amble down to Central City Park at Five Points, vortex of the financial district. Here, dozens of young lovelies take a sandwich and Coke (the South's other gift to the world, besides beautiful women and politicians) and spread out on grassy hillocks to worship the sun while they eat.

One thing you will notice right away is that there are more of them than there are of you. Next to Washington, Atlanta has the most favorable male-female ratio of any city in the country. Don't ask where we got the figures; just believe us. Call it grass-roots research.

Atlanta ladies are predominantly drawn from the Deep South tier of South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama—plus Florida. This is ethnically untouched Anglo-Saxon country, whence all the blue-eyed blondes with Scottish-Irish names. They bring along deep Southern drawls as well, but often lose them to the flatter, more cosmopolitan Atlanta accent. Native Atlanta girls usually have only a faint Southern accent. Maybe this is because the carpetbagging never stopped, but today nobody minds the influx of Northern business and, consequently, many women from New York and the Midwest. Somehow in Atlanta, we seemed to meet more ladies from Ohio than any other non-Southern state: schoolteachers, nurses, secretaries. Many blacks with ancestral roots in the South are also returning to Atlanta for college and jobs (particularly with the airlines).

Atlanta, like Houston, Dallas and Miami, has strongly adopted the California lifestyle of the early Sixties, i.e., apartment complexes. Some of them are "stew zoos" on the South Side near the airport (there are 2840 stewardesses stationed in Atlanta by Delta, Eastern and Southern). Others are sprinkled around the lush, green hills—the butt of the Appalachian chain—that form the northern boundary of the city. Most of the apartments—such as Riverbend on the meandering Chattahoochee River and nearby Tree Top Apartments, set among piny knolls—feature all the accouterments of singles life at no extra cost to the tenants: several swimming pools, tennis courts, multipurpose clubhouse with weight rooms, game rooms and about three noisy beer blasts per week, for which men may pay up to three dollars' admission (ladies half price or free). During the spring and summer,

the real weekend action is around the big pools; a common pastime for guys on the prowl is "pool hopping" around the perimeter complexes.

Southern fun is often loud fun, since half those coat-and-tie professionals are really only one generation removed from gas-station beer guzzlers like President Carter's brother, Billy. All the country in them comes out one hot Saturday in May, when hundreds of crazies in assorted stages of undress and inebriation gather 9.2 miles upriver from the Riverbend apartments for what is dubiously called The Ramblin' Raft Race. There is a crude semblance of organization by racing classes, but basically, people will put into the frigid mountain water anything that floats, including several six-packs and their own rear ends.

Somehow, they all come out of the river several miles later. Nobody makes this trip without female company; Southern girls gladly suffer all the whooping and more than hold their own in the beer-consumption field.

By night, Atlanta is, quite simply, a pickup paradise. For early after-work drinks, the classiest watering hole is Mimi's, an exquisitely designed bar and restaurant overhanging the skating rink in the starkly futuristic new Omni International office and hotel center. Mimi's combination of cypress-stump tables, Italian-marble bar and leather-and-fabric pillow seats exudes an elegance that has attracted the dressiest crowd and flashiest women in a city otherwise given to rather relaxed clothing styles.

A comfortable halfway station between downtown and the outskirts is Harrison's on Peachtree Road, with two bars, a restaurant and a game room housed in an old dry cleaner's convincingly converted by a lovely collection of English and Scottish antiques. Harrison's is named for William Henry Harrison, the legendary Confederate colonel who, when shot on that spot during the Battle of Atlanta, had the good grace before expiring to toast his wife with the last dram from his brandy flask. Things are kind of like that in Harrison's: lots of ladies, lots of toasting.

Later in the evening, the emphasis shifts to the discos and bars on the northern edge (your own wheels are a must for an Atlanta prowl). Crowley's Brandy House is a favorite spot for drinking and burgers; T.G.I. Friday's is an all-purpose food and beverage emporium with a large, accessible collection of ladies from the nearby apartment complexes, who lean on the outside rail around the large, four-sided bar; Charley Magruder's pub and Flanigan's disco are the hot spots in the Powers Ferry Shopping Center; flashier strobe-lighted discos are Jeryl's and Xanadu, near the perimeter highway; live music and dancing are available in the Sundown apartment complex.

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less after midnight, though all establishments may now remain open until four o'clock. After 12, the action moves closer in, to the near-northeast side: The Place on Paces is a very casual eating and drinking spot packed with jeans and long dresses alike: the huge, highly wired Electric Ballroom in the old Georgian Terrace Hotel is the best spot for good, loud, live rock music in a room with two bars, booths and tables and lots of wandering room—you can be outright weird here: the intimate Casbah disco on Peachtree is the favorite of the late-night, chic-clothes set; the Pharr Library is a more subdued, straighter establishment (no jeans): Rose's Cantina, hard by the Georgia Tech campus, is the downright funkier spot in town, serving an odd, extremely successful combination of Tex-Mex food, live bluegrass, country or jazz music, and four pool tables, all in a single room (long hair and jeans here): Twenty Seven Birds off Piedmont Road is the final hustle of the evening, where true night owls of all persuasions gather for a last drink and last look-around.

Nashville, set high on the rolling Cumberland Plateau of middle Tennessee, is the most enduringly Southern of the cities we visited. True, the capital of country has gone slick, but the city has retained a small-town provincialism that is more charming than stifling. It requires a step down in pace, a retuning of the ear to heavy Tennessee accents and a shedding of fancy threads for more straightforward jeans and jackets. Nashville's outside influences have come mainly from farther south and from Southern California, so the predominant cast of the female population is, again, Anglo-Saxon. They are unpretentious in dress styles and straightforward in manner. "Tennessee girls are like Colorado girls—friendly and open," says Joe Overstreet, a Nashville sales rep who also checks I.D.s at Luv's, the busiest late-night disco in town (minimum drinking age: 18).

"Nashville ladies love to get loaded!" We had to ask twice to be sure we heard that right. It was the voice of Nashville Vicki Stinnett, 18, talking over beer in a Nashville pub. "I think the ladies around here are the best—free and easy to be with." We think she's right. The next thing she did was offer to buy us a beer, of which huge quantities are consumed in the South.

The primary entertainment and meeting center of Nashville is one block of Elliston Place near the Vanderbilt University campus. The well-known T.G.I. Friday's chain has the largest, busiest bar-cum-restaurant, decorated in the usual circus of funk—musical instruments on the wall, a rotating fan atop an eight-foot column, a spiraling barber pole, a typically Nashville ON THE AIR sign blinking on and off. Waiters in red-

and-white-striped shirts cover 40 tables, while the drinking crowd jams in between the bar and a stand-up drinking ledge six feet away. "What makes it easy to meet girls in here," confided one well-oiled Vanderbilt student, "is that you're already pressed up against them when you walk in."

Down the block is another favorite, The Gold Rush, a Western saloon with two bars and a game room. Across the street are an oysters-and-beer establishment called One Eyed Jack's (we never met Jack to confirm that) and the Exit/In, the best live-music center in town, with the likes of John Prine, Al Kooper and occasional country stars entertaining. Another favorite Elliston Place meeting arena serves no drinks at all: The Discount Records store, upstairs, and Union Blues head shop, downstairs, afford natural hangouts for the college set.

Moving away from Elliston Place, one can make a nostalgic pass on Broadway, where Tootsie's Orchid Lounge was once the hangout of Opry stars, before they migrated to new digs in the suburbs. Nearby Printer's Alley now specializes in strippers and music for an older set. Toward midnight, the hot spot on West End Avenue is Luv's, a large bar-cum-disco with game room and lots of ladies who love to dance. Lessons on Wednesday nights. Dress very informal. The business-suit crowd heads for dinner and disco to Smuggler's Inn on Murfreesboro Road, or to the Starlight on Dickinson Road, a haven for 30s and up. Near the airport, the post-teeny-boppers gather at the aptly named Cockpit, which brings in live bands during the week but converts to disco on Monday nights. Last call is around 2:30 A.M. in Nashville; after three, the folks who have been serving you all evening head toward the fairgrounds to Sheri's, which serves the best cheeseburgers and sponsors both volleyball and darts matches until dawn. "Sometimes, I just lay back in a chaise longue on their terrace and watch the sun come up," says Luv's Joe Overstreet.

Memphis is the unsung up-and-coming city of the New South. While Nashville is the capital of country, Memphis' even older reputation as the citadel of the blues has been revived by such local recording stars as Isaac Hayes, the Bar-Kays, Rufus Thomas and Albert King. Elvis Presley still records in his home in Memphis. The last major city on the Mississippi before the river flows to New Orleans, Memphis combines small-town comforts (low rents, green hills nearby) with city entertainment. It is the only smaller Southern city with a post-season college football game, the Liberty Bowl.

Memphis has become the commercial hub of west Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas. This has drawn young women into the city from all over the region, mostly for clerical jobs and the upward

mobility of big-city life. The main employers are banks, brokerage houses and the city-county government, all located either downtown or in the new office buildings of East Memphis. The ladies' accents here are strongly Southern.

Everything we've ever heard about Southern girls seems true—more feminine, somewhat conservative dressers, less educated, more deferential to men in conversation and argument—only somehow it is all different. It has been noted that Southern girls tend to marry younger (and divorce younger), but it must also be understood that they have a fierce strongheaded streak, too, which may account for their recent rapid liberation from the sexual bonds of Protestant puritanism. "I'm very independent," explains Gail Stanton, 22, who is a computer programmer. "Southern women used to be brought up to lean on a man—but I don't need that crutch. We're not little Scarlett O'Haras anymore. The South has changed."

"There's no question the girls here are friendlier, more easygoing," says Robert Vanelli, the bearded disc jockey at Chesterfield's, a low-key bar-cum-disco on Poplar Avenue in East Memphis. "I was in Denver, New Jersey and Philadelphia before I came back to Memphis, and the girls I met tended to get more nervous and uptight. Maybe it's that cold weather. I once spent a weekend on a Northern

campus, and the girls were sort of suspicious at first. They think it's cute to listen to the way I talk, but that's about as open as they get."

Chesterfield's is typical of Southern watering holes in two respects: The emphasis is on a relaxed atmosphere, in which it is easy to meet and talk with people, rather than on fancy light shows and flashy decor; and the drinks are reasonable—\$1 for beer, \$1.50 for booze, no admission, no minimum (if there is no live music).

Next door to Chesterfield's is Wellington's, with perhaps the best live rock acts in town. Admission there is two dollars, for which you get an entry stamp on the back of your hand, in the atavistic style of the high school sock hop. This is a listening place except between sets, when dancing music is played. There are dozens of tables, but people on the prowl line the long bar or head for the game corner in the back of the room.

A bit farther east is Memphis' newest evening spot, an elegant, dressy bar-disco called Elan. Though nominally a private club, a number of free memberships were handed out when Elan opened a few months ago to attract a more moneyed crowd. These are the spiffiest ladies in town, right down to the barmaids, smartly turned out in dark pants and amply filled white sweaters. Mary Curran, from Savannah, Georgia, was one of

those behind the bar when we walked in. "It's fun being a Southern woman. I think Southern women are wilder than Northern women. If there's something we want to do, we do it." Maybe she's biased, but she looked good enough to believe.

If the night owl hears a stomach growl during this tour, he can walk right downstairs from Elan to Clark Station, an attractive beef-and-shrimp restaurant done in the fashion of an old railroad car. Tables are discreetly spaced and couples abound.

Memphis' other major entertainment center is Overton Square, a gaggle of eating, drinking and shopping spots centered on a closed street that serves as a mall. For live music, there is the Bombay Bicycle Club, but for outright action, T.G.I. Friday's is wall-to-wall available.

The first thing you see when you step off the plane at New Orleans International Airport is a portable cocktail bar, which is conveniently set up wherever there are arriving flights. They don't care when or where you drink in New Orleans—just so you drink. The only drinking law they seem to have is to do it. No city in America is as dedicated to the pure pursuit of pleasure as this one.

Walking through the old French Quarter, you might think all this revelry

Anyone who tells you that a single play turntable is better than one of these has never checked out one of these.



These are the five belt-drive turntables from B-I-C (pronounced "bee eye cee"). All feature low speed 300 rpm motor, program system, and superior tone arm that give them the high performance of comparable manual turntables plus multiple-play capability. For details pick up our "5 Turntables" folder at high-fidelity dealers or write to British Industries Co., Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

5 Turntables B-I-C

is wayward tourists letting their hair down far from home. Wrong: Travel out to Metairie, New Orleans' inner suburb, and you'll find Fat City, an unplanned hodgepodge of neon and brick that now houses over 50 bars, restaurants, *discos* and live-music halls, booming with business from the natives. Few tourists make it out to Fat City, which lacks the outward charm of the French Quarter. But this is where many of the local ladies are to be found, lining the bar at Sancho Panza, sitting in small groups at the tables in The Godfather or The Place, leaning on the brass rails at P.O.E.T.S., coming in for a four-a.m. snack at Vito's. The live-music spots frown on jeans, charge \$2 admission and about \$1.75 for drinks.

New Orleans, more than any other place in the country, is an after-hours city. Some of the spots in Fat City bring on a second band or a new jam group at 3:30 a.m. They play until seven, when the clubs close and people drift over for beignets (doughnuts) and coffee with chicory to the famous Morning Call Coffee Stand, sadly moved from the old French Market but now thriving in Fat City.

And New Orleans is different from the

rest of the country in other ways. First of all, they talk different: It is not Southern, not Northern, not Cajun, though one part of each of those. In Atlanta, they say "New Or-leens"; in New Orleans, they say "New Ah-lins." There is a broad flatness of speech that sometimes sounds like a Bronx accent. Whatever, it is infectious; newcomers find themselves picking it up faster than any other regional speech pattern. Maybe it goes with the live oaks, bamboo and banana trees that seem to dot every courtyard.

New Orleans is a polyglot town—the Acadians, the French, the Spanish and the English all held sway at some point in the city's history, and the German, Irish and Italian influences followed. Hence the ladies are of a cosmopolitan mix: Anglo-Saxon beauties from the Irish Channel and Garden District; dark-complexioned Italian girls from French Market and night-club families; smoky Creole ladies from the French-Cajun towns between New Orleans and Baton Rouge.

Since the partying—that's New Orleansan for going out, drinking, having fun—does not start until so late, what's to do early? The French Quarter spots

(too many for a rundown) often feature happy hours with free drinks for women—yes, *free*—and prices as low as 50 or 75 cents for men. Pat O'Brien's is the biggest, busiest and youngest, with a strongly collegiate clientele. A chic spot is La Boucherie, with an upstairs *disco* and free ladies' night on Thursdays; the spill-over spot is Laurec (on Toulouse Street, natch), with restaurant, lovely courtyard tables beside an oyster bar, plus dancing and pool tables upstairs. The Original Melius Bar is egalitarian about its happy hour: free hors d'oeuvres and 25-cent beer for everyone from five to eight, weeknights, except Wednesday, when the happy hour extends for as long as the people are happy.

Halfway between the French Quarter and the Tulane University campus on St. Charles Street are two more sedate, very comfortable *discos* that pass up the gimmicks but attract a large clientele. Trinity is the more student-oriented, with a downstairs *disco* dance floor and a big-screen newsreel and old-movie show upstairs in the game room. A place called The Forty-One Forty-One, because that is its address on St. Charles Street, reaches for a dressier, more moneyed crowd. Something's working: There were beautiful ladies at the bars upstairs and down and in the courtyard's winterized porch when we visited the place. "We've got people with money in here, so we get the best-looking ladies," said owner Charles Dietrich.

Jeff Seligman, a young businessman who recently moved from Atlanta back to his native New Orleans, characterized the difference: "New Orleans is more conservative than Atlanta, without the influx of young people from all over, but it is a much funkier town. You can party all night if you want, and that is hard to find in Atlanta. There are really dynamite-looking ladies here. New Orleans just has a character that is hard to describe unless you live here."

Debbie Gurch, a transplanted Northerner, put it more bluntly: "We're looser in New Orleans, because we drink more. So you party more. Southern guys are much more into buying a girl drinks than in the North. Up there, they're too busy trying to be classy."

They always told us the South would rise again, but no one quite anticipated it would happen the way it has. With the peanut farmer in the White House, Southerners, both native and adoptive, are feeling a mite chauvinistic about their magnolia-and-sunshine existence. They're enjoying every minute of the attention they're getting, and we enjoyed every minute of the attention we gave. Go South, young man, and enjoy.



Handelbauer

"The captain presents his compliments and suggests that some of you might be equally happy retching to starboard."

HOWARD HUGHES

(continued from page 154)

"To prove to the world that he was alive and well, Hughes allowed U.S. Ambassador Turner Shelton to go along."

6:15 " Mr. Sedlmayr & Mr. Ivey left for the airport with OTD papers.

So Howard Hughes *did* meet with people, did sign papers himself on occasion. In this case, he talked with the two men for 35 minutes.

That 11-month period in 1971 and 1972 was a particularly social one for Hughes. On another occasion, dictator Luis Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua wanted to meet Howard Hughes and it seemed like an acceptable idea to Hughes. Just to prove to the world that he was alive and well, he allowed U.S. Ambassador Turner Shelton to go along. On Saturday, March 11, 1972, at 11 at night, the job of getting Hughes ready began:

11 " Mel in to trim hair, beard, and toenails

Sun., Mar. 12

3 AM Finished and B/R (shower)
8:30 " B/R
9 " Chair
10 " Dessert
12:15 PM Finished dessert.
12:45 " B/R
1:30 " Bed & asleep
9:45 " Awake and B/R
10:45 " Chair

Mar. 13, 72

Monday

10:00 PM Departed from Intercontinental Hotel, Managua, Nicaragua.
10:30 " Arrived at airport.
10:45 " Had a meeting on airplane with Pres. Somoza & Shelton.

Mar. 14, 72

Tues. 12:30 " Departed from Managua, Nicaragua via Gulfstream II.
4:00 " Arrived Los Angeles, refueled.
4:45 " Departed from Los Angeles.
7:30 " Arrived Vancouver Airport.
8:15 " Arrived at the Bayshore Inn Hotel.
11:10 PM Food: Chicken only.

Mar. 15, 72

Wed. 1:15 AM Finished eating chicken.
6:15 " Food: Dessert only.
6:30 " Wants Dick Hannah to come to Vancouver.
7:20 " Finished eating dessert.
7:45 " Asleep.
5:30 PM Awake, B/R.
7:10 " Chair, T.V.

Mar. 16, 72

Thur. 4:45 AM Food; Chicken only.
6:30 " Finished eating chicken.
3:30 PM Food; Chicken only.
4:30 " Finished eating chicken.

Mar. 17, 72

Fri. Note: No record was kept for this day.

Mar. 18, 72

Sat. 3:50 AM Food: Dessert only.

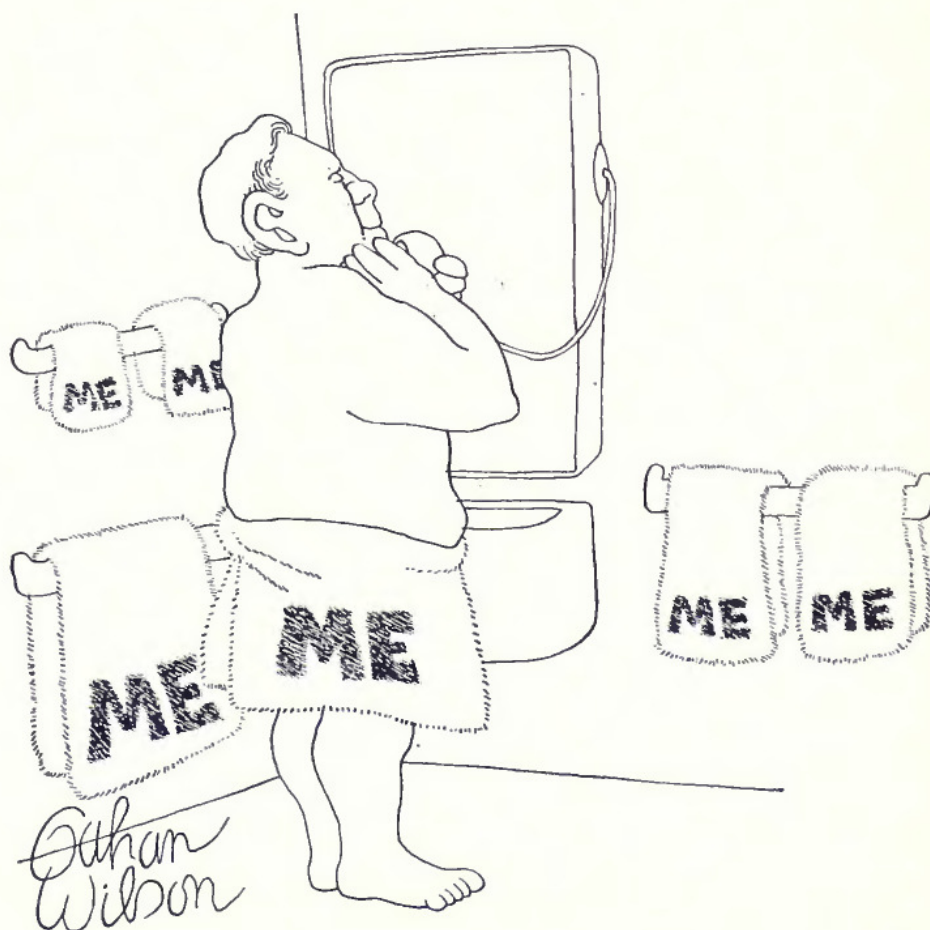
5:00 " Finished eating dessert.
6:30 " Asleep.
9:50 " Awake, B/R.
3:20 PM Chair, asleep.
9:15 " Awake, B/R.
9:45 " Chair, reading papers & T.V.

Mar. 19, 72

Sunday 4:15 AM B/R.
4:40 " Chair, reading newspapers.
Note: Instructions regarding newspapers: Outline the article, then put a paper clip on the page; for easy location of article. Keep the newspapers intact.

So, although Jack Anderson correctly reported that Hughes had at least one double, an actor named Brooks Randall, it wasn't Randall whom Somoza and Shelton met. It was a freshly barbered, showered, rested and fed Howard Hughes. It was Hughes in the best shape he was ever to be in.

But those occasions when Hughes had "Mell in" to groom him were rare. The rest of the log is a litany of



clipped, bloodless references to a truly abnormal lifestyle. As early as 1971, Hughes's world had been reduced to a darkened hotel room. There were no secret nights out, as was sometimes reported. His activities had been reduced to "Chair," which meant he was sitting in his reclining chair, usually "screening" a movie; and to "B/R," the bathroom. Hughes had a terrible constipation problem that kept him in the bathroom much of the time. For example, Thursday, February 3, 1972, contains the notation "4:10 B/R—success." What can be said of one of the world's great industrialists when he is reduced to having his executives make notations of his bowel movements?

Hughes's diet during that period consisted almost exclusively of chicken and dessert, though he occasionally would have a glass of orange juice with some rum and sugar in it.

In one five-week period, he watched *Topaz* and *Funeral in Berlin*, two rather ordinary spy movies, a total of 30 times. That was one of his pleasures: watching movies or TV. Sweets was another. He could be very picky about his desserts. In the log for a day in 1971 identified only by the words "Merry Xmas," is a marginal note: "Wants to start orange tarts again. Also wants to change the Napoleons so there is cake between custard rather than the flaky piecrust material they now have. The custard and frosting should remain as is."

But "the Man's Goodies" was how aides characterized Hughes's medications, according to Margulis and Stewart in their account. This once shrewd and brilliant man was kept in a confused daze by drugs. The drugs Hughes used were coded in the logs, apparently with ciphers such as "#4's," "C's," "BB's" and "22-1-1-1," or some variation of digits separated by dashes or commas. Medical sources we consulted said that since Hughes had taken massive doses of phenacetin, according to the autopsy, and since he was found to have codeine in his system at death, the #4s might be Empirin number 4, which is the strongest Empirin compound, containing phenacetin, aspirin (A.S.A.), caffeine and codeine. Phenacetin is a common painkiller. The Cs, according to medical sources, could be simple codeine tablets, which come in varying doses. And the Es could be references to simple Empirin, which is phenacetin, caffeine and aspirin, with no codeine. These are all pain-killing drugs. Since Hughes was known to have numerous injuries from airplane crashes, this is one possible explanation, though there may be other interpretations of these codes. (Interestingly, in a recent interview at the Desert Hospital in Palm Springs, Noah Dietrich told us that when Hughes was critically injured in a 1946 plane crash, he refused even conventional painkillers because of

an aversion to drugs. "If I'm going to die," Dietrich remembers Hughes saying, "I want to know it.")

There seems, however, to be general agreement, both inside and outside Summa, that these references are to drugs of some sort. Notes such as "8 c's" and "(23 left)" point to a drug. On December 17, 1971, at 2:50 p.m., there is the marginal note: "John must, somehow, acquire additional #4s," presumably referring to Holmes. The log for Wednesday, March 8, 1972, has this five-a.m. entry: "22,1,1 & 1 (He considers this a normal dosage)."

The excerpt below should illustrate what the day-to-day life was like inside the mole cave where they kept the man whose earlier life reads like a Da Vinci biography:

Friday
17 Dec. 71

9 "	Screening ARABESQUE
10:15 "	B/R
10:40 "	Chair 8 c's (23 left)
11:30 "	Chicken
1:00 PM	B/R
1:20 "	Chair—"ARABESQUE" reel #3.
2:50 "	B/R—John must, somehow, acquire additional #4's.
3:25 "	Chair—
5:00 "	B/R—called Gordon.
5:50 "	Chair—Resumed screening "DEADLIER THAN THE MALE."
6:40 "	Food: Chicken only.
7:35 "	Finished eating.
8:00 "	B/R.
8:20 "	Chair. Screening "DARING GAME"
9:45 "	B/R.
10:15 "	Chair. Resumed screening "DARING GAME". Reels 1 & 2
11:10 "	B/R.
11:45 "	Chair. Screening "TENSION AT TABLE ROCK".

Saturday
18 Dec. 71

12:50 AM	B/R.
1:05 "	Chair.
1:30 "	Food: Chicken & dessert.
3:30 "	Finished
3:40 "	B/R
4:30 "	Bed and asleep
9:20 "	B/R and awake

11:30 "	Chair
11:45 "	10 #4. 32 left.
5:00 PM	Food: Chicken only.
6:10 "	B/R
6:30 "	Chair. Screening "WRECKING CREW". 5BB's
7:00 "	B/R.
7:20 "	Chair. Resumed screening "WRECKING CREW."
7:40 "	Food: Dessert only.

Saturday
Dec. 18, 71

8:30 PM	Finished eating.
8:35 "	24-1-1-1.
8:45 "	B/R.
9:00 "	Bed. Asleep.

Perhaps the most revealing entry in the log, as far as making it poignantly clear what kind of condition Hughes was in, is this segment:

3 September 1972

1:15 AM	Finished dessert, B/R.
3:15 "	Chair.
6:00 "	B/R.
11:10 "	Fell of [sic] toilet.

DRUGS

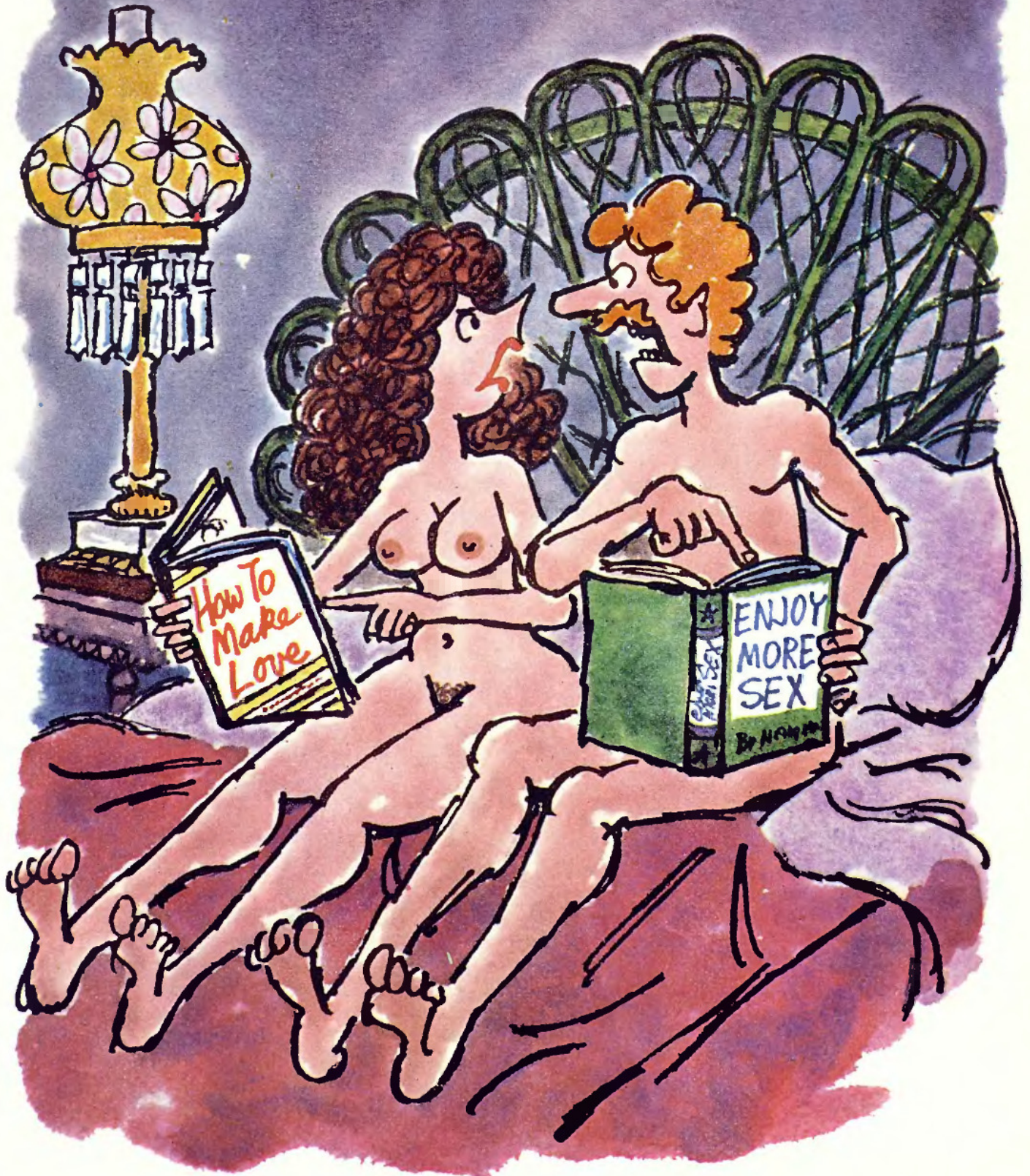
*Suppose you had the tablets that I know you obtain, and started mul-
tering about some of the political
deals we, or rather, you have had.*

—MEMO FROM CHESTER
DAVIS TO HOWARD HUGHES

The aspect of Hughes's life that was perhaps his most highly classified and closely guarded secret was his interest in drugs. Hughes had taken his first tentative steps into LSD research as early as 1969, when he ordered a thorough literature search and report on that drug. The Mexican Files show that his interest in drugs of various kinds went beyond the purely academic. By the mid-Seventies, he was in no condition for any type of pursuit that required extended concentration. The files show long-term use of legal as well as possibly illegal drugs and what could be considered criminal activity on the part of whoever obtained the illegal drugs for him.

As mentioned, there are frequent notations in the logs for what appear to be drug doses. And, as shown, the logs indicate that Hughes spent an abnormal amount of time in the bathroom. According to doctors we consulted, this would be a natural result of codeine abuse. Codeine can cause severe constipation, as can all opiates. The Mexican Files indicate that Mell Stewart, Hughes's barber and male nurse, was called upon to administer enemas to Hughes. Also, the logs have several entries that read,

Cipkorn



"the big 'E,'" which the doctors we consulted immediately recognized as a notation for an enema. This is to be distinguished from the other "Es," which appear to indicate Empirin.

There was apparently some concern on the part of Hughes aide Chuck Waldron about acquiring drugs for Hughes. A memo directed to Hughes reads:

You slept well again even though you seem to suspect [*sic*] us all the time. Either you want to sleep or you do not. But try not to think that we want to control you or what you do. Chuck does not like having to get some of these things for you. Nor do any of us but because it is you we will do anything. But remember that some of these uppers are not on legal use yet and we could be in some form of trouble that would take all Chester's skill. Why not try and sleep without this help and then your mind may clear a little and show yourself that we will look after you and your interests.

According to a physician, "not on legal use yet" seems to indicate not necessarily a drug that is specifically outlawed but one that is under experimental use or has not been approved for general consumption by the FDA or other governing body. The odd references in the log to dosages such as 22-1-1,

and so on, may be either an internal code used by the aides or a coded lab number sometimes used with experimental drugs. Bearing in mind that this was taking place in another country, it is possible that some of the drugs had names that wouldn't be familiar to an American. "Hallucinogens would go with the type of behavior exhibited," one physician said. "Watching movie after movie over and over, for example."

Another memo seems to indicate fairly clearly that Hughes was using some sort of depressant or sedative:

Chuck told me that he gave you the Bombers and did not know whether you actually took them or not. He said you were so sleepy and groggy that he did not want to awaken you to try to find out. He did not try to keep you from taking them. Of course no one wants you to take any but we don't try to keep them away. When you use words and phrases such as "putting you to sleep," "permitting you to go to sleep," etc., you imply that we have some kind of control over what you or your mind tells you to do. The fact is re: the bombers is that you slept more today without any than you did yesterday with six and that has happened many times in the past. You seem to delight in blaming us if you do not

achieve the sleeping results you want which vary. Sometimes you are happy with 10 and sometimes you are not happy with an over-all "down" period of 20 hours.

Here and in other memos, Hughes seems to be taking massive doses of depressants, in this case six. Almost any downer manufactured in this country is meant to be taken in quantities of no more than one or two, especially for a man with only 90 or 100 pounds of body weight. Another memo:

You slept 12 hours *without* any bombers two days ago and have shown a remarkable improvement in alertness ever since. Inasmuch as you are sleepy now, how about sleeping without any until you wake up to urinate in 2-3 hours, then take just two tablets, which would take care of the balance of your sleeping period?

There are references to drugs and sleep throughout the Mexican Files.

There is only one major problem involved and that is the heavy usage of the item to the extent that you are not in any condition, either physically or mentally in any 24 hour period to enjoy the day or make any business decisions. One day runs into the next without proper nutrition.

Decisions...decisions... Make your decision

PALL MALL

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Pall Mall 100's 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.
Pall Mall Filter King . . . 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.
Pall Mall Extra Mild . . . 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Even his general counsel, Davis, sometimes treated him like an addled old man. Terry Lenzner, an assistant chief counsel for the Senate Watergate Committee, wrote to Davis about making arrangements to get Hughes's testimony regarding contributions to Nixon's campaign. Though the committee had no way of knowing it, Hughes responded favorably. He indicated a willingness to talk. The entire set of circumstances surrounding this is difficult to fathom. For one thing, Hughes didn't even know what Watergate was and what had happened there until approximately 20 months after it had made headlines around the globe. As an aide or executive wrote to him in one memo:

Jack Anderson is not going to retract any statements made in any of his articles because he never flatly accuses anyone. He has "just heard," "been told," "rumored," etc. No one today is beyond reproach, even Billy Graham, the Pope, etc. There is no such thing as "credibility" since this Watergate incident started about two years ago. You just learned about it in London four months ago, when I had to explain that we had to move from London in the very near future.

Davis' apparent annoyance with Hughes was not unfounded. Hughes's

desire to answer the questions of Senate investigators could have resulted in disaster. That desire is difficult to comprehend, since so many people wanted to serve him with subpoenas and legal claims if he ever surfaced. Nevertheless, he maintained his interest in speaking to investigators until Davis finally put his foot down:

I have taken note of your comments but do not fully understand what it is you expect of me. When I told you that we have so far resisted the efforts of the IRS, SEC and the Senate Watergate Committee from seeing you, it was for your own good.

These people would love the opportunity to get to grips with you personally and they would not be easy to shake. They are all after publicity for themselves and giving you a bad time is one way to get it. We must know exactly what it is they want and then we will know how to deal with the matter.

Also, you are aware that I do not want to let you meet with these people because you are in no fit state to stand up to them, either mentally or physically. But it is very hard to get you to understand this. You are your own biggest danger at the moment. Suppose you had the

tablets that I know you obtain, and started muttering about some of the political deals we, or rather, you have had. This could be trouble and I want no part of this. Neither do you, so leave it all to Bill Gay and myself in the future.

Translated into English, Davis didn't want Hughes, speeding his brains out or downed out on his bombers, answering questions posed by the single largest assembly of clever, hostile attorneys in the history of the country—each and every one of whom could have some very penetrating questions to ask about political deals, especially since that was the subject of the investigation at hand.

That Hughes was taking drugs in serious quantities and that it was having some effect on him not only is clear from the Mexican Files, it is privately admitted within Summa. What is not clear is why he was taking them. And what, exactly, were the drugs? Who ultimately will bear the legal burden for the drugs that weren't "on legal use"? (If they were obtained and used abroad, there is no violation of U. S. law.)

The most interesting aspect of Hughes's drugged condition is that it seems to have helped push him toward incompetence. Also contributing to the evidence of Hughes's incompetence was the fact



PALL MALL GOLD 100's
The great taste of fine
Pall Mall tobaccos.
Not too strong, not too light.
Not too long. Tastes just right.



PALL MALL RED
with a filter.
America's best-tasting
king-size cigarette...
made to taste even
milder with a filter.

Only 7 mg. tar.
Lower than all the Lights.



PALL MALL EXTRA MILD
Lower in tar than
95% of all cigarettes
sold. De-tarred but
not de-tasted.

that he suffered from renal failure. According to Hughes's autopsy report, his kidney failure appears to have been caused by phenacetin poisoning. While the drugs Hughes took certainly contributed to his abnormal behavior, so, apparently, did his condition. "People who have kidney failure," we were told by a medical source with knowledge of this type of ailment, "often develop a type of dementia or even brain damage. It's a result of the type of materials that accumulate due to kidney failure. People who are uremic can be very flaked out and act very strange. This means that your kidneys are not eliminating certain poisons and that these poisons change your behavior. Since Hughes behaved strangely from the beginning, his condition could have only made him worse."

Hughes's obsessiveness with minute details of trivial matters follows perfectly the role model of the renal patient. "You are a very sick patient," a physician said, "and you become paranoid and demanding. You are very specific about what you want and how you want it done."

Upon reading some of Hughes's instructions about how to place his pillows under his head or how to prepare his food, a doctor commented: "I have seen chronically ill patients make seemingly irrational demands exactly like that. People feel helpless in those situations and this gives them a measure of control over their lives. Hughes had clearly lost control, at least near the end. He apparently became aware of this at some point. His demands, especially if met by his aides, would have given him some comfort in the feeling that he could still direct the course of his life."

The ramifications of this are rather startling. For example, if Hughes signed a will while incompetent, the will would be invalid. Now that even Hughes executives are willing to concede that Hughes was drugged and was in very poor condition, any business deals that are questionable or illegal could conceivably be blamed on Hughes.

THE CIA

To: Chester

He wants all our files on our CIA relations destroyed. This is also to apply to everything we have on Nixon, Ford, Laxalt and O'Callaghan. He wants this done immediately and any taped conversations are also to be handled this way.

—MEMO FROM HOWARD HUGHES
TO CHESTER DAVIS, MARCH 1974

This one little note brings up many intriguing questions. It was written just as a rash of burglaries, including a break-in at Chester Davis' office, struck the Hughes organization. The most widely reported of these break-ins was at the

former Hughes communications center at 7000 Romaine Street in Los Angeles, where papers relating to the CIA ship Glomar Explorer were stolen. The question of how one simply destroys a raft of CIA-Hughes files brings up the further question of whether or not there was any relationship between the burglaries of CIA files and Hughes's order to have files destroyed.

The fact that the memo is directed to Davis is also curious. Davis has never been publicly linked to the CIA, but this memo seems to indicate that he was close enough to the agency to have the authority to destroy documents supposedly proprietary to the CIA—or at least that Hughes had that impression. Since the agency is involved in national security, it would seem proper for it to keep control of all files of this nature. Where, then, does Davis fit in?

Does Chester Davis have CIA ties? All memos we have seen in the Mexican Files that were sent to Hughes relating to the Glomar Explorer, for example, come from Davis. As general counsel, would he be the appropriate person to be explaining to Hughes about an alleged mining venture—which is how the Glomar was described in the memos to Hughes—or would it be one of Hughes's executives who handled that kind of business?

Did Davis actually follow Hughes's order to destroy the CIA files? How much did Hughes himself know about the CIA business his companies were doing? The Mexican Files make it apparent that many things were hidden from Hughes—or else they were simply not explained to him because he was too difficult to deal with. Davis' characterization to Hughes of the Glomar as a mining vessel indicates that either it was actually doing deep ocean mining, contrary to all the press stories that it was not, or Hughes was being lied to about the fact that the ship wasn't even his but belonged to the CIA, and the fact that it wasn't doing any mining, except supposedly for a sunken Russian submarine. One memo indicates that Lockheed's Missile Division was also involved with the Glomar project. From the memo, it seems the Lockheed Missile Division was going to do some deep ocean mining itself—or so Chester was telling Hughes. Several people familiar with the Glomar project have suggested that the ship may have been involved in looking into the possibility of planting, as one intelligence source put it, "flowers on the ocean floor. These flowers would have tails of fire and would bloom into radiant fireballs several miles in diameter. The name of this flower rhymes with thistle." This rather poetic sugges-

tion about the Glomar has been denied by an intelligence source who was aboard the Glomar during its missions.

THE FINAL DAZE

With deep sincerity,
H.R.H.—

—HANDWRITTEN MEMO
BY HOWARD HUGHES

A good west-to-east cruising altitude for a small, private jet aircraft is 27,000 feet. It was there, we are told, that Hughes moved his lips once for the air-ambulance pilots to see and drew his last breath—up in the air, out of reach of Mexican law, out of reach of all authority, where all his life he had longed to be. It was poetic justice. Remember who he was to the American public before his image was irrevocably tarnished: the romantic, flashy figure he cut, a contemporary legend who at one point had more Hollywood starlets hanging onto him than any other man alive. He was the aviator in his leather flight jacket and snap-brim Stetson, the premier test pilot of the Thirties, who set a world speed record that went unbroken for years. He was a man who would settle for nothing less than miracles. Remember the fearless, lanky warrior who marched into a hearing in 1947 and faced down the entire United States Senate over charges that he had had some underhanded dealings with defense contracts as well as with the love of his life—the Hercules HK-1 Flying Boat. They said his boat would never fly and Hughes's response was, "If the Flying Boat fails to fly, I will probably exile myself from this country. I have put the sweat of my life into this thing. . . . I have stated that if it fails to fly, I will leave this country. And I mean it."

Among the world's largest airplanes—significantly larger than a 747—Hughes's Flying Boat had so many acres of control surface that new hydraulic systems had to be invented—by Hughes—to handle the weight loads. No human hand could otherwise move the stick. The plane was so new and complex that only Hughes knew it intimately enough to sit at the controls. They said it would never fly.

It flew.

"It just felt so buoyant and good," Hughes said.

Yet he ended up in exile, plaintively telling his aides to ask Chester "how long this IRS thing will keep us out of the country," his country, the one for which he built satellites and weapons of war and lasers. How long, he wanted to know, before he could see his home?

The answer was forever, Howard, forever.





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YEAR IN MUSIC (continued from page 160)

"Some smart operator will probably team Brian and Elton as a summer replacement for 'Mary Hartman.'"

many in '76, and throw in some live LPs of the same groups for good measure—they're known quantities, safer investments than unknown talent.

This preference for a sure thing isn't exactly a new development. What changed in 1976, the industry's second boom year in a row, were the dimensions of the game. Fifteen years ago, there were a dozen major labels and hundreds of regional independents. Today, two enormous conglomerates control the lion's share of the multibillion-dollar record-tape business. Six other "majors" do most of the rest, and precious few independents exist without some sort of business arrangement with the biggies.

By mid-1976, just to put things in perspective, the two biggest outfits, CBS Records (Columbia, Epic, Portrait and their associated labels) and WEA (Warner/Reprise, Elektra/Asylum, Atlantic), both announced the best first and second quarters—in over-all sales and profits—in their respective histories. Warner Communications records/music division reported second-quarter revenues of \$96,000,000, with pretax profits of almost \$16,000,000—and that's for a traditionally slow time of year! CBS Records group sales were up 21 percent in

the first quarter, 15 percent in the second quarter and 19 percent in the third quarter of the past year over 1975 sales for those periods, which previously had been the best in their history.

What the record companies actually do with all this boodle, however, is another story entirely—or, rather, many, many stories. In the kind of ironic juxtaposition to which the industry is blissfully oblivious, the same issue of *Variety* that carried the story about CBS's record earnings also ran an item quoting a high CBS Records exec as saying that label managers had to get together and do something about the dangerous rise in artists' royalties that was eroding profit margins to an unhealthy degree. Elsewhere on the venality front, the Newark, New Jersey, grand jury investigating fiscal naughtiness in the biz found no cause to implicate Arista Records president Clive Davis in the highly publicized payola scandal. In the end, Davis was tagged by a Manhattan court for taxes. Kenny Gamble, president of Gamble-Huff Records, and three other executives, the grand jury's second-largest catch, were convicted of conspiracy and fined a whopping total of \$5000. Ultimately, the grand jury deemed the president of Brunswick

Records and a few business associates worthy of prosecution for payola; he and three others were subsequently found guilty. At year's end, Frankie Crocker, the Howard Cosell of black New York radio, was up before a Federal judge who found him guilty of charges that he'd taken payola to push records on the air and lied about it to the grand jury.

Interspersed among the antics of these high rollers and low riders, there were also some big stories from the musical elite. Stevie Wonder *finally*, after 26 months, took off his IT'S ALMOST FINISHED T-shirt; his album, *Songs in the Key of Life*, went platinum the week it came out and captured the number-one spot on two of the three major trade charts, a feat last accomplished by Elton John's *Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy*. Speaking of which, Captain Fantastic had a coming out of his own, of sorts. In the course of an interview following his last tour for some time, Elton joined the ranks of rock bisexuals, but added that it gets rather lonely at the top, making and spending millions of dollars, adored by tens of thousands but lacking that one *special* person who makes it all worth while... we can't go on.

Elton may be looking forward to retirement, but Brian Wilson, the erratic genius behind The Beach Boys, finally had enough of his. After spending four years in his room, Brian went on tour with The Beach Boys for the first time in 11 years—and surfed for the first time in his life. His interviews were even more off the wall than Elton's, what with tales of having built a sandbox in his living room in which to put his piano (so he could wiggle his toes in the sand as he played or composed), shrinks and bodyguards who may or may not have been keeping him captive in his own home, *and so weiter*. Next thing you know, some smart operator will probably team Brian and Elton as a summer replacement for *Mary Hartman*.

The ongoing saga of Bruce Springsteen's forced retirement from recording is neither zany nor entertaining, however. He sued his manager, Mike Appel, in July, charging Appel was taking exorbitant commissions and not keeping proper records of Springsteen's income. In addition, he claimed that Appel was preventing him from recording with *Born to Run* coproducer Jon Landau. Appel replied with an injunction of his own and attempted to impound gate receipts from a series of concerts Bruce did in New Jersey in August.

With Springsteen temporarily sidelined, the only candidate for the 1976 Omnipresence in the Media Award was Peter Frampton. He was *everywhere*—radio, the press, national tours, TV. For a while, it seemed like every third concert anywhere in the country was a Frampton concert—sold out, of course. And it paid off: *Frampton Comes Alive!* sold more



"I'll tell you why I close early—that's waiting for me at home."

The Firefly

It's been quite a while since we've had a drink as romantic looking as its name. Get cozy with a Firefly and you'll see what we mean. The combination of Smirnoff and grapefruit juice is irresistible. But the final, colorful touch is a dash of grenadine. The result is pink, tropical, easy. Like all good things, the Firefly

should be enjoyed in moderation. Because too many Fireflies could shine too brightly.

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than 8,000,000 albums, produced two top singles, sold almost 2,000,000 tapes (garnering him the first platinum cassette ever awarded) and stayed at number one longer than any other album in the history of the business. The only point of comparison for the amount of rockbucks he made for his record company is The Beatles, so it was only fitting that Capitol began releasing compilations from their old LPs, as well as singles, both here and in England. This action, while satisfying and profitable (there were six Beatles singles in the English Top 20 shortly after the reissue), also contributed to pop-cultural confusion, as young teenagers stood slack-jawed in amazement listening to their parents explain how they, too, had been Beatles fans in their youth.

That one instance of cross-generational ecumenicism didn't extend to other areas of teen fandom, though, particularly the hard-rock/*lumpen* heavy-metal bands that dominated the concert circuit. Z Z Top, the Texas torque trio that plays louder than a locomotive, faster than a speeding bullet, and super, as far as its fans are concerned, remains one of the biggest acts in the country in terms of touring dollars, and one of the most (justifiably) neglected by the critics. Kiss continued to dress funny, paint its faces and chew the scenery, and was rewarded by having three albums in the Top 20 for most of the year. Aerosmith, a band comparable to Kiss in its solid, journeyman music, broad-based popularity and enormous record sales, had an equally

good year: vocalist Steve Tyler's often all-too-canny resemblance to Mick Jagger apparently doesn't deflect the enthusiasm of its fans, many of whom are young enough to consider The Rolling Stones as father figures. Elsewhere, Foghat defied the laws of probability by wringing yet further variations out of the same four chords, and Robin Trower still insists that any similarity between his music and that of Jimi Hendrix is purely a matter of, you know, influence—and besides, Jimi's dead and he's alive.

In the jazz world, the main emphasis was, again, on reissues, which are obviously cheap to produce, and the various permutations of jazz/rock, which meant everything from all-electric bands like Weather Report to putting older jazzmen together with slick rhythm sections. Veteran guitarist George Benson was the most spectacular beneficiary of this latter tactic: his *Breezin'* LP sold more than a million copies, making it not only the success story of the year but also the best-selling jazz album of all time. Jazz/rock seems to have won its battle for acceptance too completely, for in a few years the innovations it introduced have become as stale and constricting as the hard-hop clichés of a decade ago. Two of the music's originators, John McLaughlin and Chick Corea, broke up their respective bands, Mahavishnu Orchestra and Return to Forever. The all-acoustic Shakti, featuring McLaughlin and four Indian musicians, has gotten rave notices for its virtuoso fusion of jazz and Indian music, while Corea, recording and performing with or

without R.T.F. (apart from the group's album, all four band members released solo albums last year—you figure it out), clearly emerged as the year's popular favorite. Otherwise, the most exciting music being done in the genre is coming from former archrocker Jeff Beck and ex-R.T.F. bassist Stanley Clarke. What little first-rate jazz that appeared was concentrated on Polydor/ECM, with its fine stable of young American and European artists, and Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone, the burgeoning West Coast jazz combine.

At the other extreme of musical quality, *disco*, of course, is still very much with us. To those who say that *disco* is a legitimate extension of hip black soul music, and offer Kool & the Gang, Parliament/Funkadelic and Earth, Wind & Fire, we respond with a qualified "Yes . . . but" and give you, ladies and gentlemen, *Disco Duck*. Or perhaps you'd care to consider the item that's all the rage of Japan's 600 *discos*, *Soul Dracula*, by Hot Blood. No? Well, for those fashionably Born Again *disco* hustlers among us, there's The Basement in Orange, California, an L.A. suburb, which *Billboard* credits as being the first Gospel *discothèque*, featuring "prayer, spiritual counseling and Gospel music"—but no booze or smoking. And we bet they don't play James Brown's *Hell* too often, either, except perhaps at last call.

And 1976 will go down as the year that *reggae* almost made it in the U.S., due to the release here of the excellent Bob Marley & the Wailers *Live!* LP, the strong sales of Marley's *Rastaman Vibration* album and his subsequent sold-out tour. Marley's label, Island Records, gave him, and *reggae*, a strong push (it also put out fine albums by Toots & the Maytals, the Heptones, Bunny Wailer and other Jamaican artists, as well as by the superb, roots-of-*reggae* Mardi Gras Indian band, the Wild Tchoupitoulas from New Orleans).

One of the most welcome phenomena of the past year was the growing revival of white-oriented R&B. Rod Stewart, who's old enough to remember the mid-Sixties days when the Stones, Van Morrison, Eric Burdon and Mitch Ryder were all shouting themselves hoarse, never strayed too far from his R&B roots and, with *A Night on the Town*, finally began reaping his just rewards. At the more primal level, there's the *sub specie* Springsteen, comprised most noticeably of the Boss's hard-working pal Southside Johnny Lyons, who, with his Asbury Jukes, brought Jersey-shore soul to the rest of the country in '76. Bob Seger, another veteran of the bar and club circuit, is a good bet, on the basis of his excellent *Night Moves* LP, to move beyond Midwestern cult status in the very near future. England's Graham Parker and the Rumours also have strong roots in Fifties and Sixties R&B, and Anglo-Irish Thin Lizzy



"I guess his cub-scout days are over. He wants to ball his den mother."

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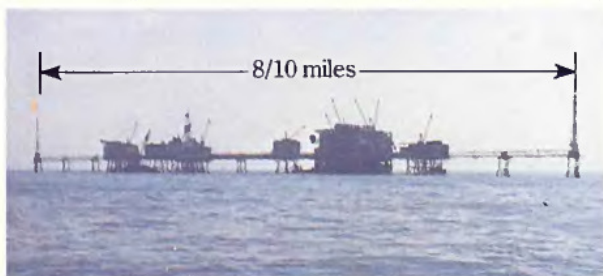
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helped to spread the word with last summer's hit *The Boys Are Back in Town*. In the more sophisticated region of soul vocalizing, Boz Scaggs (*Lowdown*) and Daryl Hall & John Oates (*She's Gone, Sara Smile*) had hits with tunes that might have been done by some of the great Motown groups of the Sixties, while Robert Palmer, on *Some People Can Do What They Like*, delved deeper into the black idiom that he'd employed so well on his brilliant debut album, *Sneakin' Sally Through the Alley*.

"To live outside the law, you must be honest" was how Bob Dylan put it, and country music's Outlaws continued to act out the contradictions of this bit of orphic wisdom with a vengeance. What began as a genuine frustration with and reaction against the schlock-with-strings formulization of country predominant in Nashville has been blown up, in large part by a widespread (and wide-eyed) media ballyhoo, into a Cosmic Cowboy Counterculture, with Austin as its Haight-Ashbury. It got so that the music of original creative artists like Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson (who brought the whole thing to a head by moving to Austin in the first place) was being obscured by the constant babble about Waylon and Willie and Jerry Jeff and David Allan, ropers and dopers and long-haired rednecks drinking Lone Star beer, blah-blah-blah.

In other words, it all began sounding like another hype—which, of course, it was, but a hype with *purpose*. If there's one thing the record industry appreciates as much as sheer talent, it's a good publicity angle. The whole Outlaw hoopla has gotten Waylon and Willie (and dozens of lesser talents) the attention and industry support that years of writing and performing great tunes hadn't. A sampler album titled, yup, *The Outlaws*, featuring Willie Nelson, Tompall Glazer, Waylon Jennings and his wife, Jessi Colter, won the Country Music Association's award for Album of the Year, and Waylon and Willie took top honors as the C.M.A.'s vocal duo of the year. Even Billy Sherrill, the pre-eminent Nashville producer of "Countryopolitan" (slick country that supposedly appeals to pop, middle-of-the-road and country fans alike), has been affected by the movement toward "purer" country: His recent production of George Jones, the premier two-hankies-per-album Nashville star, dispensed with the usual strings and choral background sludge; the result, *Alone Again*, is Jones's best album in years. Now that the country establishment has welcomed the prodigals back to Opryland, there's only, as critic Nick Tosches observed, one further gesture necessary—"Amnesty for Jerry Lee Lewis."

Another notorious former Outlaw also surfaced in 1976. Bob Dylan and his band



"It's the one who escaped last week; he can't stand it out there without tobacco."

of burnoused *bandidos*, The Rolling Thunder Revue, went on a hit-and-run tour that was cornered in Colorado long enough to be captured on video tape for a TV special that aired this past fall. The TV audience saw only the Dylan-Baez segment of the show, which also featured Roger McGuinn, Mick Ronson, Ramblin' Jack Elliott and one-shot guest artists in the various marathon concerts. For Dylan fans, that was enough, as he continued his transformation of his older folkie tunes into driving rockers, but eased up just enough on the more recent, lyrical numbers from the *Desire* LP. The subsequent live album, *Hard Rain*, only served to certify any doubts people might have had about the quality of the backup band: Loose-jointed would be putting it kindly; raggedy-assed is more like it.

Speaking of raggedy-assed, we should mention punk rock. Or punk/art rock, as it has become known in its home village of New York City. The punk part of the scene centers on CBGB & Omfug's, a Bowery bar that bears an eerie resemblance to a Jersey-shore juke joint, while the bands are not better, and often much worse, than bar bands anywhere. From what we can gather, the apotheosis of these three-chord kings into a Movement has been mostly an exercise in wish fulfillment by the bands themselves and local critics, who *still* insist they were right about the New York Dolls. For sheer offensiveness, the London punk rockers appear to have the Stateside gang beat by a mile. Ac-

cording to *Variety*, the limey louts go by names such as Johnny Rotten, Sid Vicious and Andy Blade, and titillate the public with remarks like "Razors are to punks what flowers are to hippies." Thankfully, those charmers have yet to be heard from over here, and as a more pleasant alternative, we can consider the ladies.

Every year of the Seventies has been claimed as the Year of the Women by somebody or other, but in music, it has been increasingly true, and 1976 was no exception. It opened with the release of Kate and Anna McGarrigle's stunning debut album (Anna wrote *Heart Like a Wheel*, and the two sisters do it to perfection) and closed with Joni Mitchell's masterful *Hejira*, with most of the intervening months, so it seemed at times, devoted to the appreciation and adoration of Linda Ronstadt. All of which, we hasten to add, was eminently deserved. With two excellent albums, plus a greatest-hits collection, and at least as many hit singles, not to mention a *Rolling Stone* cover and photo spread that had strong, otherwise unflappable critics begging for private interviews, 1976 can safely be termed the year of *La Ronstadt*.

For those who weren't totally engrossed by thoughts of the erotic possibilities of the lovely Linda's mouth, though, numerous other audio female pleasures abounded. In the most literal sense, there was Donna Summer, moaning her way up the *disco* charts, but the year also featured solid work by Natalie Cole,

Bonnie Raitt, Emmylou Harris and Fleetwood Mac's Christine McVie and Stevie Nicks, while Phoebe Snow's second and third albums solidly established her as one of the most innovative singers working in the jazz/blues tradition today. The comebacks of Dory Previn and Melanie were feverishly applauded by the mad-housewife set, driven over the edge, perhaps, by their husbands' sudden conversion to country music around the time Dolly Parton got her own TV show. Which reminds us that both Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris are longtime admirers of Dolly (who isn't?) and, at year's end, Emmylou had appeared on a Parton album and Linda and Emmylou had starred on Dolly's TV show. Inspirational thoughts of that particular vocal combination carried us through the new year, along with the fervent hope that a year from now, we'll no longer be fantasizing about a full-blown Parton-Ronstadt-Harris collaboration album and a TV special as some of the high points of 1977.

—MARK VON LEHMEN

Now we come to your part—the voting results. And before we begin, we'd like to thank those of you who bothered to vote, cut, clip, mail, etc.—and we'd like to remind you that in this part, we're only the adding machines, ma'am. If you're delighted with the results, thank someone who voted (although we *will* accept affection, small gifts or stock-market tips), and if the results make you shudder, remember, it's probably your fault for not voting—and that these *are* your fellow Americans, and we're all responsible for each other, like it or not.

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST POP/ROCK LP: *Frampton Comes Alive!* / Peter Frampton (A & M). The slight, fair-haired former slice of Humble Pie was everywhere in 1976. He toured relentlessly, so far surviving a routine that's been known to leave the weak wrecked and drive the strong to stronger drugs—and sold more than 8,000,000 souvenir albums to his fans in the process. His album stayed locked in the Top Ten of the charts

for more than 11 months, and two Top Ten singles were pulled from it, as well—quite a year for a skinny rock guitarist.

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP: *Songs in the Key of Life* / Stevie Wonder (Tamla). Guess which LP knocked Frampton's out of top spot? It took him two years, but Stevie finally turned his album loose—and everybody who's heard it has been very thankful. And you probably thought we were kidding when, in his *Hall of Fame* write-up last year, we compared him to Mozart.

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP: *Hasten Down the Wind* / Linda Ronstadt (Asylum). Our readers *really* love Linda, voting *three* of her albums into this year's C&W Top Ten—and we love Linda, too, naturally. Did even *before* those hotcha! pix turned up in *Rolling Stone*. Honest.

BEST JAZZ LP: *Breezin'* / George Benson (Warner Bros.). The master of classic jazz guitar came out singing on this one, and it's proved to be his biggest smash ever. Some of the jazz purists are sulking, but who can feel bad about a jazzman finally making some real money?

BEST POP/ROCK LP

1. *Frampton Comes Alive!* / Peter Frampton (A & M)
2. *Fleetwood Mac* (Reprise)
3. *Silk Degrees* / Boz Scaggs (Columbia)
4. *Chicago X* (Columbia)
5. *Wings at the Speed of Sound* (Capitol)
6. *Songs in the Key of Life* / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
7. *The Royal Scam* / Steely Dan (ABC)
8. *Wired* / Jeff Beck (Epic)
8. *Blue Moves* / Elton John (MCA / Rocket)
10. *Beautiful Noise* / Neil Diamond (Columbia)
11. *The Song Remains the Same* / Led Zeppelin (Swan Song)
12. *Hasten Down the Wind* / Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
12. *Boston* (Epic)
14. *Desire* / Bob Dylan (Columbia)
15. *Presence* / Led Zeppelin (Swan Song)
15. *A Night at the Opera* / Queen (Elektra)
17. *Spitfire* / Jefferson Starship (Grunt)
18. *Black and Blue* / The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
19. *Fly Like an Eagle* / Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
20. *Takin' It to the Street* / The Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros.)

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

1. *Songs in the Key of Life* / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
2. *Gratitude* / Earth, Wind & Fire (Columbia)
3. *Spirit* / Earth, Wind & Fire (Columbia)
4. *Rastaman Vibration* / Bob Marley & the Wailers (Island)



"Shouldn't you be circling ominously?"

If you're about to buy your first stereo, you're probably considering a compact. Partly because you don't know beans about stereos, and partly because what little you know is matched only by how little you want to spend. So we told our engineers to make a new compact that gives the beginners what the experts ask for. At a price that will make everyone happy. Here it is: the EX-2K.

First, the turntable. Ours is single play, a feature professionals have always asked for. It allows a lower tracking force (a consistent light pressure on records) for less wear and tear. Its platter is made of cast aluminum with balanced weight for better performance.

Under that turntable we've put something called a DC servo-controlled motor for speed accuracy (found only on the more expensive turntables) with belt drive for quieter operation.

The EX-2K is fully automatic. You can even push a button for the number of times

you want to hear a record. And if you don't want to start that record from the beginning, you push another button for automatic cueing.

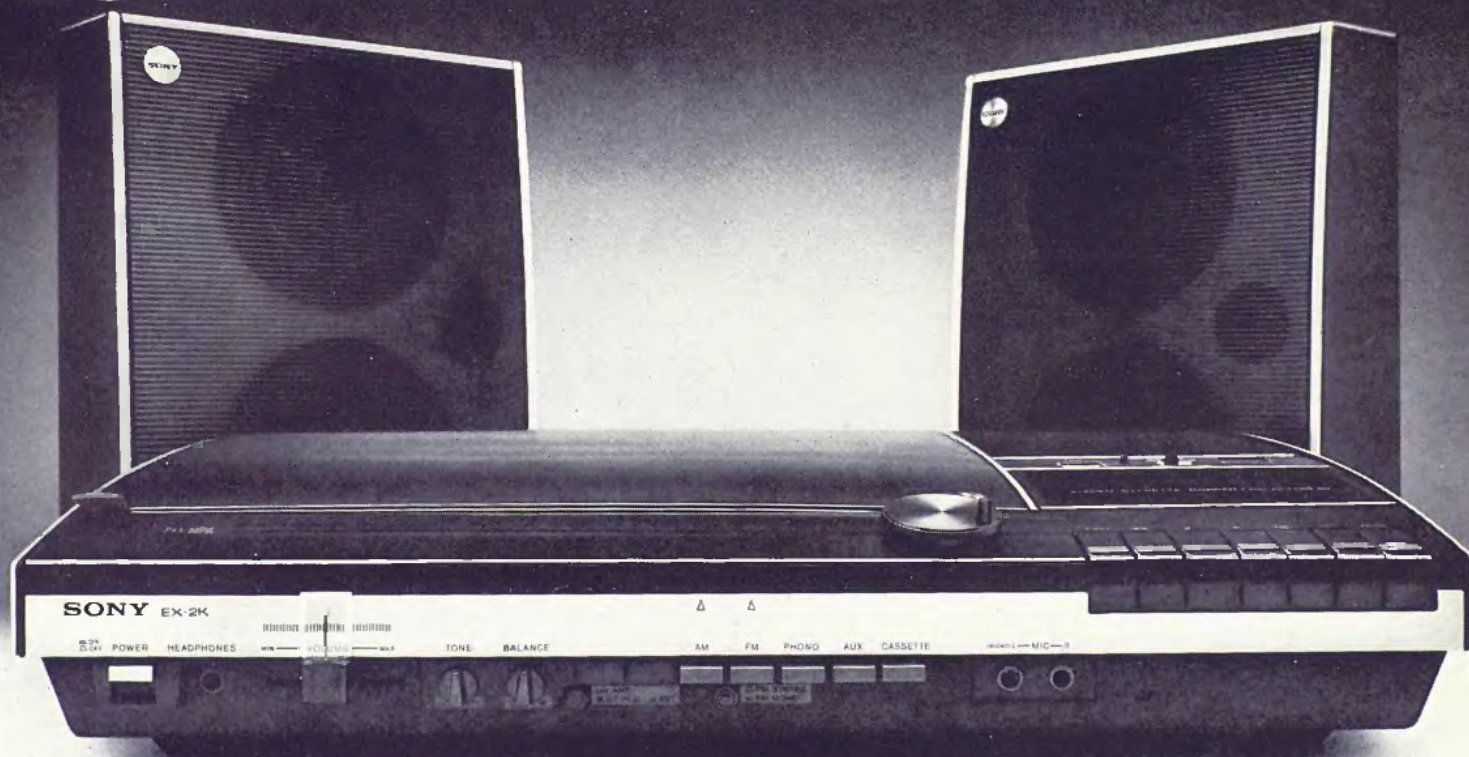
When you get tired of listening to records, you can tinker with its built-in stereo cassette player/recorder. Or its FM/AM/FM stereo tuner which has phased-locked loop circuitry for better stereo separation with less distortion.

Every component, as well as the chassis, is made by Sony, so you know everything is completely up to our high standards.

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Now instead of looking at your first stereo and thinking "It'll do"...you'll look at your first stereo and think "Wow!"

BUY YOUR SECOND STEREO FIRST.



THE EX SERIES "IT'S A SONY."

5. *Soul Searching / Average White Band* (Atlantic)
6. *Breezin' / George Benson* (Warner Bros.)
7. *Silk Degrees / Boz Scaggs* (Columbia)
8. *Live! / Bob Marley & the Wailers* (Island)
9. *Greatest Hits / War* (United Artists)
10. *Together / B. B. King and Bobby Bland* (Dunhill)
11. *Why Can't We Be Friends? / War* (United Artists)

12. *Second Childhood / Phoebe Snow* (Columbia)
13. *It Looks Like Snow / Phoebe Snow* (Columbia)
14. *Diana Ross' Greatest Hits* (Motown)
14. *That's the Way of the World / Earth, Wind & Fire* (Columbia)
16. *Innervisions / Stevie Wonder* (Tamla)
17. *Natalie / Natalie Cole* (Capitol)
18. *Wild Cherry* (Epic)

19. *Diana Ross* (Motown)
20. *I Want You / Marvin Gaye* (Tamla)

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

1. *Hasten Down the Wind / Linda Ronstadt* (Asylum)
2. *The Outlaws* (RCA)
3. *Summertime Dream / Gordon Lightfoot* (Reprise)
4. *Spirit / John Denver* (RCA)
5. *Elite Hotel / Emmylou Harris* (Reprise)

BEST LOCAL BANDS

sparked by Jeff Salen's guitar, is anything but forgettable. Recently, they replaced their drummer and singer and traded in their "Al Capone look" dark suits for more conventional U.K. flash outfits, with results yet to be determined. But *All for the Love of Rock 'n' Roll* could be the New Wave's call to arms.

Miamis, Marbles and Milk & Cookies share a lighter, more pop-styled approach than the mind-shred hard-rock camp. The Miamis, also a highlight of the CBGB's package, have a loose, fun-oriented bar-band attitude, and have been known to insert a version of Frank Sinatra's *That's Life* to spice up a set of blithe originals. Marbles and Milk & Cookies are more intense, touching on teenage traumas from different angles—English glitter-pop for M. & C., lush harmonies over memorable melody lines for Marbles.

The New York Dolls kicked off the *nouveau-rock* renaissance in 1973, with much overblown transvestial publicity that backfired in the long run, and two notorious Mercury albums that didn't quite match their live power. Lead singer David Johansen and guitarist Syl Sylvain re-formed the Dolls recently, sounding better than ever, but now they've split up again—Johansen aiming at a solo career and Sylvain forming The Criminals. Meanwhile, ex-Dolls guitarist and official scene catalyst Johnny Thunders is still leading his Heartbreakers, continuing the Dolls' trashy tradition and popular draw despite the departure of cult idol Richard Hell (also ex-Television), who's released locally a three-cut record and now leads his own band. If it all sounds confusing, that's because it is confusing—New York's lively group scene (featuring many more acts worthy of mention, such as the outrageous transvestite rocker Wayne County) is mercurial to a fault and probably too incestuous. It doesn't help that virtually all the action takes place at the tiny CBGB's and Max's Kansas City, with On The Rocks attracting its fair share lately. But for variety and constant excitement, there's no topping New York.

BOSTON

Though less publicized than New York, Boston is almost as active. And maybe because club venues are limited, there's a

(continued from page 159)

spirit of cooperative camaraderie among the bands that contrasts sharply with the backbiting atmosphere of New York and most other cities.

Reddy Teddy is the most impressive Boston band and, as its recent local-label album suggests, possibly the most exciting new American band, period. Fascinating lyrics and irresistible chord riffs make Reddy Teddy a band to watch, both from afar and when you're in Boston.

Fox Pass, as its clever name implies, is a stylish, sophisticated band that grafts complex arrangements onto elegant original pop-rock material. Lead singer Jon Macey's *Disco Sucks* is a rallying cry for a sizable sector of Boston.

Willie Alexander is the patron saint of the Boston scene, thanks to an avuncular attitude and a stint in the Sixties with one of the city's legendary local bands, the Lost (Boston's other legendary Sixties band, The Remains, has just re-formed to great expectations). Willie's *Mass. Ave.* is a local classic, and his performances (with The Loco Band) are unpredictable, to say the least.

Equally unpredictable is Joe Viglione, a suburban Dracula fancier who appears draped in a cape as "the Count." His sporadic live appearances with Auguste Phenomenon have been known to reach convulsive states of quasi hysteria, but his original songs are compact, catchy and completely charming, with a wistful innocence beyond the reach of most jaded Seventies stars.

Marc Thor is also on the unusual side (Marc expresses a fondness for religious stigmata and may record one side of his next local single entirely in German), but his original rock is solid and exciting. Marc, like Fox Pass and hard-rockers Thundertrain, from nearby Natick, publishes an idiosyncratic newsletter that supports his and other deserving bands.

LOS ANGELES

For the music industry's headquarters, Los Angeles has been sluggish in developing a local scene. But now, with area bands The Runaways, The Quick and the promising Hollywood Stars signed by major labels, the reopening of the famous Whiskey-A-Go-Go to present local bands, radio station KROQ's local showcases at the Cabaret, plus the occasional local-

band booking at the Starwood, things are looking up.

Pop displays a much harder edge lately than its name would imply. Singer Roger Prescott's dramatic posturing spearheads an aggressive attack, and its original songs are charged with intensity.

The Brats have an appealingly raw sound that strongly reminds most listeners of the New York Dolls. Second generation or not, though, they're brash and colorful, and their *Psychotic* sounds like a teenage anthem in the making.

The Dogs have some Detroit roots (dedicating the flip side of their locally pressed single to Motor City revolutionary John Sinclair) and, like most bands from there, play their rock 'n' roll hard and heavy and rather one-dimensional. But *Younger Point of View* is a strong entry and their vitality is unquestionable.

The Motels are different, featuring a female lead singer wailing away on their quirky originals. They're known for strikingly uneven performances, but on a good night the spark is clearly evident. They, along with The Dogs and Pop, propose to publish a tabloid dedicated to the L.A. scene, which should focus some badly needed solidarity.

Finally, The Droogs aren't currently playing live, but when they're ready, they may blow everyone away. Debuting at the Starwood back in 1973, they proved to be far ahead of their time with a set of the sort of neglected Sixties classics (Music Machine, Seeds, Shadows of Knight, etc.) that are currently all the rage for new rockers around the world. They've released four excellent singles on their own label and have the potential to become L.A.'s sleeper sensations.

•

Local rock 'n' roll is healthiest in New York, Boston and L.A.; elsewhere, the scenes are more diffuse. In CHICAGO, for instance, the clubs in town favor blues, folk- and country-rock, while hard rock survives along a scattered circuit of suburban clubs, resulting in a rather schizoid scene.

Of the in-town country-rock favorites, Ouray is the most rock-oriented, tight and skillful, while Ron Crick & Swing Shift, a loosely knit aggregation of indeterminate personnel, feature some of the town's top pickers and are highly regarded.

In rock, there's Cheap Trick, which has

6. *Heart Like a Wheel* / Linda Ronstadt (Capitol)
7. *Prisoner in Disguise* / Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
8. *Windsong* / John Denver (RCA)
9. *Are You Ready for the Country* / Waylon Jennings (RCA)
10. *Havaña Daydreamin'* / Jimmy Buffett (ABC)
11. *Come on Over* / Olivia Newton-John (MCA)

12. *Red Headed Stranger* / Willie Nelson (Columbia)
13. *Don't Stop Believin'* / Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
14. *Wheelin' and Dealin'* / Asleep at the Wheel (Capitol)
15. *Rhinestone Cowboy* / Glen Campbell (Capitol)
16. *The Sound in Your Mind* / Willie Nelson (Columbia)
17. *Saddle Tramp* / The Charlie Daniels Band (Epic)

18. *Gord's Gold* / Gordon Lightfoot (Reprise)
19. *Clearly Love* / Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
19. *An Evening with John Denver* (RCA)

BEST JAZZ LP

1. *Breezin'* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
2. *Return to Forever* / Chick Corea with *Return to Forever* (ECM)
3. *Wired* / Jeff Beck (Epic)

already inspired comments on the order of "its guitarist looks like Richard Speck and exploits it." Sensationalism, Chicago style.

The **Boyz** have a streamlined rock approach. It's appealing, if perhaps not the wave of the future.

Chicago also supports a disproportionate number of local musicians who achieved national renown in the Sixties, faded and are still hanging around hoping for that second big break. There are **Jim Peterik** (founder of the versatile Ides of March) and **Tufano & Giammarese** (formerly in the smooth-pop Buckinghams), both signed to major labels but are far from a national breakthrough, plus past notables such as **Love Craft** and **The Flock**. And two more hit groups of the Sixties, the truly legendary **Shadows of Knight** (*Gloria*), idols of countless New Wave bands, and the **Cryan' Shames** (*Sugar & Spice*), are slogging it out on the singles-bar circuit. Sometimes Chicago seems more like a mausoleum than a musical breeding ground.

CLEVELAND is also gloomy, with a limited club scene dominated by Top 40 bar bands and scant support from press and radio.

Tops in the city is **Pere Ubu**. With the imposing figure of lead singer **Crocus Behemoth** out front, its music is completely original, often jarring, but at its best (*Final Solution*) achieves genuine intensity and power.

Friction features a former **Pere Ubu** guitarist and female bass and guitar players, and its frequent cover treatments range from primordial **Eddie Cochran** through **Dylan** to up-to-the-minute Television numbers. Very promising.

The **Dead Boys** are descended from Cleveland pioneer **Rocket From The Tombs** (as are **Pere Ubu** and **Friction**). They play raucous heavy-metal rock, and have provoked raves such as "totally tasteless, vulgar, but superb."

SAN FRANCISCO in the Sixties supported such young locals as the **Jefferson Airplane**, **Janis Joplin**, **The Grateful Dead** and many more, but the scene is now largely made up of Sixties relics and session musicians jamming fitfully in night clubs. The real rock excitement emanates from Berkeley's own **Beserkley**-label family, which is distributed by a

major label (**Playboy**, interestingly) but retains its essential local fervor.

Earth Quake is a constant live staple in the Bay Area, churning out the choicest Sixties covers (**Small Faces**, **Paul Revere & the Raiders**) and supercharged originals with tireless ferocity.

The **Rubinoos** are strictly pop-oriented, covering **Monkees** and **Tommy James** tunes in addition to their own sprightly originals, making for cheery performances.

Jonathan Richman, whose unique sensibilities were bred in Boston but who's now based with **Beserkley**, is capable of true brooding rock 'n' roll, but lately has taken to a more acoustic, lighthearted direction. Still, some of his songs are eccentric treasures.

Other Bay Area outfits include **Hot Knives**, who have a bit of that original **Airplane** mystique, **La Rue** and **Loose Gravel**. But top marks go to the colorful **Little Roger & the Goosebumps**, who mix satire and songs for a sound they call **Mock Rock**. Their performances are often highlighted by an elaborate take-off on **Johnny Carson's Tonight Show**. Something completely different and worth checking out.

DETROIT had its rock renaissance in the late Sixties, and **Bob Seger**, the **MC5** and **Iggy** and **The Stooges** are still inspirational figures for the newer rockers. Nowadays, the city is generally regarded as a rock wasteland, with most of the early prime movers struggling, scattered or in jail. Among those still struggling is **Fred "Sonic" Smith**, another **MC5** alumnus, who leads **Sonic's Rendezvous**, featuring an ex-Stooge and former **Detroit** singing phenom (**The Rationals**) **Scott Morgan**. They still have that **MC5** industrial rave-up rock sound and are the class act among the locals.

The **Rockets** play both **Ann Arbor** and **Detroit**, and with ex-Detroit **Wheels** (Sixties hit maker **Mitch Ryder's** red-hot backing group) **Jim McCarty** and **Johnny B.** on board, have the technical know-how to launch their basic rock-'n'-roll assault.

The **Motor City Bad Boys** provide a little showmanship, with their **Dolls**-look-alike posing and a drum kit equipped with an old **Chevy** grille complete with flashing headlights. Their rock is basic

Seventies-style grit, but their audiences' reactions range from rapturous to outraged.

Otherwise, until singer **Rob Tyner** finally gets the **MC5** band together again, **Detroit** seems depressingly quiescent.

In the nation's other major cities, the local rock revivalists are scattered and often insignificant. A city as sizable as **PHILADELPHIA**, though capable of supporting thriving folk- and black-music establishments, has virtually no New Wave rock 'n' roll.

Despite the popularity of *discos* in the area, **WASHINGTON** has maintained a strong local rock scene, with two recent concerts featuring local talent selling out a 2000-seat hall. The top band, at least in terms of popularity, is **The Nighthawks**, an excellent four-member group that specializes in the gritty **Chicago blues** that once inspired the **Rolling Stones** and the original **Fleetwood Mac**. Coming up fast—and often appearing with the **Nighthawks**—is **Powerhouse**, a group that splits its time between **Washington** and **Boston**. Featuring **George Leh's** superior vocals, the band is most at home with the horn-dominated blues and **R&B** tunes of the early Fifties. Also very big are the **Rosslyn Mountain Boys**, a group that works the very different musical tradition of country swing. **Joe Tripplett's** teary, **George Jones**-style vocal work is the group's major virtue, but the band's playing is tight, clean and often inspired. And down in **CHAPEL HILL**, **North Carolina**, the **Sneakers** have surfaced with a sinuous, sophisticated sound with vast potential appeal, and may not be long for **Chapel Hill**.

ATLANTA boasts **Darryl Rhoades & the Hahavishnu Orchestra**, a musicomic troupe of uneven but often dazzling abilities, and there are other good bands in enclaves around the U.S.A.—notably **Amnesia**, an inventive rock group from **Tampa**, and **Tricks**, who saturate the **Connecticut** region with their delightfully crafted pop songs and rockers.

And there are more, slamming it out in joints all across the country, that we haven't even heard of yet—and you ought to go discover them first yourself. Remember, only *you* can support your local band.



4. *School Days* / Stanley Clarke (Nemperor)
5. *Secrets* / Herbie Hancock (Columbia)
6. *Romantic Warrior* / Return to Forever (Columbia)
7. *Primal Scream* / Maynard Ferguson (Columbia)
8. *Bellavia* / Chuck Mangione (A & M)
9. *The Leprechaun* / Chick Corea (Polydor)
10. *Black Market* / Weather Report (Columbia)
11. *Chase the Clouds Away* / Chuck Mangione (A & M)
12. *It Looks Like Snow* / Phoebe Snow (Columbia)
13. *Land of the Midnight Sun* / Al Di Meola (Columbia)
14. *Second Childhood* / Phoebe Snow (Columbia)
15. *Barefoot Ballet* / John Klemmer (ABC)
16. *Touch* / John Klemmer (ABC)
17. *Those Southern Knights* / The Crusaders (Blue Thumb)
18. *Journey to Love* / Stanley Clarke (Nemperor)
19. *I Heard That!* / Quincy Jones (A & M)
19. *All Things in Time* / Lou Rawls (Philadelphia International)

MUSIC HALL OF FAME

The envelopes, please.

Our third runner-up, finishing one notch higher than last year, is the Peck's bad boy of rock guitar, Led Zeppelin's own Jimmy Page.

Our second runner-up—with a bullet, since he's up from 11th spot in '76—is Brooklyn's own Neil Diamond.

And this year's runner-up—also in the running for our Always-a-B-B-Bridesmaid Award, since this is the second time in a row that he's been voted number two—is the original guitar-smashing pinball wizard of The Who, Peter Townshend. . . M-M-M-Maybe next time.

Number one this year, of course, also with a bullet, since he jumped in the voting from fourth place last year, is the original good guy of The Beatles, erstwhile sad sack turned singles artist and movie star, Ringo Starr.

And so, the top-20 finishers:

1. Ringo Starr
2. Peter Townshend
3. Neil Diamond
4. Jimmy Page
5. Paul Simon
6. Peter Frampton
7. Frank Zappa
8. Jim Croce
9. Brian Wilson
10. Neil Young
11. Joni Mitchell
12. Ian Anderson
13. David Bowie

14. Barbra Streisand
15. Linda Ronstadt
16. Cat Stevens
17. Jeff Beck
18. Jerry Garcia
19. Chuck Berry
20. John Denver

READERS' POLL

How does the old French epigram go? The more things stay the same, the more things stay the same? No? Well, that's the way most of this year's results came out—with a few very interesting exceptions, there wasn't much room at the top for newcomers this year, and last year's winners came back strong one more time.

In Rhythm-and-Blues, it was again Stevie Wonder's year, winning as composer and male vocalist. Phoebe Snow—up from number 17 last outing—won as female vocalist and Natalie Cole—up from number 19—was right on her heels in second place. And as an indication how most of the year's voting went, Earth, Wind & Fire and the Average White Band just switched places—E.W.&F. on top this time around, with A.W.B. right behind.

In Pop/Rock, Elton slipped a few notches, down to one award from three last year. McCartney bounced him as top male vocalist, and Stevie beat him out in the composer category (winning that one in the R&B voting as well), but Elton's still the top honkie cat on keyboards. Linda Ronstadt repeated as top female vocalist (and did so again in the C&W voting, too), but Fleetwood Mac's Christine McVie was a new face that finished a strong number four. The ubiquitous Peter Frampton copped hot-licks honors on guitar, up with a bullet and a voice synthesizer from number 23 last time.

It was in the Jazz category, especially, that our readers stayed true to last year's school. With a few exceptions, everyone who won this year will now have a matched pair of awards to stick up on the mantel. In the only changes, Lou Rawls beat out Ray Charles as male vocalist; George Benson nudged out José Feliciano on guitar; Chick Corea replaced Quincy Jones as best composer; and Corea's on-again-off-again group, Return to Forever, took top honors for a jazz group over Doc Severinsen's outfit.

And in Country-and-Western, perennial nice guy and natural-high advocate John Denver slipped to number two as male vocalist, chiefly on the strength of a wreck—as sung about by Gordon Lightfoot, who won and did the same to Denver in the composer's category, to boot. Roy Clark did it one more time as best picker, but he'd better watch out next time—Leo Kottke picked his way to the number-two slot, a considerable jump from his previous number-20 finish.

So here it is. This one's going out to all you list freaks.

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

MALE VOCALIST

1. Stevie Wonder
2. B. B. King
3. Ray Charles
4. Bob Marley
5. Marvin Gaye
6. Al Green
7. Barry White
8. Isaac Hayes
8. Sly Stone
10. Smokey Robinson
11. Bill Withers
12. James Brown
13. Johnnie Taylor
14. Bobby Bland
15. Curtis Mayfield
16. Billy Paul
17. Donny Hathaway
18. Johnny Nash
19. George McCrae
19. Joe Simon

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Phoebe Snow
2. Natalie Cole
3. Diana Ross
4. Roberta Flack
5. Gladys Knight
6. Tina Turner
7. Aretha Franklin
8. Chaka Khan
9. Minnie Riperton
10. Dionne Warwick
11. Melba Moore
12. Gloria Gaynor
13. Esther Phillips
14. Martha Reeves
15. Mavis Staples
16. Carol Douglas
17. Gwen McCrae
18. Valerie Simpson
19. Vicki Sue Robinson
20. Millie Jackson

COMPOSER

1. Stevie Wonder
2. Isaac Hayes
3. Barry White
4. Smokey Robinson
5. Allen Toussaint
6. Curtis Mayfield
7. Kenny Gamble—Leon Huff
8. Al Green
8. Bill Withers
10. James Brown
11. Nicholas Ashford—Valerie Simpson
12. Bobby Womack
13. Thom Bell
14. Johnny Bristol
15. Norman Whitfield
16. Willie Hutch
16. Eugene McDaniels
18. Bobby Eli
19. Bob Marley
20. Frank Wilson

GROUP

1. Earth, Wind & Fire
2. Average White Band
3. War
4. Bob Marley & the Wailers
5. Spinners
6. Gladys Knight & the Pips
7. Pointer Sisters
7. Ike & Tina Turner
9. Ohio Players
10. Isley Brothers
11. Rufus
12. Love Unlimited Orchestra
13. Sly & the Family Stone
14. Wonderlove
15. LaBelle
16. Temptations
17. Stylistics
17. Supremes
19. Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes
20. O'Jays

POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

1. Paul McCartney
2. Elton John
3. Rod Stewart
4. Neil Diamond
5. Robert Plant
6. Paul Simon
7. David Bowie
8. Jackson Browne
9. James Taylor
10. Bruce Springsteen
11. Bob Dylan
12. Roger Daltrey
13. Neil Young
14. Mick Jagger
14. Cat Stevens
16. Neil Sedaka
17. Harry Chapin
18. Elvis Presley
19. Gary Wright
20. Leon Russell

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Linda Ronstadt
2. Olivia Newton-John
3. Joni Mitchell
4. Christine McVie
5. Grace Slick
6. Carly Simon
7. Barbra Streisand

1977 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL RESULTS

8. Phoebe Snow
9. Janis Ian
10. Melissa Manchester
11. Kiki Dee
12. Joan Baez
13. Bonnie Raitt
14. Carole King
15. Judy Collins
16. Helen Reddy
17. Maria Muldaur
18. Karen Carpenter
19. Bette Midler
20. Cher

GUITAR

1. Peter Dinklage
2. Jeff Beck
3. Eric Clapton
4. Jimmy Page
5. José Feliciano
6. Carlos Santana
7. Bo Diddley
8. Frank Zappa
9. George Harrison
10. Steve Howe
11. Robin Trower
12. Cat Stevens
13. Peter Townshend
14. Jerry Garcia
15. B. B. King
16. Joe Walsh
17. Chuck Berry
18. Ted Nugent
19. Stephen Stills
20. Richard Betts
21. Terry Kath

KEYBOARDS

1. Elton John
2. Keith Emerson
3. Stevie Wonder
4. Rick Wakeman
5. Barry Manilow
6. Gary Wright
7. Billy Preston
8. Leon Russell
9. Nicky Hopkins
10. Brian Auger
11. Stevie Winwood
12. Jackson Browne
13. Robert Lamm
14. Chuck Leavell
15. Neil Young
16. Edgar Winter
17. Todd Rundgren
18. Isaac Hayes
19. Booker T.
20. Gregg Allman
21. Garth Hudson

DRUMS

1. Keith Moon
2. Ringo Starr
3. Carl Palmer
4. John Bonham
5. Buddy Miles
6. Ginger Baker
7. Danny Seraphine
8. Nigel Olsson
9. Russ Kunkel
10. Stevie Wonder
11. Charlie Watts
12. Aynsley Dunbar
13. Karen Carpenter
14. Bill Bruford
15. Bobby Colomby
16. Jim Capaldi
17. John Guerin
18. Jai Johanny Johanson
19. Bill Kreutzmann
20. Bernard Purdie

BASS

1. Paul McCartney
2. John Paul Jones
3. Chris Squire
4. John Entwistle
5. Greg Lake
6. Peter Cetera
7. Klaus Voorman
8. Jack Bruce
9. Bill Wyman
10. Jack Casady
11. Lee Sklar
12. Phil Lesh
13. Rick Danko
14. Larry Graham
15. Willie Weeks
16. Wilton Felder
17. Carl Radle
18. Donald "Duck" Dunn
19. Rick Grech
20. Chuck Rainey

COMPOSER

1. Stevie Wonder
2. Elton John-Bernie Taupin
3. Bob Dylan
4. Paul McCartney
5. Ian Anderson
6. Neil Diamond
7. Paul Simon
8. Neil Sedaka
9. Frank Zappa
10. Jackson Browne
11. Bruce Springsteen
12. Peter Townshend
13. Joni Mitchell
14. Neil Young

15. Seals & Crofts
16. James Taylor
17. John Lennon
18. Robert Lamm
19. Cat Stevens
20. Carole King

GROUP

1. Fleetwood Mac
2. Eagles
3. Chicago
4. Wings
5. Led Zeppelin
6. Steely Dan
7. Jefferson Starship
8. Bee Gees
9. Electric Light Orchestra
10. The Who
11. Beach Boys
12. Doobie Brothers
13. Aerosmith
14. The Rolling Stones
15. Pink Floyd
16. Yes
17. Queen
18. Jethro Tull
19. Kiss
20. Tower of Power

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

1. Lou Rawls
2. Ray Charles
3. Frank Sinatra
4. Gil Scott-Heron
5. Sammy Davis Jr.
6. Johnny Mathis
7. Mose Allison
8. Tony Bennett
9. Jimmy Witherspoon
10. Mel Tormé
11. Bobby Bland
12. Brook Benton
13. Billy Eckstine
14. George Benson
15. Joe Williams
16. Leon Thomas
17. Jon Hendricks
18. Grady Tate
19. Al Jarreau
20. Johnny Hartman

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Phoebe Snow
2. Roberta Flack
3. Barbra Streisand
4. Ella Fitzgerald
5. Liza Minnelli
6. Esther Satterfield
7. Flora Purim
8. Cleo Laine
9. Nancy Wilson
10. Shirley Bassey
11. Melba Moore
12. Esther Phillips
13. Pearl Bailey
14. Peggy Lee
15. Lena Horne
16. Sarah Vaughan
17. Della Reese
18. Nina Simone
19. Odette
20. Carmen McRae

BRASS

1. Doc Severinsen
2. Chuck Mangione
3. Herb Alpert
4. Miles Davis
5. Maynard Ferguson
6. James Pankow
7. Randy Brecker
8. Dizzy Gillespie
9. Freddie Hubbard
10. Donald Byrd
11. J. J. Johnson
12. Nat Adderley
13. Blue Mitchell
14. Cynthia Robinson
15. Wayne Henderson
16. Slide Hampton
17. Bill Watrous
18. Clark Terry
19. Chet Baker
20. Urbie Green
21. Al Grey

WOODWINDS

1. Edgar Winter
2. Herbie Mann
3. Benny Goodman
4. Tom Scott
5. Grover Washington, Jr.
6. Stan Getz
7. Walter Parazaider
8. Paul Desmond
9. Hubert Laws
10. Woody Herman
11. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
12. Stanley Turrentine
13. Junior Walker
14. Chris Woods
15. Wayne Shorter
16. Gerry Mulligan
17. Joe Farrell
18. Emilio Castillo
19. Bobbi Humphrey
20. Zoot Sims

KEYBOARDS

1. Chick Corea
2. Herbie Hancock
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Ramsey Lewis
5. Jan Hammer
6. Eumir Deodato
7. Keith Jarrett
8. Sergio Mendes
9. Miles Davis
10. Oscar Peterson
11. George Duke
12. Bob James
13. Eubie Blake
14. Johnny Hammond
15. Erroll Garner
16. Les McCann
17. McCoy Tyner
18. Bill Evans
19. Thelonious Monk
20. Earl "Fatha" Hines

VIBES

1. Lionel Hampton
2. Gary Burton
3. Milt Jackson
4. Roy Ayers
5. Keith Underwood
6. Cal Tjader
7. Terry Gibbs
8. Buddy Montgomery
9. Victor Feldman
10. Emil Richards
11. Tommy Vig
12. Bobby Hutcherson
13. Red Norvo
14. Mike Mainieri

GUITAR

1. George Benson
2. José Feliciano
3. John McLaughlin
4. Al Di Meola
5. Charlie Byrd
6. Larry Coryell
7. Joe Pass
8. John Abercrombie
9. Gabor Szabo
10. Jim Hall
11. Herb Ellis
12. Kenny Burrell
13. Eric Gale
14. Philip Upchurch
15. Tony Mottola
16. Bucky Pizzarelli
17. Jeff Beck
18. Melvin Sparks
19. Dennis Budimir
20. Barney Kessel

BASS

1. Stanley Clarke
2. Ray Brown
3. Charles Mingus
4. Ron Carter
5. Carl Radle
6. Rufus Reid
7. Jim Fielder
8. Carol Kaye
9. Joe Byrd
10. Monk Montgomery
11. Art Davis
12. Bob Cranshaw
13. Mike Bruce
14. Miroslav Vitous
15. Percy Heath
16. Keter Betts
17. Walter Booker
18. Jimmy Garrison
19. Cleveland Eaton
20. Bob Haggart

PERCUSSION

1. Buddy Rich
2. Billy Cobham
3. Lenny White
4. Hal Blaine
5. Airta Moreira
6. Elvin Jones
7. Stu Hooper
8. Willie Bobo
9. Mongo Santamaria
10. John Guerin
11. Jack De Johnette
12. Jimmy Cobb
13. Tony Williams
14. Red Holt
15. Jo Jones
16. Joe Morello
17. Max Roach
18. Mel Lewis
19. Grady Tate
20. Alan Dawson
21. Harvey Mason

COMPOSER

1. Chick Corea
2. Quincy Jones
3. Herbie Hancock
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Chuck Mangione
6. Miles Davis
7. Gil Scott-Heron-Brian Jackson
8. Eumir Deodato
9. Stanley Clarke
10. Keith Jarrett
11. Michel Legrand
12. Bob James
13. Mose Allison

14. Antonio Carlos Jobim
15. Thelonious Monk
16. Joe Zawinul
17. Gil Evans
18. Carla Bley
19. Thad Jones
20. Horace Silver

GROUP

1. Return to Forever
2. Doc Severinsen
3. Tom Scott & the L.A. Express
4. Weather Report
5. Chuck Mangione
6. Crusaders
7. Herbie Hancock
8. Sergio Mendes & Brasil '77
9. Deodato
10. Ray Charles
11. Maynard Ferguson
12. Buddy Rich
13. Quincy Jones
14. Count Basie
15. Ramsey Lewis
16. John McLaughlin
17. Dave Brubeck
18. Larry Coryell & the Eleventh House
19. Jan Hammer
20. Miles Davis

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

MALE VOCALIST

1. Gordon Lightfoot
2. John Denver
3. Waylon Jennings
4. Willie Nelson
5. Kris Kristofferson
6. Jimmy Buffett
7. Jerry Jeff Walker
8. Glen Campbell
9. Roy Clark
10. Johnny Cash
11. Charley Pride
12. Charlie Rich
13. Freddie Fender
14. Merle Haggard
15. Mel Tillis
16. Ray Stevens
17. Ronnie Milsap
18. Jerry Lee Lewis
19. Roger Miller
20. Jerry Reed
21. Conway Twitty

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Linda Ronstadt
2. Olivia Newton-John
3. Emmylou Harris
4. Judy Collins
5. Dolly Parton
6. Barbi Benton
7. Jessi Colter
8. Tanya Tucker
9. Anne Murray
10. Loretta Lynn
11. Tammy Wynette
12. Donna Fargo
13. Tracy Nelson
14. Brenda Lee
15. Barbara Mandrell
16. Jeannie C. Riley
17. Mary Kay Place
18. Linda Hargrove
19. Jody Miller
20. Connie Smith

PICKER

1. Roy Clark
2. Leo Kottke
3. Chet Atkins
4. Earl Scruggs
5. Glen Campbell
6. David Bromberg
7. Ry Cooder
8. Vassar Clements
9. Doc Watson
10. Jerry Reed
11. John Hartford
12. Lester Flatt
13. Johnny Gimble
14. Sonny James
15. Charlie McCoy
16. John Fahey
17. Reggie Young
18. Pete Drake
19. Curly Ray Cline
20. Lloyd Green

COMPOSER

1. Gordon Lightfoot
2. John Denver
3. Kris Kristofferson
4. Willie Nelson
5. Mac Davis
6. Waylon Jennings
7. Michael Murphey
8. Hoyt Axton
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MILE-HIGH FILLE DE JOIE

(continued from page 115)

"It was quite like having a performing dog, a monkey and a clown under one wig."

breeches, his wind-and-sea-tattered lace cuffs, his outlandishly tied cravat and the ludicrous shards of a powdered wig raveling out over the back of his jacket collar and right ear. I had never imagined such a ridiculous costume on a male animal. The men of our country dressed—dare I say even now, in spite of the great proofs he later gave of his manliness—in a much more masculine fashion. And the manners, the foolish japes, that contortion which he called making a leg, the bizarre gestures, the adorable squeaking of that tiny voice. It was quite like having a performing dog, a monkey and a clown all under the one powdered, bedraggled wig.

At first my mother demurred at my keeping him, since she feared that such small vermin might very well carry lice or other pestilence smaller than themselves on their bodies to infect us. However, when once she had satisfied herself by inspection, much to the little thing's terror and dismay, of his cleanliness and freedom from every kind of noisome infestation, she was content to let me play with him for hour upon hour, the more especially as that activity kept me so well occupied that she seldom had need to trouble herself with me. Hence it happened that I spent my days, first teaching him some few words of command, and then training him in the management of a bit of twisted wire, that he might amuse me by jumping back and forth through its opening.

On occasion, it would happen that my father would bring some rude peasant or other into my chamber, there to demand that I remove my new plaything from the box wherein I kept him mewed and put him through the tricks he had by that time mastered. On these occasions, not all my mother's protestations, both as to the impropriety of my father's allowing men into his daughter's bedchamber and as to the annoyance of being obliged to follow after these visitors with a broom, would avail to turn my father from his purpose. Indeed, his usual response to my mother's entreaties, a rough epithet and a clip of his hand across her mouth, was not often lacking. Which, when I witnessed, I much marveled at the fabled pleasures of marriage or of men's society, that might avail to lead even so harsh a termagant as my mother into such condition as that I daily saw her endure and forbear to challenge. And for

what? For the mere pleasure of mastery over that part of a man which they say wants no bone to stiffen it. For, were I to be quite candid, I should have to acknowledge that with all beings other than my father, who possessed this one means to keep her in order, my mother knew how to return in kind all that was given her. How much more delightful appeared the company of my enticing figurine, which might not dare to challenge me, even were his tiny brain able to entertain such an idea.

Alas, soon enough I was forced to share him. Such crowds of hangers-on, such a gallimaufry of gawkers flocked to my father's halls to peep and marvel that my father and I were forced to take up residence at an inn, which might better accommodate the trappings of the multitude than our rude cottage. In addition, so much incensed had my mother become with the constant traffic through our doors that she brought in a pailful of pig swill, emptied it over my father's boots and bade him set his guests to work if this liked him not. Even at the inn, adverse though the conditions were, I found it possible, with much exercise of the will, to maintain that sense of proprietorship proper to the sole owner of a rare wonder of nature. And when, after some several months, I was carried to the great house of the ruler of our country, there to be left by my father, where I was obliged to share my manikin with the females of my new master's household, his wife, his daughters and his chosen ladies of pleasure, I felt too much singled out by destiny to complain overmuch at our common ownership.

At first I had feared to be in somewhat the same position in respect to the ladies of the household that my manikin held in respect to me; namely, an object of ridicule, both for my ignorance of courtly ways and for the lowliness of my origins. However, I found that so great was our shared understanding of the peculiarities of our possession that rather than being laughed at for an outsider, I was revered and deferred to for the greater extent of my expertise in the ways of this unique animal. On becoming aware of the full felicities of my position, my self-regard as much increased as did my self-assurance. Frequently thereafter, I found myself able, by the judicious threat of a temporary withholding of my manikin's favors, to prefer to the court many of my female relatives. At the last, my exile had been much assuaged by the presence of my sisters, cousins and others of my household, in various menial positions about the environs, though I forbore to bring my mother to join in my happiness. Truly, I might be said to be the foundation of the most part of the fortunes of my family, which thought comforts me greatly in my present exile.

How we all exclaimed at the cunning

tricks of our little elf, his delightful errors, his pretty, helpless ways. How we delighted in the daily revelation of his many areas of ignorance, the lack of breeding so characteristic of that strange country from whence he came. Nevertheless, my companions and I took the greatest of pains to spare his feelings. From the first day, when he lay curled up, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion on a heap of canary feathers in a shoe box in my great-aunt's vestibule, my aunt having remained with me as guardian of my innocence after my father's necessary departure, we forced ourselves to giggle silently, if at all. More often we held back our laughter and contented ourselves with a raised eyebrow or a discreet smirk at the corners of a mouth, behind a fan, passed seriatim around the room from one young lady to another, as sign of our quietly shared mirth.

Not that we were entirely the slaves of his modesty. It amused us to examine, under a strong light, the small perfections of his form. Perhaps we were too masterfully precipitate for his timidities, but it was not a week before the young queen's sisters, their nursemaids and I had him stripped. Although, to prevail upon him to endure this with less than his habitual outcry, I must own that we found it necessary to practice a small deception on him, which caused him to believe that I

and all the others were mere children, not above nine or ten years of age, instead of the bouncing adolescents and finished young ladies many of us were. Even this he proved unwilling to accept and pretended in the end to be convinced by our fine words of what he well knew by our actions and figures to be false, as a salve to his poor remains of modesty. Having thus overborne his feeble efforts at reason, strip him we did, and much marveled at the elegant attention to detail, the fidelity to nature the Great Maker of all things had observed in His manufacture of this diminished replica of our brothers. We never tired, even those of us who were already no strangers to the arts of love, of delighting in the grace with which his minute organs had been made. Often, indeed, my sisters and I would engage in the most savage warfare at the chessboard, the sole prize being the privilege of stroking his delicate, bird-fine thigh, or resting his pretty member on a forefinger, while we marveled at the speed and sensitivity with which it, so to speak, pricked up its tiny ears. So unthreatening a toy it was, even the youngest, the most impressionable child would not fear to learn the mechanisms of love from observation of its shy and shrinking features.

At first our pet was much too tender to support these public demonstrations

of his powers. He would complain, whimper, plead to be let off, cling to the little wire hoop I had made him so long ago and beg to be allowed once more to prove his powers upon it. Often, with no provocation but a glance or an overly bold gesture from one of us, his poor flower would wilt away into a drooping ghost of its former self. We would have to reassure him most patiently of our respect for him, of our admiration for his character as well as for his person, of our determination to preserve his bodily integrity. Sometimes our promises of care were insufficient to cope with the desperate energy of his fears. And most amusing it was to see this china doll of ours twist in all directions, scurry under the queen's commode or attempt to conceal himself behind the hairs that had fallen out of the brushes of the ladies in waiting in his frantic efforts to avoid the necessary exhibit of his talents. But in this I cannot entirely blame him, since my older sister did in her enthusiasm tend to pinch too hard, which caused him on more than one occasion to dread that his manhood had been bruised beyond repair.

How many times he found himself too sore and weary to support us. At such moments he would cover his eyes and weep, for all the world like some delicate virgin who had been despoiled of her only treasure and cast onto the dust heap,

At 60 MPH, they threw my Marantz out the car window...

"...presumably so they wouldn't have any stolen property in their possession if captured. Unfortunately, I was unable to catch the thieves. But I did return to pick up my smashed Marantz Model 4300 quad receiver. It was extensively damaged, as you can imagine, after a fall from a 60 MPH vehicle.

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*George C. Giftos**

Plymouth, Michigan



We plugged-in Mr. Giftos' damaged 4300 just as it was. It not only worked, but the entire unit *still met Marantz factory specifications*. Required repairs consisted of a new faceplate, 2 meters and a few control knobs on the front of the unit. *That was all.* See the complete Marantz line at your Marantz dealer.

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*Mr. Giftos' notarized statement is on file with the Marantz Company.
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to hang on, a whining dependent, at the fireside of her ravishers. How many times we attempted to reason with him, pointing out that men were, in fact, completely different from women, that what was perhaps an insupportable agony to a young girl, the public exhibition of her parts in action, should be a cause for pride and the most vigorous demonstration of his skills in the male animal. To all this, his only reply, accompanied with many sighs, tears and sniffs, had been, "I will not be the object of your amusement." How determined he was, the poor wanton, not to be one. How constantly he tried to deny us the sight of his trembling male nature as it woke. And how inevitably he failed each time. The merest stirring of the air around his member would do our turn.

•

In truth, I remember the first time my new master's *fille de joie* passed in her attentions from the mere passive admiration of his body to a more active and even genitally participatory enjoyment. She had but then returned from performing her duties in the royal chamber and had thrown herself upon my couch, pouting and sighing, to recover herself. Lying thus on her side, resting on one elbow, her hair falling lightly over her left shoulder, she allowed our treasure to parade up and down her slanting arm, rather as a parakeet might be sent up and down according as the hand is raised or lowered, while breathing on him very

gently, so as not to blow him away, from as far as she could hold her head back, her neck at an awkward and not entirely attractive angle. The little toy had paid her its usual compliment of standing to attention. The idea occurred to her to lift him and lay him to her breast, while gently rolling him from side to side, so that his member very delicately brushed the tip of her nipple. In the course of a few moments, her nipple pursed itself and stood up. And he, whether in fear for his life, that she might bruise him more severely if she were left to manipulate him at her discretion, or out of a sudden excess of weariness with the passive pose, or for sheer loneliness and despair at ever resuming congress with the women of his own order, cried out in a tremulous squeak. "Oh, let me do it," and began to fret his tiny parts gently back and forth across her giant tit.

To all our surprise, our royal master's mistress found this most piercingly sweet, so that she began to toss and murmur and cajole him to greater efforts. Perhaps, in the performance of her duties, she had found too slight a degree of gratification, or perhaps the mere powerlessness of this little toy, chancing to climb on her so soon after her submission to one who held all power over her, caused her to experience a renewal of her fires. A moment, toward the climax, he wilted, and whimpered with terror at her tempestuous heavings, being convinced, no doubt, that he would be thrown off her to a distance

of 50 yards or crushed between her breasts in the throes of any earthquake of passion. So vilely did his imagination paint to him the dangers of his situation that the convulsion of his fear caused him to lose control of his functions, and he deposited on her broad breast even such sign as a parakeet or a canary might leave of its terror and anguish. Keen was his embarrassment, loud his lamentation, at the humiliation to which his fear had brought him. Nonetheless, with many tender expressions of her regard, taking him up in her hand and stroking him, assuring him that there was neither offense nor bad odor in the droppings of so tiny a fowl as he, while flicking off the offending powder with her fingernail, the fortunate lady at length prevailed upon him to continue his exertions.

On her assurances that she would try not to toss him, he resumed his labors, scurrying like a little insect from one twin pinnacle to the other, until at last she was shaken by so fearful an upheaval that he was forced to embrace the mountain in order not to slide off, and in that embrace his body paid its minute, milky tribute to her. Nor were we at all insensible of the tremendous courage, almost indomitable, of that small flagstaff of his, that in the very ecstasy of terror yet found the means to stiffen itself and plunge, triumphant, into the embrace of its fate. Some of us questioned whether he might not be so far a lover of his own sufferings as to be capable of arousal only under the spur of terror or of pain. Even as we debated this, expressing, all the while, as quietly as we might, our admiration for the heroism of his endeavors, our soldier of fortune collapsed, whining and spent, under the shadow of that monstrous breast. Later, when we had deposited him in his nest to recover, my cousin asked the fortunate lady what the transaction had felt like. The lady replied, "It tickled, rather like a mouse's tiny paws skittering around on me. Really, I think it was more the idea than anything else that brought me off. He was so helpless, so cute, so much at my mercy for all I cared to do." And therein was she not far wrong.

After that, the others were not slow to offer their flanks and nipples for him to scale. Lest his timorous scruples might cause him to demur at being toyed with amorously by a group of young women of the royal household, we had all resolved to continue in our deception of him. Thus he was enabled to persist in the belief, supported in part by the pressure of his increasing desires, that what he had to do with was no more than a group of huge children and innocents. So it was as wonders of the natural world that he attempted us, not as women. Gradually, as he found himself in less danger of crushing while he maintained a more



"I have a suggestion that may be to your advantage. Why don't we finish this audit of yours at my place?"

mobile role for himself, thus keeping for the most part out of our fingers, our soldier permitted his explorations to range farther afield, a heroic ascent of the ear of one, using nail parings for *pitons*, a perilous exploration, armed with rope and tough boots, of the navel of another. On occasion, one or another of us might be honored to feel the delicate brush of his tongue, as he tasted the salt of our bodies, the strong and intoxicating liquors of our sweat, for he made shift, like any wise explorer, to live off the country.

To me, without any doubt, belongs the glory of his defloration. How well I remember the splendors of that day. I had stretched myself out, belly up, on my royal mistress' bed, and lifted up my skirts so that he might the better climb me, being in too much haste to remove my bodice or stays. How great was my delight, my astonishment, when I felt the tentative footsteps, the tiny rolling of his body on mine, the delicate brushing of his bravest part, descend not alone past my belly and flanks but with much backtracking and occasional pauses to recuperate, slip down into the folds of jungle below. At first he struggled up and out almost immediately, hauling himself hand over hand along a rope of woven hair that had been anchored to my left knee, as he protested that the atmosphere of those moist and heated places was like to overcome him. Gradually, however, by much coaxing and promising of extra treats with his afternoon tea, in particular the fine crumbs of a sort of social tea biscuit that he especially savored, he was persuaded to venture himself again in those cavernous swells and ditches. And he deserves credit for his courage. More than once on that and subsequent explorations, he was in mortal danger of being squeezed out like a lemon by the excited closing of those thighs that so delighted in him. At the last, it took two of my lady's serving-women, and my mother's cousin, holding onto my feet with might and main, to keep me from damaging him in the throes of my ecstasy, as he skittered and tickled me into my moment.

How well I remember the sharpness of his heels, rather like the teeth of a comb gently fretting me, when he climbed onto the rosy bud between the folds and did a sort of gentle jig thereon. I could not see his wig fall off, and his hair toss out wildly on all sides of his face, as the rhythm of his dance became more hurried, nor could I see when he flung himself down upon that blushing prominence to brush his minuscule rod against me there, but I understood from my great-aunt, who reported to me every action of his exciting progress, that this last was the sole burden of his endeavors, at that moment of moments when what I felt was only the most delicate displacing of a hair. And, strange to say, it was the

(continued on page 216)



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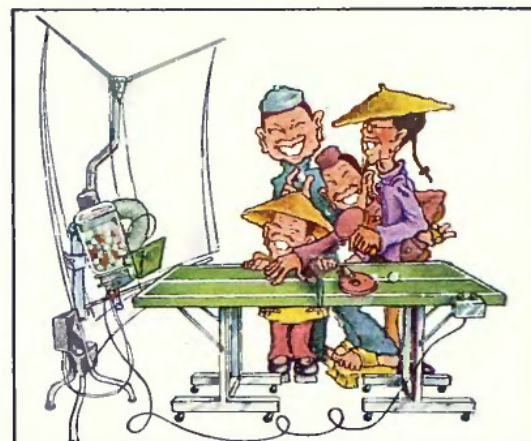
THE SALT-MINE EXPRESS

In his recent best seller *The Great Railway Bazaar*, Paul Theroux wrote about the magic of Asia's great train journeys. We're not sure if the people at The Russian Travel Bureau (a subsidiary of Orbitair), at 20 East 46th Street, New York 10017, read the book, but this summer they're offering a 15-day Trans-Siberian Railway adventure that includes three days and nights (going first-class, comrades) in which you'll clickety-click your way from Moscow to Irkutsk aboard the famous Trans-Siberian Express. From there, it's on by air to those madcap cities of Central Asia, Tashkent and Samarkand. The cost of the junket is from \$1299 to \$1402, complete—and, no, you can't pay for it on a five-year plan.



TOUT'S SWEET

Johnny Carson once sat on one, and you can, too—if you've got the scratch. Of course, we're talking about the Touche à Tout inflatable couch that Relaxon Corporation (P.O. Box 28—3636, Hollywood, California 90028) is marketing for \$395 to \$595, depending on the fabric. Collapsed, Touche à Tout is just an airless bundle, but pump it up via a vacuum cleaner and you've got a luxurious bendable lounge that can be twisted into all kinds of shapes. Too bad you can't.



START WITHOUT ME

For those moments when you're in the mood for a little table tennis and there's no one to return your smashes, Sportpages, at 13719 Welch Road, Dallas, Texas 75240, is peddling a ping-pong robot for \$425, postpaid, that returns balls automatically, throwing top-spin, underspin, lob and chop shots at varying speeds and angles. Come to think of it, that's better than most of our partners.



WAY TO GO

This summer, let the good times roll across Europe from behind the wheel of Mercedes-Benz or Opel Tourmobiles that rent for \$63 a day—not including gas. These nifty minibuses measure 6' x 20', sleep four (a fifth gets the hammock) and include a chemical toilet, china-ware and linen sheets. Write to Travel-Wide, Inc., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036, for more info.



STICK AROUND

Although it helps, you really don't have to resemble Adolphe Menjou to sport a walking stick. Dapper canes of all descriptions are making a comeback these days. To aid in your quest for the perfect staff of your life, a company called The Walking Stick (P.O. Box 502, Malone, New York 12953) is offering, for one dollar, a catalog filled with interesting cab hailers; a 14-kt.-gold-capped Bat Masterson cane is \$50, a bibber's delight that holds five half-ounce vials of your favorite hooch goes for \$24, or there's a cane that converts to a cue stick for \$32. They're also great for keeping stray dogs at bay.

PUMPING FISH

Here's a real fish story: Suburbia, Inc., a mail shopping service at 366 Wacouta Street, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101, is offering in its latest catalog 7'10"-high turn-of-the-century gas pumps that have been converted to aquariums. Each is equipped with filter, aerator, heater, plants—everything but the fish. The price, too, is a gas; \$1150, including shipping charges. (These babies weigh 150 pounds each.) Fill 'er up, sir? What'll it be—goldfish or guppies?



THE WITCHING HOUR

This month Elizabeth Pepper and John Wilcock, the grandfather of the underground press, will once again publish a curious little volume called *The Witches Almanac* that's kind of like a nether-world *Farmer's Almanac*. The price for a copy is \$2.50 sent to The Witches Almanac at P.O. Box 740, Newport, Rhode Island 02840. This year's issue, we're told, includes features on giants, mazes and the worship of the moon. Spooky!



SUPER FLY

Little things mean a lot—especially when you can't come to grips with a stubborn zipper on a pair of pants. So to help you get your act together, a small company called Taos Designs, at P.O. Box 832, Taos, New Mexico 87571, is offering snap-on zipper pulls in the shape of a handsome little fly. Sterling-silver ones go for \$15 each, postpaid; a deluxe 14-kt.-yellow-gold model is a cool \$50. Now let's see you keep your trap shut.



EATIN' STUFF

Here's something for all you leg men to sink your teeth into: A store called Nan Duskin, at 1729 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103, is selling for \$52, postpaid, a 12-pound, more-or-less-life-sized, Krön chocolate lady's leg available in three delicious high-caloried flavors—dark, milk and white. So what if your diet goes down the drain? At least the next time you're in the mood to grab yourself a little piece, you'll know where to find it.



MILE-HIGH FILLE DE JOIE (continued from page 213)

"Surely, never any woman in history held a whole, adult man alive in the great cavern of her body."

delicacy, the timidity, the restraint, the almost nonexistence of this amorous tickling that excited me to greater pleasures than the most determined and hardy assault might have brought on. For I remembered too well what sounds of struggle and harsh effort used to resound from the bed of my parents when similarly engaged. More than this, I remembered the look of my royal master's *filles de joie* when they returned from the amatory arena, either bruised within or still unslaked, and reflecting, no doubt, that whatever the outcome, it had been brought to term not by their efforts and the performance of their sole will but by the powers, indulged or withheld, of another. So I was well pleased to endure so slight a sensation, so tenuous a hint of connection, that whatever the outcome, it might be imputed more to the effort and to the workings of my powerful imagination than to whatever bodily congress might here pretend to take place. In all truth, that dancing pinprick was but the factual anchor to the world, the pretext upon which my will was focused, that allowed what followed its natural appearance of event. Although, of course, from his point of view, the exploit doubtless took all his strength to produce even that slight suggestion of sensation upon which my mind took its full liberty to act.

At last he resolved to venture into my center and, having signaled to my holders to yank my legs yet farther apart, he walked into the opening of my body, lying down when the ceiling of the tunnel grew too low and proceeding as far as he might first on knees and belly and then with a kind of swimming motion, nose to the ground. You can imagine my passing great delight. Surely, never any woman in history held a whole, adult man alive in the great cavern of her body, at the moment of his joy and hers. True, we almost lost him then, for he passed out from the heat and let go the end of rope he held to assure his return passage. We feared lest he prove impossible to retrieve. But a determined effort at expulsion, under the instruction of the most experienced elderly midwife in the apartments, and a moment of digital exploration, very hesitantly pursued, so as not to risk damage to our brave minnow, produced the prize, and we drew him out, soaked and unconscious, and restored him with a few drops of raspberry sherbet.

Later, when he and I were on much more open terms with each other, I asked him what that first great experience had been like for him. He said, with that ridiculous aping of courtesy I so loved

in him, "My dear, I cannot hold that voyage out to others for its sensual beauties, although I wish that I could. But as a scientific event, as an unparalleled fulfillment of a man's wildest dreams, as the most exact satisfaction imaginable of one's very natural and, in general, ungratified curiosity, this was an experience I would not have denied myself for a year of quieter pleasures. To walk alive into a female body, and thence to be drawn out again . . . it certainly overshadows fox hunting as a sport."

Of course, now that I had been so distinguished among all women, my companions could not omit to experience the same sweet explorations. Our poppet was forced to repeat his great journey into the heart of darkness with every woman in the house. Eventually, we wearied of having to hold each other's thighs in order to make sure of his safety, and so devised a sort of sling to hold each willing victim, so that those of us who no longer took delight in the spectacle of a female body, thighs spread, gaping, heaving itself to completion at the prodding of an invisible mate, might go about our business without having to fear we were denying a sister her rightful joys.

•

But now the time approached when our delight began to wilt, when he drooped most wretchedly in a corner behind the powder box and refused to emerge, claiming that he was, at last, played out. Much we dreaded lest we had not in our enthusiasm for the sport caused him irremediably to overextend himself. For a while, we allowed him to languish in peace. But after more than enough time had passed to put him on his feet again, it became my task to use both threats and chastisement, to which end I employed a whip made of one of the lesser hairs from the queen's nursemaid's field of Venus. Most tender I was, and careful of my poppet, so that the fear of chastisement, and the most delicate reminders of its forcefulness, might prevail upon our only joy more than the very fact of pain or injury. For we did desire him to continue in a form of loving bondage, not to resent and struggle against our decrees. And therein were we true to the very nature of the beast, for it is grained into male creatures that they do love their servitude best when spurred with fear and trembling.

We prevailed. Our mouse was persuaded to become a man again. Quaking, wringing his hands, uttering many peevish complaints, the miniature conqueror of all our affections returned to the wor-

ship of his mistresses. How tremendous it felt to submit once more to the desperate tickling of the tiny feather that was his manhood. How titillating the thought that it lay in my power alone to spoil that weak divining rod forever or to spare it for yet another sounding of my body. For among the many joys of my commerce with him, surely the most subtle and persuasive was this, that after the fearful explorer had found out the mouth of my river and had beat his way with boots and machete through the tangled copses at the head of the delta into the main strait, or channel, it was impossible to perceive by any sense known to woman the ejaculation of his seed, although he assured me most religiously that he had not withheld it. Herein, in spite of all my vigor, I was forced to lie at his mercy for the full assurance of my womanly powers. For he had it in his control, by dint of the very invisibility of his responses, to persuade me that I had failed to delight him or that I had triumphed over his weaker will and carried him to pleasure once again. More than this, it was in his sole power to deceive me whenever he chose, to pretend to delights and transports that might have been quite foreign to his knowledge, with a mere twitch of his body to deceive my most anxiously hovering and passionate attentiveness to his unseen and unmet needs. How many times he found it necessary to assure me, on bended knees, of my efficacy as a mistress. How many times I forced myself in plain foolish fondness to believe. Indeed, though he was often repelled by the physical surroundings that held him so terribly to their purpose, we all believed that our homunculus remained too much the slave of his scientific passions ever to deny his tribute to the continents he explored. It was the mere idea of penetration into the seat of our mystery and our rule, he assured me more than once, that overcame the determined asceticism of his body. Such a wealth of observation of the interior actions of the female body in the moment for which it was made has surely never been granted to the most objective and intrepid of investigators, and my mouse-ling was deeply sensible of the honor fortune had done him.

At length he wearied of his confinement in the cause of science to such an extent that no chastisement and no threat of lasting damage was sufficient to arouse him from his torpor. By this time, my companions had also tired of toying with him and, less the creatures of their imaginations than I, had gone on to amusements more befitting the size and temper of their appetites. I alone was left to mourn the loss of his dear attributes. Desperate, I brought him out from his nest behind the powder puffs.

"What can I do to make my little man wake again?" I asked him.

He shook his head, with the most

heartbreakingly inaudible sigh, and the seed-pearl tears embellished his ivory cheeks. After a while, when I had not ceased to cajole and adjure him to reveal to me the secret of his true desires, he told me, with fear and regret, and the most delicate, timid shrinking aside of his whole body, that nothing would delight him or recall him to the prospect of life in the wretched vale of his torments, but that he be placed in a small cockle or boat, given a string of dried and salted provisions and a skin of fresh water and set free to drift with the winds until such time as fate might bring him to his home again. In vain I pleaded. In vain I demonstrated to him the dangers of his course, the unlikelihood of his ever arriving on his country's shores when he had no slightest inkling of what direction should claim his boat, the fearful uncertainties of his thus venturing out from under the protection of my shadow. In vain I reasoned. His weeping and whimpering would not cease, though at times it became so choked up within him that I feared never to hear the chirping of that cherished voice again. Finally, my heart almost softened with pity, I cast for some last argument that might prove tenacious enough to hold him to me.

"But what shall I do for a flute," I whispered, "when my little music man is gone?"

"You may get yourself an instrument more equal to you," the heartless darling replied.

"What?" I cried. "Give myself over to some gross creature that might hold me in bondage? That might enforce me to pleasure him when I'd no mind for the act? That might command the opening and closing of my channels? That could not be thrust out or overwhelmed when once he'd gained entrance? To do thus, for a moment's mere tickling pleasure? Surely you jest. Why, there's not a sane woman in all the world would so surrender herself, except she were made mad with lust."

He flushed, whether with shame or anger I know not. "I have surrendered myself in such wise, until my memories choke me. Is it not harsh and unfeeling in you to be so brutal in your mastery, so adamant against giving it up, when you see nought but such simple justice will do me comfort?"

Here our further converse went as all such domestic quarrels do. He reproached me that I had ravished him; I pointed out that I had but done to him what in his inmost heart he did desire and that, when done, it had much pleased him. He assured me that he might in no wise continue as the toy or poppet of his mate; I chided him for a foolish chuck that knew not its own nature, for it was

the nature of man ever to continue in bondage to his lusts, and for what else was he made but so to serve and nourish us? He desired me to have done with so using him and find another; I demanded of him who should swim the straits of my body, who brush his fine feather against the points of my breasts?

"For what instrument shall I finger, what song wake from silence, when this pipe that sounds my deepest resonances is gone?" quoth I. "How shall you live without me to protect you, to comfort you when your flag is down, to raise your spirits? If I may not have one weaker than myself to shelter, my little songbird, what manner of paltry thing am I? What creature shall I defend from the greed of my sisters, from the territorial imperative of their lusts, when my vulnerable mouse-ling is reft from me?"

Amid many sighs and tears fetched deep from his slender body, he informed me that never again would he serve me in that manner, neither as object of my protective passions nor as the gilded instrument of my desires. I was almost ready to crush him from pure pique. In that dread moment, he saw the full extent of his danger and implored me to stay my hand. "Though I can no longer bring myself to swive you," he whispered, "and truly, lady, I'd have you believe it lies not in me, I'd engage there to be no

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shortage of men in my proud though puny nation who might revel in such a chance to show their mettle. Picture to yourself, my dearest monstress, not one little man like me but a whole nation of homunculi to feed that mouth of yours. True it is that to do that journey more than once is not for every man. But I dare be sworn there is no man alive under my country's skies who would not count himself favored of fortune to try it once. Why, I'd wager you a pickle against a barrel of herring that we might travel around the country fairs with a great tent and a sling such as we use in these apartments to hold your legs. I would hazard a barnyard of cocks I could get at least five quid apiece to let them at you."

My heart's joy at such a prospect passed all containing. You must remember, gentle reader, that I was but a foolish girl and knew not the world. I almost crushed him in my transports then and there. Some childish scruples I entertained to leave my home and my nation. For I feared to travel with none but him I had ravished for my guide, through lands where my youth and inexperience might not suffice to protect him. And I did find myself also sensible of some mild reluctance to forfeit, for so amazing a prospect as this he had discovered to me, the likelihood of ever knowing the embraces of a man whose arms might encompass more of me than my little finger. Yet the more I reflected on those powers that the wiser of my sex surrender when they subject themselves to the tender embraces of such as my father or my lord the king, the more I determined to remain well pleased to do without such surrenders. For how might the combat of an equal marriage bed compare with such sweet combat as I knew? Or how measure the proving of my will, the testing of my mettle, the demonstration to myself of my perfect self-control that I caused myself to undergo each moment of not crushing him, against such paltry testing as would ensue were I to measure myself against one so much my equal that I stood in no peril of ending his manhood with each act of congress? So, in the end, I weighed the amorous embraces of a putative nation of pygmies against those of my own race and preferred the former. It was a choice I have never regretted, not through all the profound erotic reverses that have since befallen me.

Long past midnight of a certain day, I carried him down to the sea in my breast pocket, well padded and strapped to a wooden spoon for his protection in the event of our separation. Once at the shore, I stripped, save for a fillet about my hair, in the top of which he nested with his spoon, like the man in the crow's-nest of a whaler. Two days and two nights I swam, guided only by his

sad remnants of navigational knowledge, while we frightened away the shipping, causing more than one pilot to believe that he had sighted a giant white whale. In the end, by pure serendipity, we reached the shores of Ireland, in the very dead of night, and the natives all fast in their hovels most fortunately drinking themselves seven seas over into their poteen.

There my pilot directed me to swim up the mouth of a small rivulet that bore the name Liffey. When we were far enough inland, we crawled ashore, obliterating some 100 or so hovels in our progress. As my small protector later heard, the surviving natives took themselves to have been plagued by a great slug or a giant snail heaved up from the bed of the river. In much dread, they forbore to go near that part of the country until my prolonged inactivity had caused them to forget the worst of their fears. The more quickly to bring about this lulling of their nervous alarms, I lay by quietly near a huge lake that my crawling had hollowed out that it might collect the waters of the mountains, while my manikin went about laying hands on the materials we should need. For it grew plain that, given the terror of the populace, we must forgo our first plan of going about the countryside challenging any that would to mount me. Both my protector and, at the last, after some argument, my better reason became convinced that the fright of these insects would so overmaster them that none would ever dare approach me closer than half a mile, unless compelled, which distance did not permit erotic contact.

Since it was not possible for my small master to drive the whole countryside before him like sheep into my womb, we must find some greater persuasion than his oratorical or bodily force. This seeing, we agreed that in order to hush their puny fears, I should suffer myself to be so bound that I might, to their little wits that had known neither measure nor experience of me, appear both helpless and harmless. Much at first I protested at this apparent limiting of my freedom. Should I, that had fled my native land and the embraces of my natural mates for fear of even the most minute surrender of my perfect self-sufficiency, now suffer my very person to be contained within coarse bonds? My protector here caused me to understand, by much urging and reasoning, that the bonds would of necessity be less real than apparent, and the loss of liberty likewise. For there existed nowhere in the country such strong cord as might suffice to hold me in truth. All that was necessary or possible was to find some tissue that might have in it enough of the appearance of tensile strength to create in these creatures' minds the illusion of restraint. Once they were well convinced that I was held fast, beyond



"Heavens, no, he's a bridge fanatic."



*"Say, isn't this—I mean, we were under the impression
we were on line for the Mel Brooks
flick at Cinema 4! . . ."*

all ability of my strength to break free and crush them, they might mount me as they list, free to amuse themselves in the delusions both of my helplessness and of their absolute power over me. This, the while I remained fully at liberty to amuse myself in the firm knowledge that it was in me the absolute power lay. For it rested in my sole will to break my hair-thin bonds and crack their skulls like so many walnuts, and to pick out the meats thereof, whenever it should so please me.

It was thus that my Lemuel and I took up our strange life together, he as the impresario, I as the star, of Little Lem's Mountain Peep Show. Great delight I drew in those days from the mere appearance of bodily passivity and from the activity of the will required to maintain it. For often my pleasures in their swarmings into my interior were so keen that I might hardly keep from clapping shut the door and mewling them up in me till they drowned. For that very fear, the

most part of them dared not venture as my Lemuel had, but remained on the woody hillocks around my nether mouth, or perched astride the rosy mount that there protruded, rapping with their slender crops against its top. Some chanced thence to be toppled, when the inevitable spasm shook that red-tipped hill, into the gulf that yawned at its foot, but were soon extracted by their fellows. And sometimes as many as a dozen of them danced or rolled or bestrode that part at a clip.

At first the cryer of my talents took great care to release my bonds once every three nights that I might stretch my limbs and restore the circulation. But after some months, lulled by my appearance of harmlessness, the villagers came back. They rebuilt their hovels in the shadows of my flanks and thighs. Children came to clamber in the underbrush of my armpits, goats to scale the wooded cliffs of my skull and to leap from crag to crag

over my brows. Too long I delayed, fearing lest I damage so many thousands of these vermin beyond recall. For I had begun to follow the daily drama of their lives, and in so doing was grown too pitiful of their petty weaknesses to crush them. Truth to tell, what wrong we are hardy to commit on an unsuspecting environment when we know ourselves to be strangers, just passing through. We cannot bring ourselves to attempt once the acquaintance has become so close that they have grown into our very pores, as these poor fleas and microbes had grown into mine. So in my gentleness I forbore to stir lest I unseat them, and found at last to my shock that my muscles, through long disuse, had grown so slack that they might no longer suffice to free me unaided.

On this reversal of my fair fortunes, I begged my sweet Lemuel to warn the villagers that they might remove themselves from my loins and belly. But he, fearing both the ruin of his fortunes and the loss of his life, refused, since he foresaw that in their anger at thus being evicted they might turn, not on me that had been their fertile soil, but on the landlord that did let it to them. Some several seasons, therefore, I abode in this species of Irish paralysis, the natural habitat of every worm or rabbit that wished to crawl on or into me. At the length, so encrusted with dirt and bushes I became, and so grieved at my ill state, that I found that even the penetration of my marginalia by the smallest and purest little boy virgin no longer sufficed to ignite my womanly passions. Much troubled in my mind, I bespoke my small master gently and sadly, with so deep a sigh that several dozen goats were dislodged from my rocky bosom and sent hurtling groundward. "You must understand, my dearest," said I, "that the certainty of dominance is become an erotic necessity for me. Helpless and atrophied as I find my powers here, I am no longer able to summon up any desire for these explorations of my body. You must therefore excuse me from further endurance of them."

"Why, as for that," quoth my master, "if you cannot desire them, you must submit to them without desire. But you, who have so thoroughly approved how far desire is a function of the mind, cannot here refuse to set your mind to desiring, for your own comfort, that bondage which you must endure, will you or nil you. Therefore cease to repine, and turn your will to rejoicing, for events have so worked out your life that false feigning and mere shows of weakness are no longer required of you. That passivity which was once part of the hypocritical shows women are prone to is now grown most real."

Thus did he respond to my entreaties. Much anguished grew my mind when I

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saw how ungenerous this, my fair lord, had grown to me who had of my own free will put all I had, my self, my mind, my freedom, into his keeping, for no cause but love and pity and mutual joy. So shaken as I was by a fit of weeping, I turned my head to one side and began to thrash from side to side, howling, roaring and flinging myself about in my grief. Thus it befell that what I would never have found the strength to do through action of my will, grief and pain gave both energy and blindness to accomplish. Heedless of all consequences, my great body tossed the whole tribe of lice free of me. On seeing what I was about, my little Lemuel, who had taken refuge in some manner of mousehole, poked his head up out of the rocks that hid its entrance and besought me what I was thinking of, so to imperil him in this wise.

"Faith," I said, "I've given over thinking of you. I'll go home to my mother and father, let them rant how they will. I have been a *fille de joie* long enough." Thereupon, I shook him off and swam the whole way back in less than a day and a half, so frenzied was I to be gone from those parts. I have understood, from later conversations, that as soon as I was well away he let publish a most false and misleading account of his voyage to our land, making much of his affairs with royalty and omitting all mention of our love, of my escape with him, of his long use of me and of the great disaster that destroyed a whole portion of his country during my departure from its tattered inner regions. And no sooner had I departed than the wandering fever took him,

for sore he missed me once I was clean gone, and he also was off on voyage. We did not chance to meet again for many a year.

It is not my purpose to describe my return to my own home, nor my reunion with my father and mother and great-aunt, nor their berating of me both for the free life I had led and for my ill provision for their old age in having let go that treasure fortune had granted us, which might have sufficed to keep us all in comfortable idleness. Much I protested that having once given up my self-determination I knew too well the price paid ever to have kept the tiny author of all my misfortunes in sequestration from his. Let it be enough to tell you, gentle reader, that in the end I married, surrendering no more of my liberty to that indignity, and no less, than I had to the illusory bonds of my beloved Lemuel. The pleasures of marriage with an equal were not, as I had feared, less than those I had known, but they were not more. For a while there was some slight novelty in toying with an instrument I need not fear to crush, one that I might take in my lips or even fret with my tongue with no ill consequence. This novelty wore off in the space of a year, as I came to understand that my mate was no true equal for me, having been given the overlordship both by custom and by the inability of his sexual nature to awake except by proof of that overlordship. For it lay not in him to consider his member a flute, a feather, a toy, nor any other delicate thing, but his need was to use it

only as rod or scepter. Often I laughed in my heart to hear him cajole me that I should be not affeared of its great size and tremendous aspect, for it would do me no hurt. "What, that small thing," I thought in my heart. "Why, what manner of mote distorts your sight, that you think it so huge an object? Were it the length of a shovel handle I'd have cause to fear." But I said nought of this, understanding that it knew not how to stand up at all unless to flattery. And I bore children, and was bound further in love by them, and made less myself each year I owned their mastery.

It so chanced that when the youngest of my babies had attained the age of seven years, I grew weary of this tender bondage also, for their voices were always to be heard calling me, which I well loved, and their arms always felt entangling me, which likewise I loved, and my husband was also either always absent, leaving me to them, or always present, entangling me in the heaviness of his many needs, so that there was no clear way of pleasing me. So on a day I shook off all this weight of human ties, much more lightly than I had shaken off those almost imaginary bonds Lemuel had bound me with, and set myself to voyage once again. And so returned, past a number of ships which did let fly harpoons at me and went down bubbling, the greatest of which left one sole survivor clinging to a cask in the foam, to the mouth of the Liffey once more. After dragging myself ashore, blotting out a new encrustation of farms which had grown up during the generations of my absence, I made my way to the great lake, where I had lain so many years, which still bore the outlines of my form, although much blurred with algae and weeds. There, in a cave on the bank of the inlet of my little finger, I found a madman dwelling, encrusted all in vines and excrement, snorting and whinnying like a stallion. My beloved, even like me, had returned from the last of his voyages.

Gently I lifted this wretched lover of mine and laid him to my breast, unmindful of the powder of droppings that fell from his hind parts, since to my nostrils such tiny specks were clean through very insignificance. Great happiness I had to hold him so, and he great happiness to be held, for he had known no such generous passion as mine in his later travels. Nor had I known any bonds so little onerous as his, which carried no weight of responsibility to them. Much did he struggle, in gratitude for my continued affections, to bestow on me the habitual and tangible sign of his high regard. Most gently I submitted to the renewal of those attentions which I no longer desired, lest my cruel turning away of such external marks of affection might afflict the inner man. At length I



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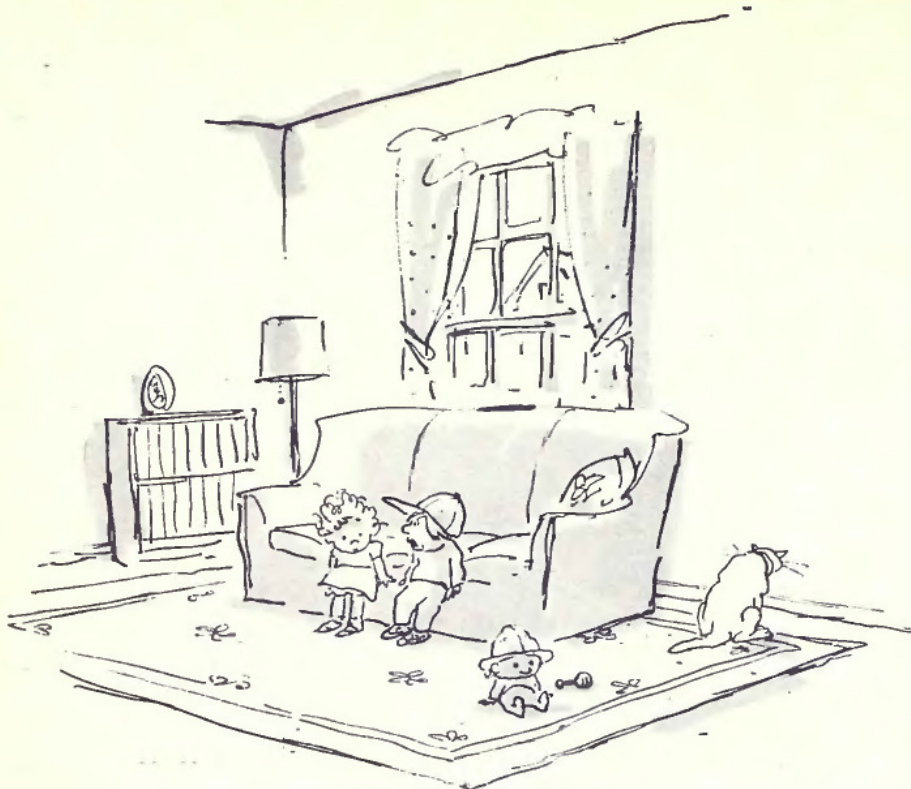
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Booth

*"My mother bore me in her stomach
and my father begat me and Jamie's mother bore him in her
stomach and Mr. Ferguson begat him."*

understood, as he did also, that time and ill-health had taken so great a toll of his powers, that all his will might not avail to raise that pitiful soldier of his to attention. Tenderly I scooped him off the underside of my left breast, where he lay shuddering and exhausted, and raised him to a level with my eyes.

"Dearest," I said, so choked with my compassion for him that I might hardly speak. "What can you be thinking of? That was not what I returned to you for. My poor chicken. Not what I loved in you at all. Let us be easy with each other." Then, whether for mortification at having this great gift he'd thought to give me so little desired, or for relief at no longer needing or knowing how to give it, he wept, and I might have wept also, but for my fear of overwhelming him in my tears. With the most tender and cherishing of smiles, I laid my sweet-heart down on a nest of leaves, where he abode weeping and looking up at me, and I blinking away my tears, in a perfect balance of love and grief, looking down at him, for the space of a sennight.

Thus my tenderness cured him of his madness, as his cured me of my freedom, and we resumed the entanglements of our life together, neither knowing who was in the right, if either of us might be. He hired a crier to do his showing of me, so

that he might be freed to record his knowledge and hatred of the world, the while my patience earned his bread for him. And we found that now, when we were forever freed from the mere sexual tie both by the inability of either of us to desire it, and by the eagerness of those tiny insects, his poor countrymen, to venture me, our closeness grew all the more, until at the last we need not ever speak, nor be awake at the same moment, nor even in the same part of the country, but dwelt always together in that great country of our deep regard, and of memory, and of the pursuit of perfect knowledge.

At the last we were defeated by a disparity neither of us had foreseen. For even as my body, being so much the greater and stronger of the two, required more space and provender for its sustenance, so it also required a greater voyage in time to go the same route to senility and death. After no more than a year, I saw my beloved poppet droop away beyond repair, not the mere withering of the sexual parts, for it was long since I had availed myself of those, but of the whole man. One night, smiling sweetly upon me, he lay down in my armpit, curled up in the nest of down there like a kitten against its mother's furred flanks, or like an ant in the hill alive with its fellows, where the deep

humming of their business might lull it asleep. In the morning he did not stir, for all my calling. What an exile was there, far from my love, too far ever to join with him again, though he lay in my armpit like a flower under a weed.

Long years I kept him planted in me, until his soft parts that had so delighted me wore to powder, and until the bones grew bare as pins. Then I knotted the greatest of them, the thighs and the pelvis, into a brooch that I might wear upon my bosom, and so wore him next to my heart for the time left me. Nor did I ever think to arise and go now, when there was no further need for me to support him, for I was bound forever to the scenes of our great love. Many revolutions of the heavens his bones lay upon me, and I content with them. Yet I lost them forever, no more than a month ago, when I chanced to forget myself and stretch to relieve my stiffness of limb. And in my stretching and sighing, I heard my jewel fall, and his small bones crunch under my side before I might stop myself.

So old as I am, I count myself the more fortunate in the days of this, the third tiny overlord to hawk my attractions, in that I am so huge to the sight of these dull insects that they do not even realize they are topping a mountain of some centuries of their years, and a good 95 of the world's years as my body measures them. Were I in my own country, no man but would avoid me as a foul hag. Here I am still one of the wonders of the physical world. Even now I lament that tide that draws me near death. Why must our years have so quick an ending; I am but at the beginning of my road.

It occurs to me that I have taken but little advantage of my freedom. How much there is that I have not known. I would be born next time round as a tiny doll, as tiny to a man as my Lemuel was to me, when he first began to do his hitch with Glumdalclitch. And then I shall climb the bodies of these men, flick their great ear lobes and the corners of their mountainous mouths with my needle of a tongue, crawl onto their giant male parts like a melting worm, tunnel myself into them like some small parasite of the sun. And when the spasm strikes those parts of theirs as it strikes all things, then shall I expire in that great flood of milk like a mote of dust drowned in heaven's fierce light. Surely, in that as-yet-unknown world, as surely as the sun swallows up all things and expels them again, I shall be the first woman to walk into the body of a man. For the sake of that great science of love in which we perish, it is not enough to hold still and forgive and be known. It is time for me to take a journey into knowledge.

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THE NIGHT BELONGS TO CHARGER.

"A guy passing in the hall peeked in and asked what was going on and was told that they were examining vaginas."

to sleep communally in the Playroom and Ballroom, cuddled up together like litters of kittens. It does not occur to me until it is too late that sleeping cuddled up like kittens with an informal group of ladies and gents in the Playroom or Ballroom might be preferable to sleeping in the Pong Room, which is not only adjacent to the ping-pong table but also to the kitchen, whose activities begin in the vicinity of dawn.

After writing Pam a check for \$200, we make our way out of the understated simplicity of the Pong Room's lumpy convertible sofa to the parking lot to get our bags. There we are confronted by an affable yet not-altogether-reputable-looking chap, who asks us if we are swingers.

We say no, and the affable chap says that's OK, no problem, he just happened to be in the neighborhood and decided to check this Sandstone place out, he being a swinger himself and having heard a good deal about the thing and having also been a member for quite a few years of a similar place not far from here called Elysium Fields, had we heard of it?, here was his Elysium membership card right here, see, same type of place, really, except that there were young kids on the premises, so you couldn't fuck right outside, but otherwise about the same, and he'd been hanging out at Elysium for quite a while, as he'd said, although he was tired of the place, felt Elysium was a little too, well, intense for him, the relationships one got into there were a little too deep, since what he really liked to do best was go into a bar and pick up some broad and throw her a fuck, begging Judy's pardon for his French and hoping she wasn't offended.

Judy indicates she is not offended, at least not by the word fuck, and I manage to extricate us from his nonstop affability long enough to grab our bags out of the car and run. The gentleman, it seems, has also just been interviewed by Pam and (one begins to see the wisdom in such things) failed to pass.

That night, there is an astonishingly good buffet dinner of fish kabob in a creamy white-wine sauce and broccoli with hollandaise, and a mixed consciousness-raising session in the Playroom, in which 17 clothed people attempt to raise their consciousness on the topic "Dignity and Privacy in Sex."

Usually, consciousness-raising sessions are segregated by sex here, but tonight's is not, due to the small turnout of guests.

In a recent women's c-r session, it came out that most ladies didn't really know what other ladies' vaginas looked like, much less their own, and so they turned up the lights and turned down their panties and looked inside one another and poked around in there until they got a real sense of the thing, and a guy who was passing in the hall peeked in and asked what was going on and was told that they were examining vaginas and did he want to take a look, and he said sure and went in for a gander as well.

Our group leader asks what dignity and privacy in sex means to us. One woman says, "To me it means that when I am fucking some guy in the Ballroom, my husband feels free to come and join in with us, but not when I am fucking somebody in the Playroom—then he is discreet and stays away."

Someone else says that to him it means that a couple can have a go at it on the front lawn like one couple did here quite recently, and everyone respected their privacy and paid not the least bit of attention to them, with the one teeny exception that, at the moment of the couple's mutual and not inaudible orgasm, everybody burst into applause.

There is much talk of a somewhat self-congratulatory nature about the seriousness of the Sandstone phenomenon, its larger ramifications for the society as a whole, blah blah blah, and some young upstart of a single guest—Friday night is usually the only night that singles are allowed at Sandstone without partners—says that this is all a lot of hoey and why can't anybody admit that Sandstone is nothing but a fuck club. Everybody leaps on the guy and has a lot of salty things to say to him, and if one thing is sure it is that this guy is a snap not to be invited to the Saturday-night party.

After the c-r session, we drift upstairs. I am hoping there will be some sort of sexual activity scheduled, but what there is, is a couple of young entertainers singing and playing the guitar very sweetly, and one or two informal rap sessions, also clothed.

I meet a guy named Mitch, who is in his mid-30s and who is a group therapist and a sculptor. With Mitch is an attractive blonde girl, very slender, name of Susan. Susan is 28, is a dental hygienist and a struggling stand-up comedienne. She is also Mitch's Primary. They live together at the beach in Santa Monica and have an open relationship, which means they allow each other to have sleep-over dates with other people.

Both Mitch and Susan claim to have outgrown all feelings of jealousy regarding each other's Satellites. Both have been members of Sandstone for several years. Both have matched sets of Jewish parents who are mortified by the whole notion of Sandstone and of open relationships, Susan's refusing even to acknowledge her as a daughter for the first two years they know about it. (Both Mitch and Susan are named things other than Mitch and Susan—they have asked me to disguise them in this article to save their parents further migraines and peptic ulcers.)

Mitch and Susan are equally endowed with a strong sense of humor, but Susan's is initially too acidic to my taste and so I spend the bulk of my time with Mitch, who has the greater warmth. Mitch and Susan leave early and say they'll be back tomorrow night. I have good feelings about both of them, especially about Mitch. If we lived in the same city, we'd probably be friends.

After they go, I strike up a lively conversation with a lovely plump grandmotherly lady with schoolmarmish steel-rimmed glasses and white hair piled up in a bun. She tells me that she is, indeed, a schoolmarm, for prekindergartners, and that she and her husband came to Sandstone after 25 years of wedded bliss, and they are still blissfully wedded. The members and guests at Sandstone are of all ages, from 20s through 60s, and we will meet many this weekend who claim to have been happily married for that long, and a few not so happily who came here after a quarter of a century of matrimony to save their marriages.

A fellow on my left, hearing me express surprise at the number of oldsters who seem willing to frisk about in the altogether, tells me he once brought his 75-year-old mother up to Sandstone for a visit.

"When she finally got around to taking off her clothes," he says, "two young girls in their 20s came up to her and began admiring her boobs and fondling them and saying what great shape they were in."

By about one A.M., it is apparent to me that nothing more promising than stories about the handling of granny jugs will happen tonight. Trips to the closest bathrooms prove unfulfilling. Small groups of lallygaggers loiter at the doorways and there are no doors to shield me from them. Not being one who is comfortable performing toilet functions as a spectator sport, I elect to hold it in till morning. It is not clear to me why Sandstone's open-door policy on sexual activity extends to the bathroom, but I guess that's just East Coast muddle-headedness on my part.

Morning produces no more private opportunities for Dignity and Privacy in Toilet than the previous night, and so I



"Could I be the dominant one tonight—please, Honey—please?"



"Incidentally, Marian, since our affair seems to be lasting, I'll need your Social Security number."

am forced to enter a rest room clotted with amiable bathroomgoers and stand in line with both men and women to use the commode. I take turns admiring the wallpaper, which is patterned with stylized couples in Top 40 conjugal positions, and studying the aplomb of the various pishers who precede me in line. The last person ahead of me is an attractive lady of about 40 who looks like she's been doing such things all her life. She pulls down her panties, sits down on the seat, and takes one of the least ruffled leaks I have ever seen.

When she is finished, I stride to the john and, mustering as much nonchalance as I can, unzip, dig out my *shvantz* and execute one of the three most casual pisses of the day. (I am to participate in many such communal urinations this weekend, but somehow I shall never make the quantum leap to communal defecations. Self-critical as I may be, I do not find this to be a serious flaw in my character.)

Right after breakfast, two dozen of us meet clothed for a rap session in the Playroom, which is the formal beginning of the daylong "Sandstone Experience" seminar-workshop. Everybody in the group introduces themselves and gives a brief biographical sketch. There are two M.D.s, one of whom just kicked a dextie addiction he picked up years ago in med school. There are a couple of lawyers, a couple of shrinks, several housewives, one phone-company executive and one gas-company one, three engineers, three writers, a professor of musicology and a

chiropractor. I decide to be out front about the article I'm writing, which makes everybody instantly self-conscious and quippy.

Paul Paige, Sandstone's mentor, discusses with us the exquisite philosophical distinctions between Balling, Fucking and Making Love, and between Sexuality and Sensuality, none of which at this point I understand. There is a brief tour of the grounds, the buildings and the outdoor Jacuzzi whirlpool bath—"Three women have left their husbands for the nozzles on this thing," says our guide and everyone chuckles in anticipation. We are shown the private bungalows occupied by Paul and Pam, where, for some reason, they choose to get in an occasional private act of either sex or toilet, and then we are ushered into the building that houses Sandstone's incredible Olympic-sized indoor pool with body-temperature water and are given an opportunity to undress.

Only Judy, of the two-dozen seminar-workshop members, elects to remain clothed. The rest of us slip out of our duds, hang them on hooks on the wall and enter the very warm and surprisingly erotic water. Several of the men are wearing gold chains around their necks. Several of the women are wearing gold chains around their waists and some around their ankles. Judy observes to me later that there appears to be in Southern California a relationship between nudity and ornamentation—"The less clothing, the more body jewelry," she says.

We are instructed to form a large circle in the waist-deep part of the pool. Then one person at a time lies down in the water on his back, closes his eyes and trusts the rest of us to keep his head out of the water as we float him slowly around the circle. As each person is passed around, there are occasional light random caresses of the trusting person's body, though not in the genital region. When it is time for me to be floated around the circle, I find it a wonderfully peaceful and lovely experience.

The second exercise finds us forming two straight parallel lines in the pool, again passing one floating and trusting person after another down the line. This time there is more activity on the part of the passers. There is some light stroking of breasts and of pudenda. One fellow asks that we hum to stimulate his eardrums underwater as he passes us. Another, an apparent foot fetishist, persistently reaches out for and sucks on any passing toes in the vicinity of his mouth. Yet another finds himself bending to kiss and lick an occasional female nipple. (Generally informed sources at Sandstone contend that the nipple kisser was this correspondent.)

The third exercise finds us forming two concentric circles, joining hands and closing eyes. At a signal from our leader, the outer circle, of which I am presently not a part, begins moving and, at another signal, stops. With no eyes being opened, each person in the outer circle then feels around for the person in front of him and begins stroking his or her body.

The first time I realize that hard masculine hands are caressing my back and chest and shoulders, I feel quite uncomfortable. It seems to me that, were I to find myself enjoying being fondled by a man, I would burst into full flaghood and become an instant hairdresser—Mr. Dan, giving limp-wristed wash-and-sets. As it continues, and no hair rollers sprout from my palms, I begin to relax and I decide that it is not inappropriate to be thus stroked, particularly since the genital area doesn't seem to be involved. The group leader repeatedly tells us to take responsibility for communicating with our bodies what we wish or don't wish our fondlers to do to us.

When the outer circle has completed a full tour of the inner one, we exchange places, and our group has an opportunity to caress the other group. Once again, the first time I reach out for the body ahead of mine and feel not the familiar smooth shape of a lady but that of a hard, hairy, heavily muscled man, I am initially uncomfortable. And once again, finding no hairdressing salons materializing around me, I relax and decide it is OK for me to pat a male body.

To my extreme disappointment, the bodies I find in front of me as I move blindly around the circle seem to

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be more frequently male than female. To my further disappointment, our group leader soon indicates it is high time we open our eyes, climb out of the water and go to have lunch. I am the last to leave the pool.

I stand drying myself off and dressing and I notice that alongside me is another of Sandstone's famous doorless bathrooms. On the can, a guy from our workshop is defecating rather noisily and giving a running commentary on the state of his bowels.

I beat a hasty retreat and make my way over to Judy, who has participated in this morning's activities from a safe, clothed, arid vantage point. Judy assures me she intends to continue being safe, clothed and arid. I tell her she really missed something by not being in the pool.

"Yeah," she says. "I also missed World War Two and I'm not sorry about that, either."

I figure everything in the second half of the seminar is going to be anticlimactic after the morning's activities in the pool. I figure wrong.

The first thing we do after lunch is a massage workshop. Three narrow folding massage tables have been set up end to end in the Playroom. Everybody in the 24-member group takes off his or her clothes, except for Judy and except for one guy with white hair, who keeps his socks and shoes on because, he says, he is recovering from a cold. One person gets up on each massage table and lies down. The rest of us form a circle around the three tables. We are handed several bottles of appealingly scented oil and are instructed to pour great quantities of same upon the bodies in front of us and to rub it into their skins. At a signal from our leader, the recumbent bodies close their eyes and the upright ones begin moving clockwise around the tables, massaging the bodies in the same way we're moving.

If there was only light petting above the waist in the pool, there is now very definitely heavy petting both above and below the waist on the tables. Oddly, none of the men appears to be getting an erection. The bearded professor of musicology, who had in the morning rap session used a number of polysyllabic words like "pejorative" and who consistently referred to his privates as "genitalia," says that in the pool he was sad that nobody touched his genitalia, and that now that they were, it felt good and he wished that he had an erection so as to call further attention to them.

"Call attention to *what*?" someone asks.

"To my . . . cock," he replies.

Everybody applauds.

Before long, all the men, including me, have touched the flaccid penises of the gentlemen on the tables we passed. It is an odd sensation. One man observes that other men's penises feel softer and more

fragile than his own, and everyone concurs. One lady observes that she finds the same is true about the breasts she's been touching.

"You can sit around all day touching your breasts," she says, "but they just don't feel the same as someone else's."

Finally, it gets to be my turn on the table. I close my eyes and the hands begin a tour of my body. Up the right side, down the left. Someone rubs my penis. So does someone else. And someone else. And several someone elses. It feels weird. And marvelous. Twenty-one people, 42 hands, all massaging me, stroking me, fondling me, caressing me, loving me up. It's as if an entire committee suddenly fell unanimously in love with me and asked nothing more than the opportunity of expressing its affection. It's as if a 42-handed sea creature were trying to seduce me. "It's like passing through a human car wash," says a man on the next table.

The massage is supposed to take three minutes. It is impossible to say how long it actually lasts. Like the other men, I don't have an erection during the massage. It seems somehow appropriate not to. It would also seem appropriate were I to get one. I feel for the first time here a great sense of relaxation and suddenly I realize that I know the difference between sexuality and sensuality, that this is the latter, with no expectations about performance on me, with no anxieties about doing the right or wrong thing. It is very nice, very nice, indeed.

When it is over, the massagers are supposed to tell the massagers what it was like for them. I tell the massagers a bit about the above, about getting the difference between sexuality and sensuality and all the rest of it, and then I tell them I'd like to room with all of them next semester—an old Kingston Trio line, but it pleases them.

Eventually, we all have had our turns on the tables, one or two of us may have even snuck in a second turn, and we are all glistening and oozing and dripping with perfumed oil. The group leader says there will be a break for showers and then we will reconvene for a rap session in the Ballroom.

I walk into the oversized shower room with three men and a lady. The lady is about 30, dark, attractive and nicely shaped. The lady is rubbing soap on one of the men, who looks a bit like Jimmy Carter. Then the lady starts rubbing soap on me, on my back. It feels nice and I thank her. The lady smiles and begins rubbing soap into my sexual equipment. As she does this, she looks at me and says as follows: "Hi, my name is Cynthia and I would like to be mentioned in the article you are writing for PLAYBOY."

"Cynthia," I say, "you got it."

Whereupon I lean over and plant a nice kiss on her lips, whereupon her lips

part, whereupon I slip my tongue in between them. Cynthia shivers, startled, as if all this massaging of sex organs were just in fun but tongues in mouths are serious stuff. Perhaps tongues in mouths in Sandstone shower rooms are inappropriate. Perhaps everyone is merely holding back, saving it for tonight, saving themselves for the big Saturday-night blast.

When Cynthia pulls away, I open my eyes and notice that the chap standing just in back of her is the big guy who looks like Jimmy Carter and who is evidently the lady's husband. I know that I have done nothing really out of line, that Cynthia's hubby is as conversant as I am with Sandstone's policy on Primaries and Satellites and all, but still there is a little something in how he is looking at me, and I decide to flash him a quick smile and beat it out of the shower room.

The rap session in the Ballroom is the concluding phase of the all-day workshop. In it, everyone shares her impressions of the day and how the experience matched up to her expectations of it.

The guy who wore his socks and shoes in the massage workshop tells Judy he resents the fact that she wore her clothes throughout the seminar and didn't participate with the rest of us. Everybody jumps on him, saying she *did* participate, but on the level she felt comfortable with, that that was just as valid as the way in which *he* had participated, that that was called taking care of oneself and that that was to be not attacked but admired.

It's beautiful. Judy herself is so grateful for the group's reaction, she is on the verge of tears. She thanks them and says that she does feel she participated with them in the activities and she also says that she has never had such a warm and supportive reaction from a group in her life.

The seminar ends. Judy and I return to the Pong Room. I tell her about the incident in the shower with Cynthia. She seems inordinately interested in hearing about it.

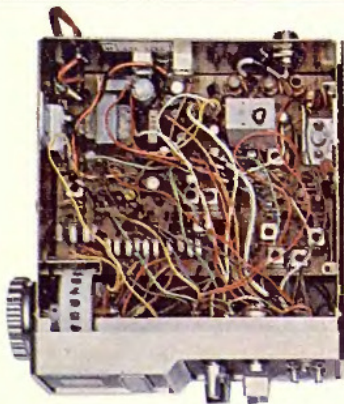
We dress for dinner, still not knowing whether we are invited to the big party afterward. Like the story about the man with the flat tire who's walking to the gas station in the boondocks and worrying how much he's going to be charged for the jack and getting madder and madder in anticipation, I begin to fantasize de-meaning conversations, in which I am told that, for whatever reason, Judy and I are not invited to the party.

I walk into the main living room and try to find someone who knows if we're invited, but all I manage to do is find out some of the people who have *not* been invited: the guy who wore his socks and shoes and didn't approve of Judy's being clothed has not been invited; the guy who said Sandstone was nothing more than a fuck club has, of course, not been

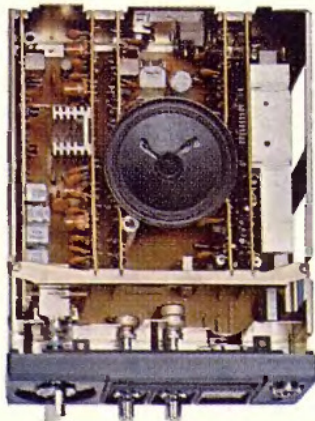


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invited; a very tall psychiatrist with strange red hair and a strange red Mephistophelean beard, who'd been spotted playfully trying to drown some of the young ladies in the pool in this morning's exercises, has most emphatically not been invited.

There has been a lot of talk about how everybody who stays for the party must have a partner of the opposite sex available to others, and I worry that Judy's known policy of abstinence, no matter how much it is officially cheered as Judy's taking care of herself, may have disqualified us.

I finally manage to seek out a Sandstone official and, eyes smoldering, demand to know if we are invited or not to the goddamned party. Yes, he says, we are. We are? Really? Oh. How nice.

Dinner Saturday night is again buffet style. Judy and I heap our plates and then look around for someone to sit down with. There are perhaps 30 or 40 people in their 30s or 40s sitting about in the living room and out on the deck, most of them fairly attractive-looking. Two outrageously wholesome and pretty California girls with long blonde hair pass by us and I wonder idly if I will be having intimate dealings with them later on tonight, singly or—my great fantasy—in a threesome, and how one goes about arranging such things.

I spot Cynthia and her husband sitting out on the deck and point them out to Judy. To my surprise, she suggests we sit down with them. We do. And when it is time for dessert, both Cynthia and Judy get up and bring it back for us, and when they return, they are both smiling in a peculiar manner.

"Judy tells me that the thing in the shower really turned you on," says Cynthia.

I admit that it did.

"It turned me on, too," says Cynthia. She flashes a quick look at Judy and then continues. "I told Judy I really wanted to make it with you and asked her if she minded. Judy said she liked me and that if you had to do it with anyone here, she'd prefer it was with me."

I nod and flash a fast look at Judy and then at Cynthia's husband. His face is betraying nothing at all, but he and Cynthia are looking at each other and it is a cinch that as many messages are going back and forth between them as pass through any Western Union office on Mother's Day.

"So," says Cynthia, "would you like to come downstairs with me?"

"When?" I say.

"How about right now?" says Cynthia.

I look at Cynthia a moment, then at Judy, then at Cynthia's husband, then back at Cynthia.

"Now is fine," I say and get up and, with more rapid glances and a few quickie smiles at both, I take Cynthia's

hand and follow her downstairs to the Playroom for dessert.

Outside the Playroom is a little dressing room with lockers and towels and a couple of racks for hanging clothes. Cynthia and I swiftly slip out of everything but our underpants, agreeing we find this sexier than starting out totally naked, and then we enter the Playroom.

In the faint light, we can see bodies rhythmically rising and falling, and the ever-present cries of lovers in the throes of unimaginable ecstasy provide a suitable chorus of greeting. Although dinner upstairs has scarcely concluded, at least six couples have already begun strenuous workouts on the mattresses, being obviously unaware of the warning I was given as a kid, that rigorous exercise immediately after eating gives you cramps.

Cynthia and I make our way to the end of the Playroom to a vacant king-sized mattress in a corner, lie down and begin foreplay. If the sounds of love-making on all sides of me are not necessarily a stimulant, neither, surprisingly, are they a deterrent, and soon our voices blend with theirs in some primitive tribal call of the wild.

When we have finished, we are breathless and pleased with ourselves and with each other, and not yet sated. I suggest a visit to the pool and Cynthia assents. We pick our way back through the bodies in the Playroom, which, like machinery in Southern California oil fields, have never ceased their regular and relentless up-and-down activity. We don minimal clothing against the chill night air and make our way across the unlit grounds to the pool house.

The pool house is deserted and dark. Without turning on any lights, we slip naked into the 93-degree Fahrenheit water and embrace. I have attempted underwater lovemaking on a few previous occasions—at night in a semipublic swimming pool in Mexico and in the daytime in both the Caribbean and the Atlantic Ocean—and at no time was it any more than a zany adventure and a barely lubricated and, hence, moderately painful proposition. Tonight, with an already slippery Cynthia in the hot waters of the Sandstone pool, submerged sex comes of age.

It seems almost gratuitous to tell you that at one point we attempted an embellishment of the morning's first pool exercise, with me floating on my back with eyes closed, while Cynthia, who has obviously given lessons to Linda Lovelace, busied herself at my groin and soon qualified for a permanent niche in the Fellatio Hall of Fame. The feeling was indescribable, as if one were not only back in the womb but also getting head from a close relative. If God Himself had appeared to me then and said, "All right, Greenburg, that's it—a little fun is one thing, but you've gone and abused the privilege and that's the 3-0 mark for

life on Earth," I would have found it entirely reasonable and gone along quietly.

Cynthia and I proceed from the pool house to the outdoor Jacuzzi, which, though hot and bubbling, is not going to make either of us leave our mates for one of its nozzles. When I suggest to Cynthia that we drop into the Ballroom to see whether anyone has any openings on their dance cards, she replies that she really isn't up for it, that she really is beginning to worry that we have been gone too long and that her husband might be getting restless.

"Frankly," says Cynthia, "about the only thing I'd be the slightest bit interested in at this point is a threesome with another girl."

If my teeth were not firmly anchored to my jaws, they would have surely fallen out and clattered to the deck of the Jacuzzi.

"Are you *serious* about that?" I say.

Cynthia looks puzzled.

"Sure, I'm serious," she says. "Why?"

"I really *have* died and gone to heaven," I say. "A threesome with two women just happens to be my longest-running unfulfilled fantasy."

Cynthia smiles at the notion that anything so attainable could possibly be anybody's fantasy and suggests I look around for a lady I want to be our third partner.

I have not gotten far into looking when we come across Cynthia's hubby. We *have* been gone a long time, and I feel a bit peculiar seeing him and look the other way and busy myself with the belt of my bush jacket. Cynthia's hubby must be feeling a bit peculiar, too, judging by how much he looks like he is *not* feeling peculiar. Cynthia says she will go and talk with him awhile and that I should keep looking for our third partner and then she goes off with her husband.

I go back to the main living room and find Judy and ask her how she is doing. Judy says she is doing OK, so I drift away and continue looking around for a girl for our threesome, but there do not seem to be any loose ones around and it soon becomes apparent that Cynthia is very much no longer around herself.

It is starting to get late. I have had an incredible time with Cynthia and now it is over and, for some reason, I find that I am still hungry. How, after all the stuff I did with her, could I possibly be feeling this way? Maybe it's that I haven't yet gotten my threesome, nor found my way to the floor of the Ballroom. Maybe this kind of sex is like Chinese food—great at the time, but half an hour later you're hungry again. Maybe it's simply the old kid-in-the-candy-store syndrome.

I chat with the attractive staff member named Annette, who enrolled me in today's seminar-workshop, about the seminar-workshop, about the difference between sexuality and sensuality, about changing sexual mores and the ramifications of the Sandstone experience on the



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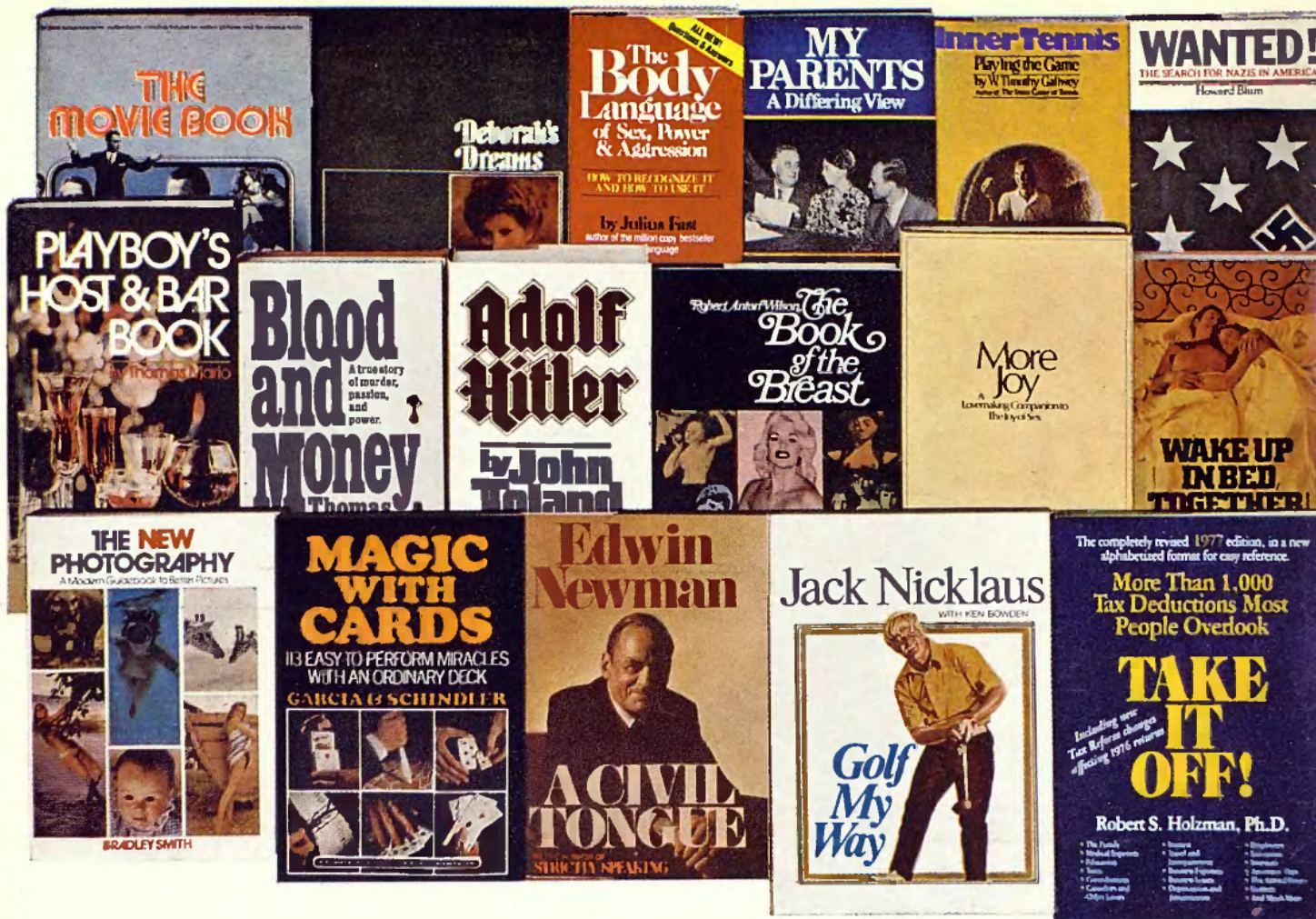
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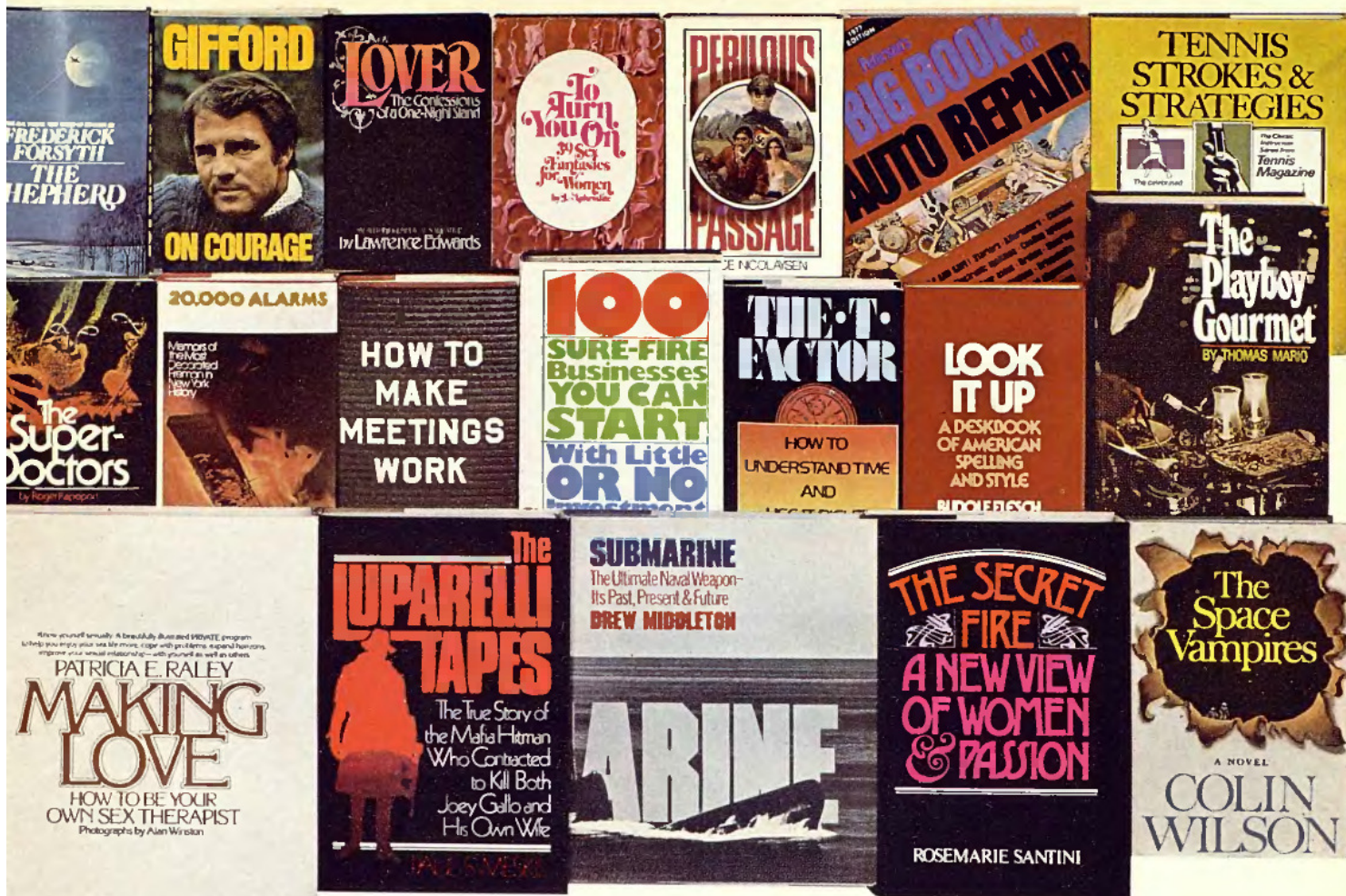
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society as a whole, about threesomes, about how Annette feels about threesomes, about how Annette doesn't go in for threesomes, about how Annette feels about maybe popping down to the Playroom for a fast twosome.

Annette says she's already had enough sex for one night, thanks, besides which her date is feeling a little neglected because she left him alone to go downstairs awhile ago with somebody else and she really feels she ought to go and find him and see how he is. But I persist and Annette relents and we do go down to the Playroom for some spirited if not lengthy lovemaking, at the conclusion of which, she bounds upstairs to make sure her date is OK. I amble back upstairs and prow about wearing just my bush jacket—a hunter on a sexual safari who has found the spoor but not yet bagged his limit.

Judy is getting restless and wants to go to bed. Cynthia has not reappeared. Mitch and Susan do not seem to have made it back up the hill for the party. I don't quite know what it is I want, but I know I haven't found it yet. Judy goes off to bed. I continue prowling.

A darkly beautiful and very young married girl named Dianne sits on a couch in the living room with her husband and two other couples, laughing. I normally can't stand strangers anywhere sitting and laughing—I always think it is me they are laughing at—but now is not normally and so I sit down and join them. They are polite but seemingly into their own thing, whatever it is, and so I end up feeling slightly foolish and leave.

In the kitchen, I am surprised to run into Susan. She and Mitch got here a while ago, looked around for me without success, and now Mitch has disappeared somewhere, Susan doesn't know where. Susan is wearing jeans, no top, and a pair of small yet perky breasts with pert pink nipples. Looking at them, I feel myself getting turned on and wonder whether, in view of my new friendship with Mitch, this feeling is appropriate.

Susan seems tired, willing to talk, less acidic and not discernibly interested in making love. I figure it's probably just as well. We stand in the kitchen, leaning against the counter and drinking somebody's too-sweet jug wine, and compare notes about the stand-up comedy biz—five years ago, I had a stand-up comedy act with partner Avery Corman and I sympathize with anybody who is similarly obsessed.

The perplexing thing is that, inappropriateness notwithstanding, the more Susan and I talk, the more I want to make it with her. At length, I elect to bring the matter out into the open.

"Susan," I say, "I feel slightly disloyal even mentioning this, but here I am talking about comedy routines when what I am mainly doing is studying your remarkable breasts. I know you and Mitch don't have any qualms about such things, but the fact that you're his Primary prevents me from even suggesting that we go downstairs together."

(Note the sneakiness here of using the notion that I have philosophical difficul-

ties with making a pass at my friend's mate as the actual pass itself.)

Susan fails to respond in the fashion I'd anticipated, fails to draw me to her bosom and assure me I'll soon learn Sandstone's loopy-goopy lifestyle, and it takes a while longer before I am able, under the pretext of doing a little harmless hugging, to turn her on and persuade her to come and play with me in the Playroom.

The whole time we are down there, I am wondering what I will say if Mitch shows up. I tell Susan what I am wondering and she assures me that there isn't any problem, he will just whisper, "Susan, are you all right?" and she will whisper, "Yes," and then he will go and wait outside.

We finish making love and Mitch has, fortunately, not shown up. I am relieved. I am also perversely disappointed. I feel somehow that I would like to have the experience of being assured by Mitch that it is OK with him for me to have had sex with his girlfriend.

We go upstairs to find Mitch. But Mitch is not upstairs, nor is hardly anyone upstairs at this late hour. Susan goes off to look for Mitch and I go off finally to the Pong Room and bed.

Judy is in bed but not asleep. I sit down on the bed, feeling a little strange. Strange about the fact that I have made love to three other women tonight and that Judy not only gave permission for same but actually set up the first one. Would I have been so permissive with Judy, especially if we had been deeply involved with each other, married or even living together, told her to go ahead, fuck any guy you want, even spoken to someone she seemed turned on by and told him that it was OK for him to fuck her? Not in a male chauvinist pig's eye would I.

But if it's all right for me to have other women, then why isn't it all right for a woman of mine to have other men? Why, outside of the fact that, despite the best of intentions to the contrary, I still seem to have strong gut reactions to *macho* and to the double standard and to all the rest of that nonsense, which, although nonsense, continues to have a profound influence on my life.

Judy doesn't press me for details of the night's safari and I am glad. We lie together and hug, and then, although I am by now exhausted and my member is chafed from friction with assorted places it's been tonight and although I am developing an odd sense of *déjà vu*, we still somehow manage to complete the act and fall asleep.

Sunday. Sunday is very low key. Although it is the Fourth of July, the nation's 200th birthday, there is, surprisingly, not a single *double-entendre* about



"I've got it! Now I know where we met."

bangs or whatever. Contrary to some of the things I have thus far chosen to tell you about Sandstone, the folks up here are not only smarter and more articulate than I had expected, they also—wonder of wonders—have a fairly nice sense of humor about themselves.

The sun is hot and about 20 of us, mostly nude, lie out on the sun deck together. I am only slightly worried about the dangers of a tricky sunburn on areas not already tanned. One man tells of a time he had a painfully sunburned scrotum.

"Oh, there's nothing worse than sunburned nipples," says a lady who evidently has some expertise in that area. There follows a good deal of idle speculation about whether the sensitive skin of the nipples is the same as that of the scrotum or penis. Somebody is using a brand of suntan oil that smells like coconuts. We all help ourselves to liberal splashes of it and rub it primarily on our nipples, scrotums and penises, and soon we are all smelling like one big macaroon.

I have a lingering uneasy feeling, which is in part due to the fact that I have yet to talk with Mitch about my experience with Susan. I ask whether anyone has seen Mitch or Susan around today, but no one has.

Directly below my position at the rail of the sun deck is the Jacuzzi. In it are Paul Paige and a number of people in a workshop he is running. For over an hour, I watch successive members of his group being suspended in the warm water of the Jacuzzi with eyes closed, being held and hugged and fondled. The experience evidently causes many of them to have flashes of a happier interuterine life and to weep softly. I could weep softly myself, thinking about my own interuterine experience in the pool last night.

Meanwhile, back on the deck, a young man lies down alongside a pretty young woman, who is half-asleep on her stomach, and begins gently finger-fucking her. This activity continues for perhaps 30 minutes. The young lady breaks into wracking orgasmic sobs just as Pam appears, leading a middle-aged friend of her mother's whom she is showing around the place. Pam's mother's friend, being no fool, is instantly impressed with the place and elects to stick around.

Cynthia and her husband have not reappeared. I commend Judy on the incredible generosity she displayed in fixing me up with Cynthia at dinner. I hadn't expected her feelings about me to permit such generosity.

"I didn't really do it out of generosity," says Judy.

"You didn't?" I say.

"No," says Judy. "I fixed you up with Cynthia to get you away from those two great-looking blondes with the long silky

hair you were looking at when we came in to dinner. I figured Cynthia was at least married and a known quantity."

Later on in the afternoon, I spot Mitch. With mounting apprehension, I make my way over to him and, without even saying hello, I blurt out the following:

"Mitch, I just wanted to tell you that I made love to Susan last night and I know you probably already know that because she told you and I know it's probably at least theoretically OK with you, but I just wanted to be sure I told you about it myself, too, and to be sure that it is OK with you."

"Susan *did* tell me," says Mitch, smiling, "and it is OK with me. Susan said you were very nice."

"Well, so was Susan very nice," I say, "and so are you, Mitch. I really mean that. And this is one of the strangest conversations I've ever had in my life."

We left Sandstone late Sunday night, long after the appropriate departure hour. I walked backward all the way to the Pong Room to pack and all the way to the parking lot, hoping that perhaps somebody would beckon me back. I did not want to leave, I really didn't. And I want to go back.

I miss the curiously free and intimate feeling of walking around without clothing. I miss the low-key sensuality that pervades the place. I miss Cynthia and Annette and Dianne and Susan and Mitch and Pam and Paul, and I miss the committee who fell in love with me. For some curious reason, I even miss the relentless and yet strangely reassuring sound of people having constant flashy orgasms, and I have lately taken to listening to the more contrived ones on the Donna Summer record albums.

I want to go back to Sandstone and have an experience or two in the Ballroom, and I want to have that threesome, and I also want to find out how a guy my age who was raised in the same traditions I was raised in could unlearn jealousy enough to share his lady with me, and I want to see if I would ever be able to even consider reciprocating, and what it all means in the larger scheme of things, and whether any of this seems likely to rub off on the world down-the-hill.

By and large, I think that Sandstone has spoiled me for the world down-the-hill.

Having heard that Sandstone was closing at the end of December 1976, our man Greenburg went back there last Christmas to try to answer some of the questions he'd asked himself following his last visit. The surprising, tragicomic results of the experience will appear in a future issue.



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SWEATING GOLD (continued from page 112)

"With only 12 men on a team, basketball players are able to get more money than athletes in other team sports."

the game's superstars—mostly quarterbacks and running backs—a higher market value than ever before.

O. J. Simpson. The Juice had his contract with the Buffalo Bills renegotiated last summer after threatening to quit the game if he wasn't traded to the West Coast. He finally signed for \$2,000,000 over three years to become the highest salaried player in the game. Simpson's off-season earnings in motion pictures, at ABC Sports and as chief pitchman for Hertz Rent-A-Car may exceed his annual salary with the Bills.

Joe Namath. Namath was the original athlete in team sports who was able to earn more off the field than on it. Following the final year of a \$450,000 two-year contract, Namath at this point hardly needs to play football with the New York Jets—or anybody else. He has a contract with Fabergé, Inc., at \$250,000 a year for eight years, plus two six-year options. He has a six-figure deal with Arrow shirts, as well as lucrative arrangements with Hamilton Beach and La-Z-Boy chairs, among others.

Larry Csonka. The big fullback has a \$1,200,000 four-year pact with the New York Giants. That figure may actually turn out to be higher because of options to renew the contract and penalties if the options (for two more years) are not picked up by the Giants. Csonka was the first superstar to be unencumbered by the Rozelle rule as he shopped around for a team. Last spring, the Miami Dolphins turned down a chance to re-sign him because he had asked for too much, they said. Csonka had wanted \$250,000 annually for four years; a \$50,000 initial bonus, plus a \$15,000 annual bonus for each of the following years; a 20-year loan for \$125,000; an expense account; a public-relations job; eight first-class air tickets from Miami to Pittsburgh or Cleveland (near his Ohio farm); a town-house apartment; and a car. Hello, New York.

Fran Tarkenton. Although the biggest record holder in N.F.L. quarterbacking history makes about \$300,000 a year with the Minnesota Vikings, Tarkenton's total income is probably thrice that amount. He has a budding commentary career with NBC Sports and is head of Behavioral Systems, Inc., whose staff of 60 teaches executives how to motivate employees. Tarkenton estimates his net worth at \$7,000,000.

BASKETBALL

With only 12 men on a team, basketball players get more money than athletes in other team sports. At least

20 of the N.B.A.'s 264 players earn more than \$200,000 a year. The average salary exceeds \$110,000. Although last year's merger of the two leagues has ended the bidding war for new talent, salaries will remain high for the superstars. According to an agreement between owners and players, players will have freedom of movement from team to team after 1981, subject only to a "right of first refusal." So if a team wants to keep its best players, it will have to match the price of any competing offer.

Julius Erving. Dr. J. has whirled through his six-year professional career with a dazzling assortment of acrobatic slam dunks and seven-figure deals. After his junior year at the University of Massachusetts, he turned pro with the Virginia Squires in 1970 for \$125,000 a year. In 1973, he was dealt to the New York Nets, who paid \$500,000 to the Squires and \$1,000,000 to satisfy the Atlanta Hawks, who held his N.B.A. draft rights.

After the Doctor led the Nets to the A.B.A.'s final championship in 1976, he thought he had been promised adjustments in his seven-year contract, which still had four years to run. That contract called for a \$230,000 annual salary, plus incentive clauses that could have earned Erving another \$67,000 a year. But Nets owner Roy Boe refused to renegotiate. Instead, he sold Erving to the Philadelphia 76ers for \$3,000,000. The Sixers had already agreed to pay Erving \$3,500,000 for six years.

George McGinnis. In 1975, McGinnis left the Indiana Pacers of the A.B.A., where he had averaged nearly 25 points a game, to sign a lucrative deal with the N.B.A.'s New York Knicks. Unfortunately for the Knicks, they didn't have the N.B.A. draft rights to Big Mac; Philadelphia did. N.B.A. commissioner Larry O'Brien negated the Knicks deal and McGinnis wound up in Philadelphia with a salary of \$3,200,000 over six years. Like Julius Erving, McGinnis has for his agent Irwin Weiner, who believes staunchly in money paid up front. (When discussing how not to write a contract, Weiner cites the case of Marvin Barnes, a forward now with the Detroit Pistons, who signed a million-dollar pact three years ago with the A.B.A.'s Spirits of St. Louis. "Barnes," says Weiner sadly, "is deferred through the nose.")

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. When basketball's best offensive center was traded by the Milwaukee Bucks before the 1975-76 season, he happily ended up in the warmth of Southern California, where he

had played college ball at UCLA, and in the warm embrace of Los Angeles Lakers owner Jack Kent Cooke. Cooke is paying Jabbar \$2,500,000 for five years—double his Bucks salary.

David Thompson. Drafted number one by the N.B.A.'s Atlanta Hawks, Thompson spurned them for the A.B.A.'s Denver Nuggets and a salary that is a shade under \$2,500,000 for five years. Court documents have since revealed that the first \$700,000 of Thompson's salary was guaranteed by the other A.B.A. owners.

Walt Frazier. He earns \$400,000 a year from the New York Knicks. But even as a flashy New York athlete with an opportunity for many splashy endorsements, Clyde earns less than \$130,000 a year off the court. Much of that is from his partnership with Billy Cunningham and Weiner in Walt Frazier Sports Enterprises, a sports marketing and management firm.

HOCKEY

A bidding war between the N.H.L. and the W.H.A. is now only an infrequent skirmish. But that war brought hockey salaries up to an average of \$75,000 in the N.H.L. and \$60,000 in the W.H.A.

Bobby Orr. Despite fragile knees, Orr was able to leave the Boston Bruins (after making \$200,000 a year for five years) and get a six-year deal with the Chicago Black Hawks at \$500,000 a year.

Marcel Dionne. L.A. Kings owner Jack Kent Cooke acquired Dionne in a trade from Detroit, where Dionne had played out his option, for \$300,000 a year for five years.

Bobby Hull. Hull's 1972 jump from the N.H.L.'s Black Hawks to the Winnipeg Jets of the W.H.A. began the costly salary war that has inflated all hockey salaries. Hull received a \$1,000,000 bonus and a salary of \$200,000 a year for five years. If he is a nonplayer after this season, he will still receive \$100,000 a year for five more years.

Bernie Parent. Parent has negotiated a "lifetime" deal with the Philadelphia Flyers. He will receive \$150,000 a year for seven years (until he's 37), and then a Flyer-purchased annuity will provide him with no less than \$50,000 a year for the rest of his life. The total package could be worth between \$3,000,000 and \$3,500,000. Parent's agent, Howard Casper, says this approach is better than up-front money for investments that may someday be diluted by new tax laws or a poor economy. "It gives Bernie peace of mind," he says.

GOLF

Golf was the first nonteam sport to explode financially, in large measure because of two men. One was a Yale law school graduate and a golf aficionado named Mark McCormack. The other became the most visible athlete of his generation: Arnold Palmer. In 1960, Palmer agreed to let the 29-year-old McCormack



"Promise me you'll be gentle."

represent him. With Arnie as the kingpin, Gary Player and Jack Nicklaus soon came aboard to form McCormack's (and golf's) "big three." Among them, they won seven straight Masters championships. More important, with McCormack's aggressive off-the-fairway packaging, all three became millionaires from the royalties on golf equipment, clothing and scores of other consumer products.

By 1966, McCormack had decided to go after the rest of the sports world—especially skiing and tennis stars. Through his Cleveland-based international management group, which now has some 250 employees and 12 offices around the world, McCormack merchandised and marketed his athletes so well (for about 25 percent of the take) that he became one of the most powerful men in sports. His forte was always individual sports, where television packaging is possible and where athletes can develop international markets. McCormack said, "We could turn any individual sport—golf, tennis, skiing—on its head tomorrow."

Arnold Palmer. At 47, Arnie the golfer finished 115th on the 1976 P.G.A. tour with a bare \$17,017 in earnings. Yet Palmer the conglomerate and sought-after personality made perhaps \$5,000,000 away from the golf course last year.

There are plenty of golfers who yearn to become as successful. Twenty-four won more than \$100,000 on the 1976 tour. And for the first time, three women, led by Judy Rankin's \$150,734, were also over \$100,000 on the L.P.G.A. tour.

But of all of those, the two biggest names in golf today are Nicklaus and his equally fair-haired rival Johnny Miller.

Jack Nicklaus. Jack left McCormack in 1970 because he felt he wasn't getting enough personal attention. He formed the Florida-based Golden Bear, Inc., to handle his affairs. Nicklaus still has endorsements for clubs (he practically owns MacGregor), gloves, shirts, slacks and shoes, and now he also designs golf courses and runs his own tournament. Somehow, he also finds the motivation to have led the P.G.A. tour for the second year in a row. His tournament earnings in 1976: \$266,438.

Johnny Miller. One who chose not to sign with McCormack, he slipped to 14th last year with a modest \$135,887. But his name is still magic. Miller, through his agent, Ed Barner, takes deferred payments on dozens of endorsements on four continents. Miller has a major account with Sears, Roebuck in the U.S. and endorses tomato juice in Japan, clothing in England, lawn mowers in Australia and shoes, gloves, clubs and balls round the world.

TENNIS

After golf came tennis. Ironically, although McCormack's clients won their

share of the \$9,500,000 in tennis prize money and bonuses available in 1976, most of the top players let someone else do their business for them. And what a market it was. World Team Tennis clubs paid six-figure salaries for three-month commitments by top players. The tennis "boom" reached deep into the American consciousness. More than 30,000,000 Americans played the sport. Companies figured it was worth millions in sales to have their racket or clothing used by a superstar seen on television or pictured on the cover of *Sports Illustrated*.

Jimmy Connors. He earned \$303,335 in tournament play in 1976, plus another \$684,000 in matches contrived solely for television, including \$300,000 from CBS-TV alone for his Las Vegas challenge match with Manuel Orantes. His endorsement of the Wilson T-2000 metal racket pays him \$150,000 a year—the equivalent of 9000 rackets at wholesale. But royalties from the Robert Bruce line of Jimmy Connors tennis wear could be his largest source of income. Robert Bruce executives expect sales of Connors' fashions to hit \$14,000,000 in 1977, double the 1976 figure. In sum, Connors probably made more than \$1,750,000 in 1976. He made so much money that he actually turned down \$60,000 in bonus money last December, when he failed to show up at the Grand Prix Masters tennis tournament in Houston. The money was his for a third-place finish in the year-long Grand Prix standings, but he had to play in Houston to collect. Connors chose to stay away and rest. This year figures to make him even more money. For one thing, he has signed on with the W.C.T. tour (January through May) for \$250,000 a year for four years just to play in W.C.T. events. That is in addition to prize money he can win.

Chris Evert. Chrissie earned \$343,165 in 1976, down about \$70,000 from 1975's total prize money. However, she played for the Phoenix Racquets of World Team Tennis last year, and that was worth \$140,000 to her. She doesn't endorse many products, but she has a half-dozen Wilson tennis rackets in her name, as well as a line of Puritan tennis clothes. Her year was worth at least \$1,000,000.

Arthur Ashe. Ashe won \$368,386 on the court in 1976, which was less than Connors, Ilie Nastase (\$406,420), Raul Ramirez (\$465,942) and Björn Borg (\$406,420). But Ashe, under the conservative investment guidance of his agent, Donald Dell, probably made more than all but Connors. Among Ashe's best contracts: AMF for Head rackets and Catalina tennis wear.

HORSE RACING

The smallest of the professional athletes get their share of the large amount of money in pro sports. With more stakes races than ever before,

jockeys are earning more money than ever before. And so are their agents, who take about 25 percent in return for landing mounts for the jockeys to ride.

Angel Cordero. The man who rode Kentucky Derby winner Bold Forbes won \$4,709,500 for horse owners in 1976. At roughly 10 percent for himself, Cordero took in about \$470,000 and gave his agent, Tony Matos, about \$117,000.

AUTO RACING

For race-car drivers, the money is plentiful, too. Six NASCAR drivers won more than \$200,000 on the circuit in 1976. A driver usually competes on a monthly salary and can keep 40-50 percent of his prize money. Commercial tie-ins with automotive products pump lots more money into the sport.

Cale Yarborough. He nosed out Richard Petty on the NASCAR winning list, \$387,173 to \$338,265.

Johnny Rutherford. He led all USAC drivers with \$378,508 won.

SOCCER

One man, the shakers of soccer in the U.S. decided, could give the North American Soccer League credibility. He would make possible marketing tie-ins and national television contracts. He would help youngsters think of soccer as a potential professional career. That man was the legendary Pelé, whose net worth in his native Brazil had been estimated at \$8,000,000.

Pelé. Warner Communications, the corporate owners of the New York Cosmos, gave him \$4,700,000 for three years to come to the U.S. and do all those things. Pepsi-Cola gave him \$200,000 a year to work with Pepsi's youth soccer program.

BOXING

As Pelé markets soccer, one man markets the otherwise sagging sport of boxing—Muhammad Ali. Perhaps the most recognizable person in the world, Ali is the only boxing personality who can either bring people to closed-circuit theaters or glue them to their TV sets.

Muhammad Ali. Ali grossed a staggering \$16,200,000 in 1976, and yet may not have enough money to retire. His long-time goal is to put \$10,000,000 into tax-free bonds so he can draw \$85,000 a month for life in tax-free interest. Despite receiving \$1,000,000 to beat up Jean-Pierre Coopman, \$1,600,000 to topple Richard Dunn, \$6,000,000 to fool with a Japanese wrestler named Antonio Inoki and another \$6,000,000 to fight Ken Norton, Ali needs more money. His sycophantic entourage literally cats him out of house and home, and his own spending habits are less than careful. As with so many of the gilded jocks, his money is easier to make than it is to keep.



The Yamaha XS750.

It's not designed to meet your standards. It's designed to raise them.

The Yamaha XS750 is an engineering masterpiece built for the touring rider who demands excellence.

For performance and reliability, it is clearly an advance in the state of the art. The powerful three-cylinder engine is coupled to the shaft drive by a constant velocity u-joint, so the ride is virtually vibration-free. Low to mid-range passing power is remarkable. And since the shaft drive unit is sealed off from the elements and the rear wheel

is in constant perfect alignment, maintenance is almost nil.

The cast aluminum wheels are more than

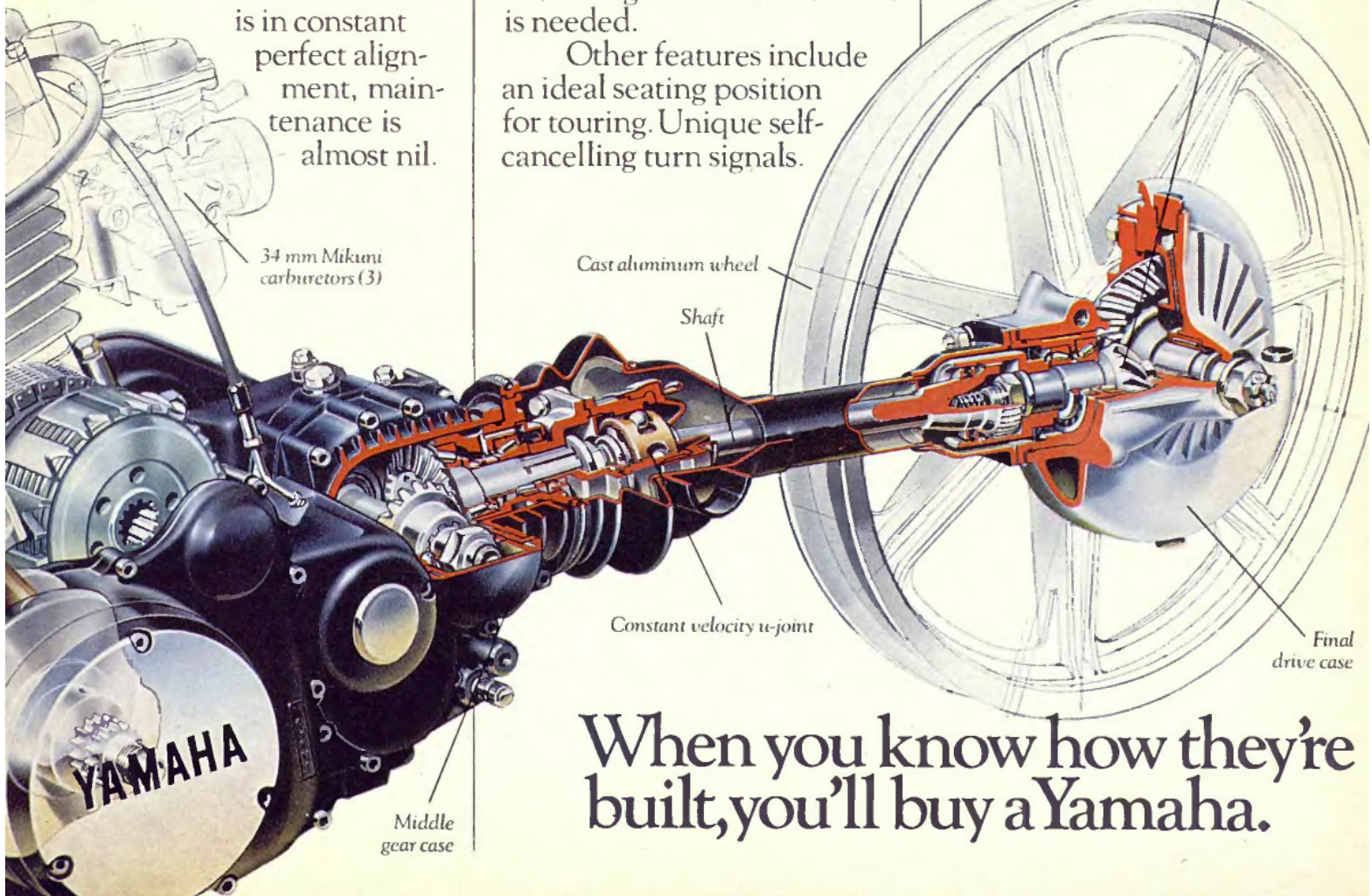
stylish, they eliminate troublesome rim wobble. Also, there's no spoke tightening to do, and again no maintenance is needed.

Other features include an ideal seating position for touring. Unique self-cancelling turn signals.

A choice in colors of maxi-maroon or crystal silver. And a complete line of full dress touring accessories is available.

Visit your Yamaha Dealer soon. There, you can see firsthand why Cycle called the XS750 one of the ten best motorcycles they tested in 1976.

And why Cycle World labeled it "the flagship of its class."



When you know how they're built, you'll buy a Yamaha.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

VIDEO

GETTING THE BIG PICTURE

Ed Sullivan would have called Sega Enterprises' eye-boggling home-projection TV process a "really big shew." And it's probably true that after one evening of watching your favorite shows appear almost larger than life on Sega-vision's 44- or 50-diagonal-inch screen, the old boob tube will never be the same. All three Sega-visions shown in our montage below stand five to six feet high; to operate, the front of each hand-crafted cabinet pulls forward to reveal a projection system that's hooked up to a Trinitron Plus or Toshiba single-gun TV system. (We've taken editorial license and photographed the sets with their fronts closed.) The Model DCR-530,

below left, is Sega's flagship; it features a roll-top cabinet of solid oak that covers the 50-diagonal-inch screen when it's not in use (that's 8.9 square feet of viewing area, friends) and a remote channel selector. Furthermore, each time you adjust the volume or switch channels, the time and channel momentarily appear in a corner of the screen. The price: \$2395 (think big, chaps). At center is Sega's "compact" model, the C-401, offering a 44-diagonal-inch screen, \$1495. And last but, as they say, not least is Sega's handsome Model CR-511. With a 50-diagonal-inch screen and remote-control unit, it's similar to the DCR-530, yet the price is a trifling \$1895. Why, that's only a little more than \$200 a square foot.



GADGETS



Powers That C.B.

Hey, good buddy, how about these new Citizen's Band accessories? They include, far left to right, a three-way meter, \$59.95; external speaker, \$13.50; five-position antenna switch, \$19.50; and an antenna matcher, \$24.95; all by The Antenna Specialists.



Baby, It's Cold Inside

The Chilling Well cools wines, foods, fruits, gelatins, etc., about 25 times faster than a fridge; the secret—near-freezing water rapidly circulated around them, by Thermetrics, \$550.

Rug Racer

Frustrated Juan Fangios will dig the Alpha RCX, a 12" x 5" x 3 1/2" model race car that's controlled by a wireless transistorized transmitter; actions include left, right, forward and reverse, with turns performed on a miniature hand-held steering wheel, by JS&A, \$49.95.



Go Jump in the Lake

Left: The Puddle Jumper is a water-vehicle—built-for-one; its electric motor will propel you up to 10 mph and the unit can fit into a car trunk, by Winner & Associates, about \$300.

Time to Light Up

Right: The Timeband is a digital alarm clock that's mated with a high-intensity student lamp; it all folds into a compact module, by Fairchild, \$29.95.



GROOMING

SHAVE TALE

Executive collar." "Businessman's collar." No, those aren't shirt-collar styles—they are euphemisms for the blotchy and bumpy necks that plague many men. They blame the condition on the obligatory office dress shirt and uptight tie. Neck rashes, however, aren't confined to the white-collar set. While starched collars can be chafing, the real cause of this irritating situation is more likely traceable to shaving. And dewhiskering twice daily can compound the aggravation.

Although it's generally acknowledged that shaving with razor and blade yields the closest shave (not surprisingly, electric-shaver makers won't concede this), shaving rashes do occur among some men whichever method is followed.

In trying for the closest possible shave, many men direct the blade or the shaver against the beard's grain. While this produces closer shaves, the whiskers are being clipped beneath the skin's surface. Then the sharp stubble pricks and pierces the epidermis, causing inflammation and maybe infection—in other words, the classic symptoms of executive collar.

Less taut than the face, the neck area is constantly wrinkling/rubbing against itself and irritates easily. While the direction of dewhiskering plays a pivotal role in neck rash, other elements can also enter the scenario.

SHAVING PREPARATIONS: Ouch-producing discomfort during shaving arises from pulling, the resistance of the beard to the cutting edge or edges. Whether you're using a wet (blade) or dry (electric) shaving method, the face should first be thoroughly degreased and deoiled with lots of soap and water, so the cutters won't be deflected. In the wet method, hot water should be splashed on the face for a minute or two after cleansing, since water softens the beard. Softened whiskers offer less resistance, hence, less pulling against the blade. The shaving cream or foam should be applied and allowed to rest for another minute or so (to augment wetting) before shaving.

For the dry method, however, the face should be toweled completely dry following washing and rinsing. The rotary cutting edges of electric shavers cause less pulling when the whiskers present stiff and upright targets. Pre-electric shave preparations provide astringency to stiffen the beard.

LUBRICATION: Friction between the shaving implement and the skin can also irritate the face and neck. Gliding without dragging means less trauma, less scraping of the skin. In wet-shaving creams or foams, lubricating ingredients are

suspended in the preparations; these build up a more protective shield during the minute or two hiatus between applying the cream or foam and brandishing the blade.

With pre-electric shaving preparations, the lubricating oils to promote gliding cling to the face and neck after the astringent that stiffened the beard has evaporated.

EDGES: Dulled cutting edges call for more pressure to raze the beard. In wet shaving, more angle must be employed to compensate for a dull blade. Unfortunately, angulated stubble is prone to curling inward and re-entering the skin. With electric shavers, cutting edges that need honing produce raggedly uneven stubble, likewise promoting ingrown hairs.

DISINFECTING Though a man using an electric shaver is less likely to nick or cut himself seriously, superficial abrasions are inevitable with either dry or wet method. Disinfecting with alcohol, astringent or after-shave lotion is a wise precaution. Shaving implements should also be disinfected before and after every shave to reduce the risk of irritation from dirt or foreign particles.

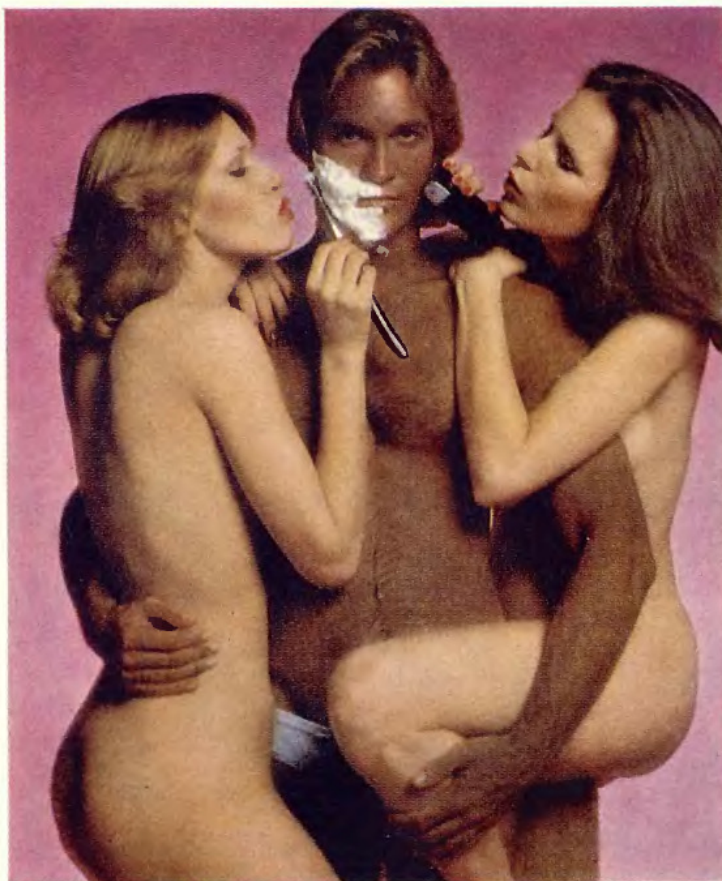
SOOTHING: Dewhiskered faces are more vulnerable to inflammations because of the micro-abrasions on the face and especially on the neck. Conventional

after-shave lotions do not contain enough soothing ingredients for men with sensitive skins. Newer after-shave balms soothe without stinging while also depositing an invisible shield against germs and pollutants in the environment. Talcs guard against chafing.

Following the proper shaving steps from scratch to finish, the average guy shouldn't find he has a scratchy neck rash. However, trying for too close a shave only increases the risk of businessman's collar.

Although electric-shaver makers and the producers of razor blades are bound to disagree, the man who recognizes the value of milder shaving, but who doesn't want to sport a perpetual five-o'clock shadow, might experiment with alternating between wet and dry shaving. In the morning, before heading for the office, shave with an electric shaver on its gentlest setting. In the evening, when extra closeness counts most, shave with razor and blade. However, try for a comfortably close, not a superclose, shave in both instances. If a neck rash still blemishes your complexion after trying these countermeasures, maybe you really are allergic to that starch in your collar. Or to any number of other villains. Solution? See a dermatologist.

—CHARLES HIX



RICHARD IZUI

WHEELS

THE REDOUBTABLE DIESEL

Diesel—the thudding, purposeful sound of that word fits perfectly the device it designates: a prosaic behemoth that has been the traditional motivating force for tugboats, bulldozers, small power plants and dirigibles. Of course, diesels have been a presence on the highways, too, as the basic power sources for most buses and big trucks, but their use in automobiles has been limited. Feeble performance, coupled with relatively high initial price, excessive noise, vibration and evil-smelling exhaust fumes have restricted the appeal of diesels to a select, mildly perverse clientele interested in low fuel costs, regardless of the attendant inconvenience and aggravation.

But suddenly diesels are gaining new cachet in the automotive world. Everywhere, the design and testing departments of major car manufacturers are hard at work on new diesel passenger-engine concepts. Their motivation comes primarily from the Middle East, where various OPEC

mark the first serious effort to market a relatively low-priced diesel. Thanks to a truly creative piece of engineering, whereby the regular Rabbit four-cylinder engine has been converted from gasoline to diesel power (saving millions in tooling costs), Volkswagen reportedly plans to sell the diesel version for only about \$300 more than the conventional model. For this, the customer will get performance comparable to the old Beetle and considerably improved fuel consumption. The Government rates the gasoline-powered Rabbit at 24 mpg in urban driving and 37 mpg on the highway, while the diesel produces 39 mpg, urban, and a whopping 52 mpg on the open road! According to Government estimates of average annual fuel costs, the conventional Rabbit will cost about \$348 per year to operate, while its diesel counterpart will account for only \$188. These are obviously ball-park estimates, but it is reasonable to assume that the average driver might save about \$160 per annum in fuel by driving a diesel instead of a gas-powered Rabbit.

This sounds impressive until one recalls the higher retail sticker price, meaning the owner would have to drive it two years before he would realize any savings at all. During this time, he would have to overlook the extra noise and roughness in the diesel engine, lower acceleration and top speed, and limited availability of diesel fuel in the nation's gas stations as unwanted by-products of his automobile. Quite obviously, the same economics apply to the Mercedes-Benz diesel, although literally



JOHN CRAIG

Eighty years ago, Rudolf Diesel saw his first commercially successful engine chug to life. Now, VW's sporty, yet economical, Rabbit diesel hops into the automotive picture. You've come a long way, baby.

honchos seem sure to upset the delicate balance of the world's petroleum trade, thereby creating another fuel crisis. At the very least, most car makers are resigned to steadily escalating gasoline prices and increasingly greater consumer demand for low-cost motoring. Enter the diesel. Thanks to its use of cheaper, less highly refined diesel fuel—which is about ten cents cheaper than regular gasoline in the U.S.—plus its lower consumption rate and certain advantages in meeting Government clean-air standards, the diesel has suddenly gained new credibility.

Of course, Mercedes-Benz reigns supreme in the diesel-car business, having produced nearly 2,000,000 such vehicles since beginning production in 1936. Its latest five-cylinder 300D sedan is certainly the most sophisticated diesel car extant (and, at about \$16,000 a copy, far and away the most expensive), although a less exotically priced four-cylinder version is still available. While Mercedes-Benz sold about 20,000 diesels in the U.S. during 1976, there is some question as to how long it will be able to remain number one in this particular segment of the market.

At present, Volkswagen has plans to sell about 10,000 diesel-powered Rabbits here during 1977, which would

ally decades of steady driving would have to be recorded before the owner would begin to realize any economic advantage (in terms of simple fuel savings) inherent in his \$16,000 300D, as opposed to, say, a normal \$5000 American sedan.

Despite the debatable economic advantages and lower performance, there is no question that diesels are on the rise. Datsun, Toyota, Alfa Romeo and Chrysler are hard at work on research and development programs, while Oldsmobile has announced that it will become the first major American manufacturer to enter the showrooms with a diesel. Olds is planning to sell a diesel variation of its 350-cubic-inch V8 in 1978 as an option for its full-sized cars. Moreover, Peugeot has plans to continue the rather limited sale of its four-cylinder 504 diesel, while Mercedes-Benz is expected to escalate the entire diesel consciousness by introducing a turbocharged version of its five-cylinder model sometime this year. The addition of a turbocharger is an obvious step in diesel technology. It increases over-all performance while little affecting fuel consumption or reliability. It seems destined for wide usage should the diesel become a factor in the car market.

—BROCK YATES

MICHEL TESSIER



Orient Expression

The sun rises in the East—and skirt lengths, too. A Japanese named KENZO is laying the mini back on French haute couture and is convinced it will work. "I'm sure girls want to show their legs again," he says, "and I know men want to see them. This summer, you'll see a new mini explosion."

Kenzo's lively fashions have caught the fancy of women all over Europe and increasingly across America, and he may be betting right again—against all the odds. Because nobody expected a Japanese kid to make it big in the cutthroat world of Paris fashion, least of all Kenzo himself. "When I first got here, 12 years ago," he recalls, "I

took one look at what the top French people were doing and said to myself: 'Forget it, it's not possible.' I was riddled with complexes and for six months I couldn't work at all."

Since then, he has moved from a tiny sweatshop employing seven people to five floors of studios, workshops and showrooms with a staff of 43, supplying top department stores all over the world and Kenzo boutiques in Paris, Rome, London, Munich and soon New York. He is unfazed by eyebrows raised over his trademark "Jap." "We had a jungle motif in our first boutique and needed something catchy to go with the word jungle," he explains. "Jungle Jap seemed pretty good." Ah, so.

"Hartman" Specialist

EUGENIE ROSS-LEMING is busy enough for two people: An actress (she's an alumna of Chicago's famed improv group, Second City), a former PLAYBOY interviewer (she did Cher and Elton John with Staff Writer David Standish) and a music reviewer, she is now one of the new kids at Tandem Productions, where she and writing partner Brad Buckner have been made head writers for "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman." As if that isn't enough, she and Buckner are also working on a new show, to be serialized five nights a week. We could find out nothing more than "It's a bizarre comedy." About her mentor, Norman Lear, she says, "He takes more risks than anyone on TV. He seeks out young people—and a lot of women—who haven't been broken by the System and gives real on-the-job training." She's well aware that "Mary Hartman" had begun to grow stale. "The show got caught in superrealism—as if to say, if life is boring, then we'll bore the audience. You can't do that. But you can show the consequences of boredom or any state of mind without setups or jokes. When the show works, it's the closest thing to Chekhov." Which you can take to be either presumptuous or ingenuous, but that's the company Ross-Leming is trying to get Mary Hartman to keep.



GARRICK MADISON



Paper Tiger

According to one of his ex-employees, JAMES HOGE is afflicted with "intellectual macho." Whatever he's got, Hoge makes it work. Recently, he was named editor-in-chief of two of the three major Chicago dailies: the "Chicago Sun-Times" and the "Chicago Daily News." Does that mean he'll be able to fill the clout vacuum left by the recent death of Mayor Richard Daley? "I don't really know if I have that much power," Hoge says, though he adds that "there are different forms of power, and journalistic clout can be effective. But make the wrong moves and it can be easily kicked away." Still something of a journalistic Golden Boy at 41, Hoge has abilities that are routinely recognized and coveted. He was selected to moderate the Mondale-Dole debate. The "New York Post" tried to snare him as an associate publisher. NBC wanted him to come over as a V.P. It may have been the NBC offer, which Hoge seemed close to taking, that prompted Field Enterprises, owner of the two Chicago papers, to hand over the reins of the ailing "Daily News," whose main (but considerable) claim to fame is Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist Mike Royko. Says Hoge: "We're going to make the 'News' viable. It's going to compete with TV—we're emphasizing 'explanatory journalism,' which interprets as well as describes events and trends." Brave words, but then, if anyone can save a sick paper, Hoge—under whose editorship the "Sun-Times" has won five Pulitzers in six years—can.

Black Is Bountiful

Black theater is where the stage action is in '77. And one of the prime movers behind that yeasty ferment is 38-year-old WOODIE KING, director of the New Federal Theater of New York's Henry Street Settlement, whose production of "For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide / When the Rainbow Is Enuf" moved to Broadway last fall to become the season's first hit. Why all this vitality? Says King: "During the Sixties, young black performers and producers worked in storefronts, took plays to campuses. Now the audiences they played for are out of college, making a substantial living." Then it's a matter of economics? "No,

it's also a matter of building consciousness. Blacks could always afford to see a James Brown, but their entertainment had to be something identifiable to their lifestyle. When I was my son's age, 14, there wasn't a play on Broadway I had to see. Now there are three or four of them." King, whose next project is a revival of the all-black, 1936 Orson Welles adaptation of "Macbeth," produces six or more shows in New York and elsewhere every year. For the '77-'78 season, he predicts a renewed interest in "personal statements that will transcend color barriers. Like 'Colored Girls,' many will be plays about women or written by them. Women have been denied a voice so long that what they have to say is fresh and new."



Darling Buds

JOAN DARLING describes herself as a "tremendous romantic and deep cynic." And the 41-year-old actress is making her debut as a film director with "First Love"—a movie that probably will tap both qualities. It's about a young man who doesn't want a casual relationship. He falls in love with a girl who does. Trouble ensues. Does he eventually become a better person because of it? "Well, he was pretty good to begin with, but, yes. Because he got his feet wet."

Darling, who cut her directorial teeth on such TV goodies as "Mary Hartman," "M*A*S*H" and "Rich Man, Poor Man," is an experienced juggler of pathos and bathos; her turf seems to be that sometimes fine line between the poignant and the commonplace.

She gets her salutation name from her former husband, folk singer Erik Darling, who, at this writing, happens to be living with her and her new husband, television writer Bill Swanoe. It has the ring of one of those featherweight British sex farces, but Darling says, "We all get along very well. Erik and Bill have been friends since childhood. When I was separated from Erik, Bill even asked his permission to see me. Later, Erik let me keep his name because he said I brought honor to it. And, no, we don't all sleep together. I mean, I'm a liberated woman, but really!"

PENILE SERVITUDE

The male bikini keeps shrinking—smaller and smaller, until it looks like we'll eventually end up wearing nothing more than our cock in a sock. If we do, at least there'll be a precedent for the fashion. For several thousand years, many primitive tribesmen throughout the world have dressed in nothing but penis coverings, called phallicrypts, which they wear in very ab-original ways. For example, the Mbotgate males in the New Hebrides roll their joints in special leaf wrappers that are maintained in an erect position. Indian tribes of the Amazon jungles place hollowed-out gourds over their peckers, while other materials used around the globe are bamboo, horns, nuts and shells. And in pre-Columbian times, Indians of Middle America wore special phallicrypts of gold or ceramic that were custom-designed to exactly fit the shape of the man's member and, in fact, looked just like a shiny gold penis, which they wore on ceremonial occasions. It goes without saying that the people who package their penises consider themselves to be as well-dressed as we do in three-piece suits.



THE TASTE OF THINGS TO COME

Carrots. Asparagus. Beets. Celery. Artichokes. No, not just a description of a good salad but a recipe for gourmet fellatio. All a guy has to do is munch a bunch of the above before getting the ultimate lick-off and he'll wind up becoming the Escoffier of Ejaculation. "These foods, and probably others, will alter the flavor of semen, and decidedly not for the worst," says Dr. John MacLeod, professor emeritus of anatomy at The New York Hospital, Cornell Medical Center. "This happens because a man's 'come' is largely made up of fluid from the seminal vesicles, which normally act as a filter of the blood stream—very much like the kidneys do. Semen is a filtrate, in many respects, of the blood itself. So whatever a person eats that gets synthesized into the blood stream will also be absorbed into the ejaculate." He also mentions that "in our research, we've found that carrots, which have a high concentration of carotene, will definitely color semen. Medication does this as well, and asparagus, which gives an odor to urine, may well affect the ejaculate the same way.

"However," MacLeod goes on somewhat acidly, "we've never actually tested out whether or not the flavor gets affected. That's rather up to individuals to experiment with, don't you think? But I would assume that anyone who wants to become a connoisseur of the sweetness or sourness of the ejaculate would instantly be able to detect changes in the regular flavor." Amusing? Presumptuous? Full-bodied?

A TREAT OR A TREATMENT?

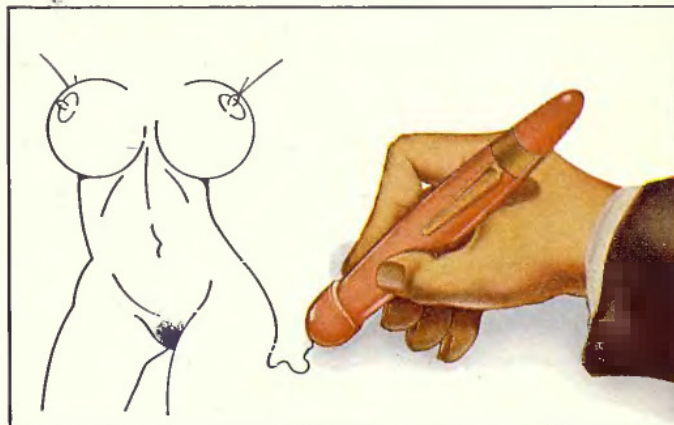
Do sex therapists get turned on? Some use paid surrogates, but the new trend is to do the actual body work themselves. We asked Sharon Baehr, of California's Berkeley Sex Therapy Group, how she feels when she uses this controversial approach. "I think this is an exciting treatment

technique with which I've had very good results, so far. Sure, it's always tense at the beginning. Although I don't ever feel repulsion, I'm almost always turned off to the guy at the beginning of therapy; but the unique thing we do is talk about our mutual feelings from minute one. Very often it turns out that the man is equally turned off to me. So our body work proceeds very slowly, because the patient is always passive. I insist that he take that role and, as the therapist, I'm the one leading the exercises—both stroking and verbal. So I'm never out of control of things for a moment. By insisting that both of us are very open and honest during the process of the treatment, my patients and I get turned on to each other through the kind of communication we develop, and sex becomes easier and easier to relax into." Sharon told us that she sees about 25 patients a year. She also wanted to make one thing perfectly

clear: "By now, I've worked with almost 70 men. But I'm not worried about becoming involved with them. Touching and talking about very personal feelings in this situation doesn't mean romantic involvement."

PENNED-UP EMOTIONS

"Watch the loops," say Felix Klein and Felix Lehmann, noted New York graphologists, who informed us that a person's sexuality is displayed by the lower loops of their handwriting, which represent a person's subconscious, or, in Freudian terms, the id. Lehmann says that "all the libidinous urges that people have are shown in how they form their letters below the base line of writing. People who are unfulfilled sexually will usually not complete lower loops."



He also states that "in general, women's handwriting is more rounded, more fluid and rather curlicued. If it has strong, fully rounded lower loops, this indicates that a woman is probably an easy lay, or enjoys sex very much." Lehmann adds, "You can tell if a person is oversexed by a very strong pressure in their letters, exaggerated lower loops and very round characters." Why don't you come up to my place and look at my lower loops, my dear?

—HOWARD SMITH AND
BRIAN VAN DER HORST





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PLAYBOY

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